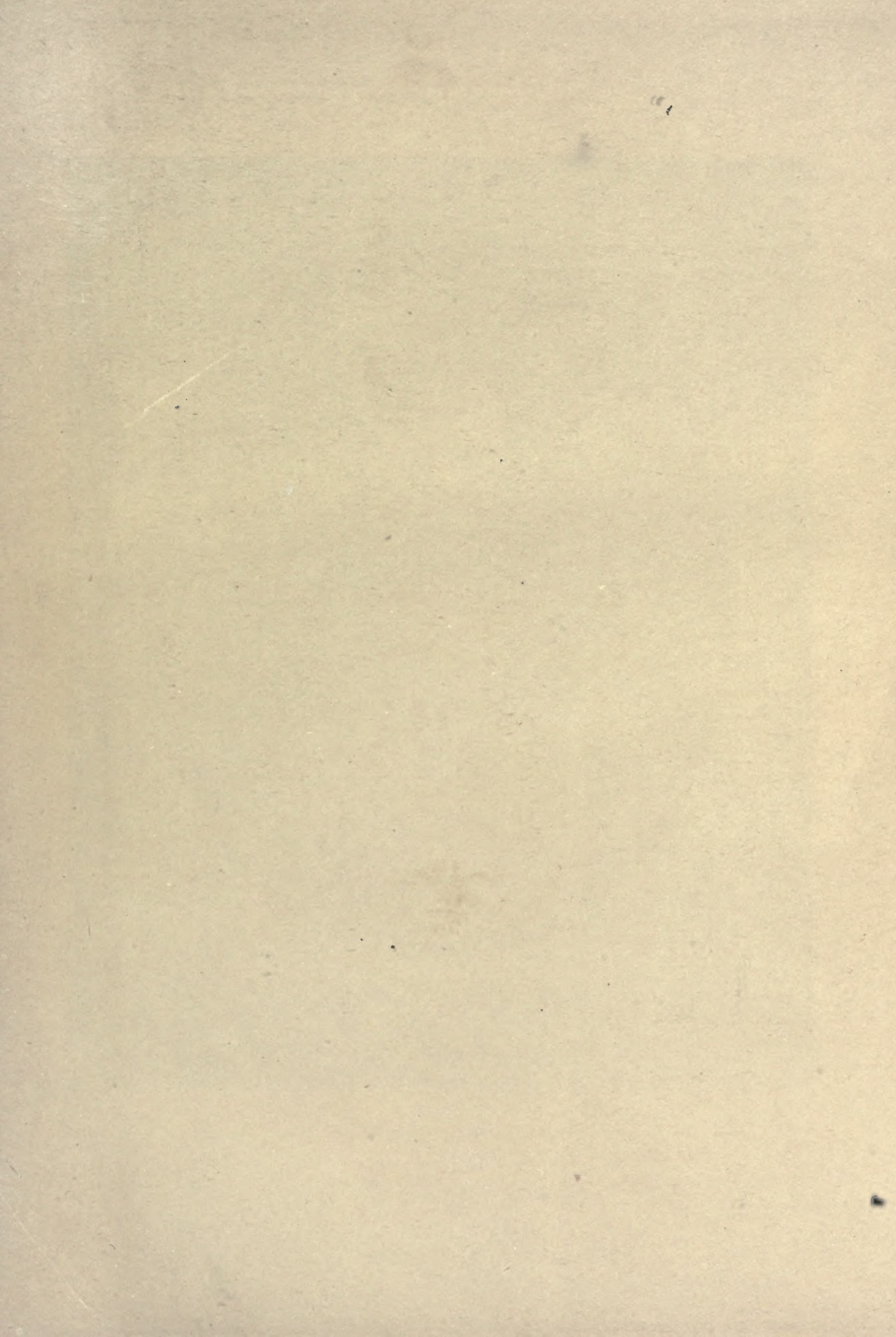


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BLUNDELL'S WORTHIES

1604-1904





PETER BLUNDELL.
FOUNDER OF TIVERTON SCHOOL. 1591. DIED 1601.

FROM A PORTRAIT GIVEN BY THOMAS WHITMORE ESQ OF APLEY PARK, DERBYSHIRE,
TO ROBERT AXTON INGLETON ESQ AND BY HIM TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE SCHOOL.

BLUNDELL'S WORTHIES

BY

M. L. BANKS, M. A.

LATE ASSISTANT MASTER AT BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS



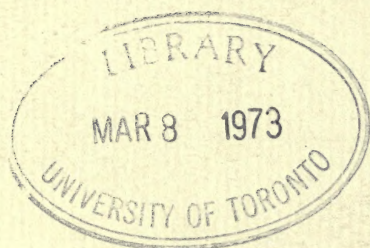
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JAMES G. COMMINS

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TO
AUGUSTUS LAWRENCE FRANCIS
HEADMASTER OF BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL
IN MEMORY OF MANY HAPPY YEARS
I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

PREFACE

WITH the approach of the tercentenary of Blundell's School it was suggested that the Lives of certain Worthies collected in a volume would prove of more than local interest. The work grew under my hands. And then misgivings arose. I remembered a saying of Ruskin to the effect that the gathering of one man's work into a mass enforces his failings in sickening reiteration, while it levels his merits (if any) in monotony. But the idea was not to be dropped; variety was gained by enlisting the kind and ready help of a few friends; subjects were assigned to them on which each could be trusted to write with special interest and authority, and to all of them I tender my most sincere thanks.

'Your promises were like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next.'

There are many names whose connection with Blundell's rests on rumour, or legend; the Impeys, for instance, and Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keats, a son of the irascible pedagogue of that name. Down to the middle of the last century there had floated a story that Sir Richard was a home boarder in his father's house; unluckily, facts were too strong for this theory, as the boy was already at sea when Dr. Keats came to Tiverton.

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It is clear that from the first Blundell's attracted cadets of the best families in the West, many of them men who helped to make English history in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. If only the School Register had not been lost, or, as some think, had been regularly kept ! But it is still possible to note how loyal certain families have been to their old school ; the Beres, for example. Peter Blundell included in the list of his trustees 'Charles Bere Esquier,' and the name occurs again and again, while more than a dozen members of the family have passed through the school since Benjamin Incledon revived the register a hundred and thirty-four years ago. The Roll of Exeter College, Oxford, tells the same tale, as witness the Southcombs of Rose Ash ; but the Newte and Wells families in this volume must suffice to illustrate the point.

The work has entailed a good deal of research, and in this connection I owe a debt of gratitude to members of the Saint-hill, Colby, Dunsford, and Duckworth families for their courtesy in placing at my disposal letters, family papers, and privately printed memoirs. The Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan kindly read over my sketch of his father, and gave me at the same time some valuable suggestions. Although I am responsible for the work as a whole, it was obviously best to let each writer tell his story in his own way. Like Montaigne, I hold that meticulous methods of editing affect but little the value of a book : 'Good reader, blame not me, for those that passe here, either by the fantazie or unwarinesse of others : for every hand, each workeman, brings his owne unto them. I neither meddle with orthographie (and would only have them

PREFACE

follow the ancient) nor with curious pointing, I have small experience in either.'

Sometimes in my work when turning over the pages of a faded diary or volume heavy with the dust of years, I have come across a chance word, or phrase, it may be, that reveals as in a flash the feelings and affections which these men of old, for all their seeming aloofness, had in common with the boys of to-day. It was like a voice calling down the ages. 'I, too, was a Blundellian, your hopes and fears were once MINE, you are my schoolfellows.' For boys and masters come and go, fashions in work and play alter with the times, but the SCHOOL itself remains the same, as the river is changeless, though its waters ceaselessly flow.

I remember on the night of the first Jubilee, in 1887, watching from the top of the Worcestershire Beacon how, at our signal, answering fires arose. From hill to hill bright points of flame shot up in the darkness, till far away to the south we marked the Mendips, and to the north, still fainter, the Wrekin's crest of light. Those beacon fires seemed to speak of unity and solidarity; and this is just the thought that arises now at the Jubilee of Blundell's. These Worthies, whose lives we value as a priceless heritage, are, surely, the beacon lights that stand out through the darkness of three centuries. May they help us to realise the unity and solidarity of a historic school.

M. L. BANKS.

MALVERN, *May* 1904.

THE CITIZEN AND THE TRAVELLER

‘Look round you,’ said the citizen, ‘this is the largest market in the world.’

‘Oh, surely not,’ said the traveller.

‘Well, perhaps not the largest,’ said the citizen, ‘but much the best.’

‘You are certainly wrong there,’ said the traveller, ‘I can tell you . . .’

They buried the stranger at the dusk.

R. L. STEVENSON.

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SIR JOHN POPHAM

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A MONG the many pictures in the Big School there hangs one without a name in the centre of the long wall, hard by the somewhat mythical portrait of our Founder. It is that of a Lord Chief-Justice of England in his robes of scarlet and ermine, and S.S. collar, but with ruff and cap of Elizabethan cut. It hangs just over that of another Lord Chief-Justice (Coleridge), one of our late Governors, whose seat our Elizabethan occupied three centuries earlier.

It is the portrait of a man bad to quarrel with, strong to act, determined of purpose, with a heavy jaw, firm lips, and prominent nose—a 'dour' face, as the Scotch have it, the face a man wanted who would play a part in those spacious times. Aubrey called him in his Wiltshire tongue 'a hudge, heavy, ugly man'; yet he helped to make the history of two reigns, at the most critical period of our national life. It suffices to name some of his offices to guess the part he played: Treasurer of the Middle Temple, Member of Parliament for and Recorder of Bristol, Privy Councillor, Solicitor and Attorney General, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Chief-Justice of England.

But for us at Blundell's he has a claim on our memory beyond all these, for he was in the life of our Founder his trusted adviser and friend, and after his death the builder of his School. He set Blundell's on its way of three centuries of prosperity and success, and we owe much to his guiding hand. Not only first in time, therefore, but first in rank, we place him among Blundell's Worthies.

He was born about 1531, at Huntworth in Somerset, and

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when at home lived close by, at Wellington, the greater part of his life. He was therefore a near neighbour of Peter Blundell's, who describes him in his Will as his 'deare frende whome it hath already pleased to promise me his lawful help and furtherance for the better Execution of this my last Will'; and he left him 'a hundred powndes in token of my dutiful Love and Good Will to his Lordship.' He repeatedly in his Will directs his Executors to act 'with the advice of the said Lord Cheefe Justice,' and notably in the building of the School:—

'My Will and meaning is that in and about theis severall Buildings Plott Frame and all the Parts thereof the advise and Directions of my saide righte deare and honorable Friende Sir John Popham Knighte Lord Cheef Justice of England shall be taken and followed and to him I give Power and Authority to alter and change what part or partes thereof for the Manner of building largeness and conveying the Premises he shall think good and his directions in every thinge for the effectinge of my said Purpose herein and in all other Things hereafter in my Will mentioned towching the same or other Circumstances thereof hereafter mentioned to be still followed and executed . . . and what else shall be needfull or requisite in or abowte the said Schole or other Circumstances thereof I leave to the Direction of the saide Lord Chief Justice which my Executors shall perform and accomplish.'

Blundell also made provision for

'Foundeing and establishinge six schollers in the Universitie of Oxford or Cambridge in such manner as to the said Lord Cheefe Justice shall be thought meetest . . . and for all other Things fitt to be doune and abowte the same I wholly referre to the Directions and finishyeing of the said Lord Cheefe Justice most humbly prayeing his good Lordshipp to bee pleased to take the same uppon him and to finishe the same with all convenient speede.'

And he left the nomination of the first six 'Schollers' to the Judge.

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Blundell's Will was dated 9th June 1599, and he died 9th May 1601, when it immediately came into operation. Elizabeth the Queen did not die until nearly two years later, on the 24th March 1603. Before her death Popham was building the School, and the foundation was maintaining at least five 'Schollers,' and probably seven, at the Universities on his nomination. We may rightly therefore speak of Blundell's as an Elizabethan foundation, although so near the close of her reign.

Before however I speak of the manner in which Popham carried out his trust, we may fitly consider something of the man in whom Peter Blundell had such unbounded confidence.

In the space at my disposal we can but touch on some of the most striking features in his varied life. He was many-sided, like his age, and intimate with, and in general the friend of, all the most brilliant of the actors in that brilliant time, and of its perils and its profits he took a full share.

It was a time of unexampled enterprise. England was bursting her narrow limits. So in 1606 we find Popham obtaining the Charter of both the London and Plymouth Companies by which Virginia and New England were first colonised.

The Plymouth Charter was in fact expressly granted to George Popham, the Judge's nephew,¹ 'His Mats. Customer of the Porte of Bridgwater' in Somerset, Captain Thomas Hanham, who had married his daughter Penelope, Raleigh Gilbert, Sir Walter Raleigh's nephew, and the second son of Sir Humphrey Gilbert of Compton and Greenway in Devon, and a fourth, William Parker, the Lord Monteagle of Gunpowder Plot fame. The Judge himself could not well appear as a grantee by reason of his office.

It was purely a west country undertaking financed by the Lord Chief-Justice, and his better-known colleague, Sir

¹ It is curious to note how the classic historians skate round George's relationship. Bancroft avoids committing himself altogether; the others, following Strachey, call him 'kinsman,' except Winsor, who boldly writes 'brother' of the Judge. He was however a son of Edward Popham, the Judge's eldest brother.

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Ferdinando Gorges, the then governor of Plymouth, from which place the company took its name.

Together and separately Sir John Popham and Gorges had sent out several expeditions to the New England coast previous to 1606, at least one of which was commanded by Captain Hanham. But these left no settlers until 1606, when an expedition, despatched by the Judge under George Popham and Raleigh Gilbert, established a colony at the mouth of the Sagadahoc River (now the Kennebec) in Maine, U.S.A. The Judge is described as 'the very soul of the expedition.' With them went Hanham and Edward Popham, a great-nephew of the Judge, who returned to become the possessor of the old home at Huntworth. George, unfortunately, was an old man, and died the year he landed in the New World.

This was thirteen years before the *Mayflower* and the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Judge is accordingly honoured in America to-day as the man 'under the shadow of whose great name was laid the colossal empire of the western world.' I quote from the local toast list at Popham celebrations.

To-day at the mouth of the Kennebec, Popham Beach and Fort and Point still preserve his memory. An inscription there states that 'the first colony on the shores of New England was founded here Aug. 19, O.S., 1607, under George Popham.' The next township still bears the name of Topsham, after the port in the old country from which the relief ships sailed.¹

We find an interesting echo of all these undertakings in the correspondence of Zuniga, the Spanish Ambassador at St. James, with his master Philip II. In a cipher despatch, dated London, March 16, 1606, Zuniga writes: 'The English propose to do another thing which is to send five or six hundred men, private individuals of this Kingdom, to people Virginia in the Indies close to Florida,' and he goes on to say

¹ The best account of this now almost forgotten colony is to be found in *The Sagadahoc Colony*, by the Rev. O. Thayer, published by the Gorges Society, Portland, Maine, 1892. Brit. Mus. Ac.8391/4.

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that the principal leader in this business is Sir John Popham, Lord Chief-Justice of England, who is a *terrible Puritan*, and when reminded that this enterprise is an encroachment upon Spanish territory and a violation of the treaty, this astute Judge says that he is only undertaking it in order to clear England of thieves, *and get them drowned in the sea*. I have not yet complained of this to the King (*James*), says Zuniga, but I shall do so. Philip writes back, 'You will report to me if the plan progresses, and thereupon it will be taken into consideration here what steps had best be taken to prevent it.' That was about all that Spain could do by that time. It was an old complaint, more than a century old, and fortunately for the future of North America a fruitless one, for it carried with it all the difference to-day between Venezuela and Massachusetts.

The italics in Zuniga's letter are mine. I seem to see the 'terrible Puritan' giving his account of the interview afterwards to a little party in some chambers in the Old Savoy. There would be John Smith and Christopher Newport and Bartholomew Gosnold, to whom the Atlantic was as familiar as their own back doors. Across three centuries I hear them laugh and drink confusion to the Spaniard in beakers of Richard Hakluyt's best Canary, and by and by Richard himself lets them all out and returns to the printer's devil and his own immortal *Navigations*. They made the good Archdeacon one of the four grantees of the Virginia Charter. Yet these enterprises found some doubting critics: there were little Englanders even in those days. Aubrey says that the Judge 'first set afotte the plantations which he stockt and planted out of all the gaoles in England.' This might be true of the Munster settlement, an Irish venture which the Judge had supported, but it applied less to America.

Popham had been concerned for the increase in vagrants in England caused by the increasing conversion of land to pasture, and he was the first to urge their banishment 'into such parts beyond the seas as shall be assigned.' He had

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indeed drafted Bills for that purpose, one of which (39 Eliz. c. 4) became law.

But this was but incidental to his far-seeing schemes for the expansion of his native land. He did not send his friends and relations to found convict settlements, any more than he wasted his hard-earned savings in sinking criminals at sea. He kept those stories for the Spanish Marines, and possibly old women like John Aubrey.

As Speaker of the House of Commons, Popham was cautioned by the autocratic Elizabeth 'to see to it that they did not deal or intermeddle in any matters touching my person or estate, or church or government'; and she severely rated him at a later date for presuming to do so. In this, again, he was years before his time, and perhaps was prudent—when she questioned him as to what had passed in the House in the previous session—in replying, 'If it please your Majesty, seven weeks.'

Popham's instincts were all on the Parliament side. He was a 'terrible Puritan.' One of his grandsons, a Feoffee of Blundell's School, was one of Cromwell's 'Lords,' and another held the Mediterranean with Blake for the Commonwealth.

As Attorney-General he prosecuted Mary Queen of Scots, at the trial at Fotheringay in 1586, and again in 1588, Elizabeth's unfortunate secretary, Davidson, for sending off the warrant which executed Mary. He conducted the case against the Babington conspirators and procured their execution, and also that of Campion the Jesuit; and in a score of other great trials, the 'hudge, heavy, ugly man' appears invariably successful.

While as a pioneer in colonisation he had been the associate of Gilbert and Raleigh, Wriothesley and Gorges, as a Privy Councillor he was that of Essex and Blount and Cobham. He had advised on Raleigh's title to Sherborne Manor, and it fell to his sad lot, on his elevation to the Bench, to sentence several of his former friends to death.

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He did his best to save Essex. With the Lord-Keeper Ellesmere he went alone and unarmed to warn him to desist in his last mad outbreak, and when Essex imprisoned them but offered to let him depart if he would leave Ellesmere, he chivalrously refused his liberty on such terms. Ultimately both were rescued.

He sat as Lord Chief-Justice at the subsequent trial, and recommended Elizabeth to pardon the Earl, but Elizabeth, as we all know, failed to receive her ring, and Essex was executed.

In Raleigh's case Popham's position was pathetic, and it found expression in his judgment. The judge strove to repress the vituperation of Coke, the Attorney-General, and in condemning his old friend, spoke as follows :—

‘I thought I should never have seen this day, Sir Walter, to have stood in this place to give sentence of death against you, because I thought it impossible that one of so great parts should have fallen so grievously. . . . Your case being thus let it not grieve you if I speak a little out of zeal and love for your good.’

And later he adds :—

‘Now it resteth to pronounce the judgment which I wish you had not been this day to have received of me, for if the fear of God in you had been answerable to your other great parts you might have lived to have been a singular good subject. . . . I never saw the like trial, and hope I shall never see the like again.’

Towards the end of his life he presided at the trial of Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot Conspirators, and sentenced them all to death ‘after a grave and prudent relation and defence of the laws made by Queen Elizabeth against recusants, priests, and receivers of priests.’ In like manner, in 1606, he tried and condemned to death Henry Garnet, the Superior of the Jesuits. This last trial was possibly the most important of his life, for it excited the deepest interest all over Europe ; and the King himself, a large number of the

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nobility, and many members of the House of Commons were present at it.

Notwithstanding the stern part Popham had to play in a time of political unrest, he appears to have made few enemies, and nearly all his contemporaries speak well of him. His profession was peculiarly open to attack, yet only once is there a hint of such. He recommended to Raleigh as a safe guide 'the poesy of the wisest and greatest Councillor in our time in England: *In medio spatio mediocria firma locantur.*' This Councillor was Bacon, the man who 'had taken all knowledge for his province,' and Popham apparently adopted the 'poesy' as his own rule as well. Bacon in turn speaks of Popham 'as a great judge in his time, who was complained of by petition to Queen Elizabeth. It was committed to four Privy Councillors, but the same was found to be slanderous, and the parties punished in Court.' In this he was more fortunate than Bacon himself, who was fined £40,000 for bribery and dismissed from the Lord Chancellorship, or than Popham's successor, Sir Edward Coke, a rival of Bacon's, who was also dismissed from the Lord Chief-Justiceship. Both were imprisoned in the Tower by James I., who, it is said, for a time acted as his own judge, but gave it up in despair as he said—'I could get on very well hearing one side only, but when both sides have been heard, by my Saul, I know not which is right.'

The attack on Popham may possibly have been the foundation of the Littlecote legend referred to by Sir Walter Scott in *Rokeby*, that he obtained that beautiful estate (still the seat of the Popham family) as a bribe for judicially saving the owner, 'Wild Darell,' from the gallows. But, unfortunately for the legend, 'Wild' Darell died in his bed at Littlecote years before Popham was made a judge. This, and the 'Darell curse,' and the 'Friar of orders grey,' will doubtless endure as long as Littlecote lasts. But history only tells us that William Darell, the last of Littlecote—the unhappy of fact and the 'wild' of fiction—was a relative of Popham's, and that he had frequent recourse to the then Attorney-General for

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advice in his interminable lawsuits. Thus Popham writes to Darell, under date 28th March 1583 :—

‘I never yet deserted any, and I wyl not now begin with you. I think you have hadd better proff (of) me. And so wyth my herty commendacyons do commytt you to God.—
Yor loving frend,
Jo. POPHAM.’

On the death of Darell in 1589, Popham purchased the estate out of his rapidly growing fees.

In his tone and bearing on the Bench, Popham was a pleasant contrast to many both before and after his time, but he has left behind him the name of a ‘hanging’ judge. In regard to highwaymen and such like, Aubrey tells us, ‘If he was the death of a few scores of such gentry, he preserved the lives and livelihoods of more thousands of travellers, who owed their safety to this judge’s severity.’ His contemporary, Dr. Donne (Dean of St. Paul’s), used to say that when he proved faithless to his friends he might have a worse fate than a sentence from Popham. Popham, indeed, avowed and justified his methods in that ‘he had cleansed England of all her rogues, so that a child might go from Devon to Durham with heaps of gold and not be robbed.’ The learned Camden, in his *Britannia* published the year of the judge’s death, especially confirms this, for he says that, while Chief-Justice of England, Popham ‘administered justice with so much impartiality and wholesome severity that England has been long indebted to him principally, for its domestic tranquillity and security.’

Coke, the greatest Common Lawyer England has produced, spoke of Popham in eulogistic terms too long to quote here in their entirety. I give a short extract in the original jargon which concealed our law reports as late as the reign of Charles II. Coke in Sir Drew Drury’s case describes Popham as—

‘De prompt apprehension, profound judgmt, tresexcellet intelligence in voier reason del Ley, et de universal et admire able experience et conusance de tous besoignes, que concernot

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le weale publique accompany ove un rare memory ove perpetual industry et labour pur le maintenance del tranquility et weal publique del Realm, et in tous choses ove grand constancy, integrity et patience.'

Camden bears witness to 'his strict justice and unwearied application,' while another contemporary, Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, calls him 'a man of great wisdom and of singular learning and judgment in the lawe.' I might quote many more, but I spare the reader.

This is no place to appraise Popham's character. *Autres temps autres mœurs*, and he must be judged by the standards of his own age. I have as far as possible let him speak for himself or quoted his contemporaries' opinions. From all we know we may conclude that Peter Blundell's choice was the best possible, and we find that Popham applied himself diligently to discharge his behest. The judge was a Balliol man himself, as was his son, and also the two grandsons I have mentioned. It is natural therefore to find that he fixed on his own College for two of Blundell's Scholarships. The Master of Emmanuel at Cambridge was an old friend, and to him he applied for two more, and two more he gave to Sidney Sussex, possibly because its history and teaching was similar to Emmanuel, and he knew its founder. They were the only two of Protestant foundation at Cambridge. Archbishop Laud called them both 'nurseries of Puritanism.' Emmanuel was not able to come to terms, and the two scholars destined for that college were added to those at Sidney for the time being. All these boys Popham personally nominated in 1602, and while he himself dealt with the colleges, he did not live to complete the terms. In all he appointed seven scholars to both universities before his death. His first nomination was John Bury, who afterwards became a canon of Exeter. Ultimately by composition deeds in 1615, after the Judge's death, one scholarship and fellowship was established at Balliol, and in 1616 two scholarships and fellowships were established at Sidney, and in 1676 a fourth scholar-

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ship and fellowship was established at Balliol. The fellowships have long ceased to be given as of right to Blundell's scholars, but the scholarships have been much extended by subsequent benefactions.

Popham had been given abundant discretion, and he used it in rearing an institution that suggested little that was local in its outward character. To his wide knowledge and prudent foresight we probably owe the form and construction of the buildings themselves, the foreign timber of Armada tradition, and the halls of university pattern.

His greatest care was the choice of a headmaster. To this Bishop Joseph Hall in his autobiography bears witness :—

‘ That faithful observer (Popham) having great interest in the Master of our house (Emmanuel College), Dr. Chaderton, moved him earnestly to recommend some able, learned, and discreet governor to that weighty charge, whose action should not need to be, so much as his oversight. It pleased our master out of his good opinion to tender this condition unto me, assuring me of no small advantages and of no great toil, since it was intended the main load of the work should be upon other shoulders. I apprehended the motion worth the entertaining. In that severe society our times were stinted, neither was it wise or safe to refuse good offers. Master Dr. Chaderton carried me to London, and there presented me to the Lord Chief-Justice with much testimony of approbation. The Judge seemed well apaid with the choice. I promised acceptance, he the strength of his favour.’ This was in 1604, when the school buildings had been completed sufficiently for use.

Hall, however, accepted a country living instead, and recommended his old college friend, the Rev. Hugh Cholmley, to the Judge in his place, ‘ who, finding an answerable acceptance, disposed himself to the place.’ But Popham was again unfortunate. Cholmley also was offered a living shortly after his appointment, and, oddly enough, a rectory in the very parish of all England in which his future school was situate,

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Clare Portion in Tiverton, at that time a Crown presentation during the minority of the patron. He, too, chose the living, and resigned Blundell's.

It may be of interest to note that Joseph Hall became Dean of Worcester and Bishop successively of Exeter and Norwich, and was the favourite chaplain of the short-lived Prince Henry of Wales.

As Bishop of Exeter Hall left his mark in many ways; upon the Cathedral he certainly impressed it. Following his appointment the records show Samuel Hall, Prebendary and Sub-Dean, succeeded by Nicholas Hall, Canon Residentiary and Treasurer of the Cathedral; George Hall, Canon Residentiary and Archdeacon of Cornwall; Robert Hall, Canon Residentiary, and, in turn, Archdeacon of Cornwall, also Treasurer of the Cathedral; and a second Joseph Hall, Registrar of the Cathedral. All these were Joseph's appointments. Like his prototype in Egypt, he seemed to possess many brethren, in this case sons. Hall, however, took care of friends as well as relations. Years after he had been made Bishop of Exeter he made Cholmley successively Prebendary and Canon of his Cathedral, and in 1632 Sub-Dean. Cholmley in his turn tried to do the Bishop a good turn by theologic pamphleteering in his defence against 'the weake cavils' of one Henry Burton in 1629.¹ But to return to the Judge. Popham did not live to carry out all the details of his friend Blundell's trust, but died suddenly in 1607, and was buried under a magnificent tomb in Wellington Church, where his effigy still lies recumbent in the same robes, and with the same face as in his picture at the school, except that the nose is a little worn down by the attrition of ages.

The gossiping Aubrey says: 'He left a vast estate to his son, Sir Francis; I thinke ten thousand pounds per ann.'

¹ Cholmley preached the anniversary sermon at the school in 1618, 1620, 1621, and 1622. The great school account book shows that he was paid 10s. out of the Trust Income on each occasion for his services. He probably preached on many more anniversaries than these, but the school accounts are unfortunately missing from 1623 to 1633. He died 1641, and is buried in Exeter Cathedral with his wife.

SIR JOHN POPHAM

Lord Campbell calls it the greatest estate that ever had been amassed by any lawyer, so that the 'perpetual industry' appears to have brought its reward. The Popham almshouses, which he founded at Wellington, still remain to attest his memory.

His only son, Sir Francis, was appointed by Peter Blundell to be the first of the Feoffees in whose hands he placed the school. Sir Francis sat in every Parliament from the last of Elizabeth to the last of Charles I. inclusive, and was expressly excepted from the general pardon by that king as a staunch Parliamentarian. He continued the American tradition, and sent many ships to the Maine coast. He was added to the Council of the Plymouth Company on his father's death, and was a grantee under the new charter of the Company in 1620.

Down to the establishment of the present scheme of administration in 1876, a Popham was usually of the body of Feoffees; and it would be a graceful act to revive the old connection, and again elect a Popham of Littlecote to the present governing body.

In such an age, and amid such men, was 'Blundell's' born. Camden reminds us, in connection with Popham, that 'it is not proper that men of distinguished virtue, and who have deserved well of their country, should be forgotten'; yet, in the petty details of charity administration, we are sometimes apt to grow parochial, and forget that the school once heard the footfall of Fairfax and echoed the eloquence of Wesley. We lose the merchant prince of mediæval London in the serge maker of Tiverton, and the Elizabethan judge in the neighbouring squire.

It seems good, therefore, to revive the fading memories of the great men who shaped the early life of the school, and so rise from recollections of P.B.'s and 'winkies' to walk with kings and statesmen.

One word as to the picture itself. It appears to have been obtained through the efforts of Benjamin Incledon of Pilton

BLUNDELL'S WORTHIES

House, Barnstaple, one of the Feoffees to the school, and presented to the school about the year 1803, probably by his son, Robert Newton, Incledon. As in that year the Feoffees ordered a frame for it, we may conclude it was probably the year of the gift.

I only know of four other pictures of the Judge, one at Littlecote, one at Kimbolton Park, Lancashire, a third in the National Portrait Gallery, and a fourth at present at Bagborough House, Somerset. Hepworth Dixon has given us a fearsome description of the Kimbolton portrait.

American books usually reproduce the Littlecote or Kimbolton portraits. Ours at Blundell's, while of general resemblance, differs in detail from them all, but whether it is an original or a copy we have no record, and it is of little moment, for may we not truly say of Sir John Popham as of Sir Christopher Wren—

'Si monumentum quæris circumspice'?

PETER SAINTHILL

WITHIN three years of Peter Blundell's death, his executors had carried out the provisions of his will 'with all convenient speede, upon a fytt and convenient plotte and piece of grounde in Tiverton aforesaid, to erect and buyld a faier School House.'

Architect and builder had done their work well; there was dignity and harmony about the design as a whole which must have delighted that grim old lawyer, Sir John Popham, when he rode over from Wellington Court to examine the work for which he held himself responsible.

In the choice of a headmaster difficulties had arisen early. As far back as 1601 it had been offered to Dr. Hall, but the future Bishop of Exeter and Norwich had no sooner accepted than he declined the school for a valuable Suffolk living. It reflects no little credit on the nerve and diplomacy of Hall, that not only did he venture to interview the Lord Chief-Justice again, but even successfully commended his 'old friend and chamber fellow Mr. Chomley' as master in his own stead. But for some unknown reason—perhaps because the school was not yet built—Mr. Chomley does not appear to have taken up his charge, and so it remained for Mr. Samuel Butler, 'diligent in his office and vigilant in his care and observation of the school,' to head the list of the seventeen headmasters who have guided the destinies of the foundation during the last 300 years.

Mr. Butler brought some boys with him, and very soon after the opening of the school the subject of this memoir, Peter Sainthill of Bradninch, was enrolled among the 'forreyners,' as the boarders were then called, in distinction to the native

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boys of the town. The founder in his will had limited the scholars to 150, and the consent of ten householders was necessary to the admission of any 'forreyner,' though, as this formality was seldom exercised, no difficulties arose in the case of a boy belonging to a family so well known in Devon.

The Sainthills of Bradninch could trace back their ancestry to the Norman Conquest. A Sainthill had sat in Parliament in the days of Edward II. ; while, in the Herald's visitation of Devonshire, 1564, a Peter Sainthill is found firmly established at Bradninch, with a grant of arms, and a holder of manors, tithes, and advowsons ; the latter, no doubt, part and parcel of the dissolved monastery of Canonsleigh. On his death in 1571 the estates passed to his son Peter, who, in due course, married, and became the father of a large family, the eldest of whom, Peter, was born in the year 1593.

It is a fair assumption, then, that this Peter was one of the earliest scholars on the foundation, and that his boyhood was spent in the society of school-fellows who were destined in the years to come to take each his part in the great struggle between King and Parliament. As befitted the heir to a large estate he travelled, following the fashion of the time which dictated that the tour through France, Spain, Italy, and the Low Countries was, as Bacon phrased it, 'a necessary part of education.'

In his twenty-fifth year his father died and was buried beside his wife ; but, by this time, the heir had married Dorothy Parker of Foldhay, Zeal Monachorum, and was, doubtless, making himself familiar with the management of the estate.

But stirring times were ahead ; the breach between King and Commons was widening, and such events as the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, the Petition of Right, and Ship Money were discussed as keenly in that quiet Devon village as in London itself.

There is a strange fascination about the years which immediately preceded the Civil War. Outwardly, all was calm and prosperous ; trade flourished, the power of the King and

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the Archbishop was apparently at its greatest height. But, in reality, beneath the surface, forces were gathering that neither the King nor Lord Strafford, for all his great qualities, could hold in check ; and all this seeming prosperity was, as one writer has phrased it, only the last gleam of an autumn sunset before the sun of royalty set behind the dark clouds of rebellion and disaster.

Sainthill during this time was taking an active part in affairs. He was Steward of the Stannaries, one of the Masters in Chancery, and Recorder of his native town, Bradninch. A popular, as well as a busy man, it is no slight testimony to his character that even a Puritan satire written in doggerel verse speaks well of him.

‘ He was a man of wit profound,
Recorder of his native town,
Humble, benign, of Norman blood,
Caressed, esteemed for being good.’

In the year 1640 the eleven years of Charles’s arbitrary rule ended, for the pressure of events forced him to summon the Short Parliament, in which Sainthill was chosen, together with his kinsman, Sir Peter Balle, to represent Tiverton.

It fell to John Pym, a Somersetshire squire, who, like Sainthill, had studied law, to put into words the grievances of the nation, and he soon placed in clear relief the facts of the political situation. But the old differences arose on the question whether supply should be voted before grievances were redressed, and in a few weeks Parliament was dissolved, and Sainthill returned to his Devon home. But before many months were out London claimed him again ; for though Strafford, game to the last, was for establishing a practical dictatorship, and Charles, at his wits’ end for money, strained prerogative to the breaking point, yet by the end of the year the whole policy of ‘ Thorough ’ had fallen in ruins, and the King, to his humiliation, was forced to call together the famous Long Parliament.

Again Sainthill represented Tiverton, and his attitude

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towards the affairs of the day exactly reflects those conservative instincts which in every nation stand in the way of too rapid change. At first he inclined to the popular side, and was among many of the county gentlemen who showed a firm front to the aggressions of the Crown and the new-fangled nostrums of Laud and Strafford. He was no reformer, no follower of new ideas, but a man who regarded Parliament as the best security against innovations in religion and government.

No sooner, however, had the Long Parliament removed the most crying abuses, and, by the Triennial Act, secured its own existence for the future, than new questions arose with which Sainthill and the country gentlemen generally could have little sympathy. It would be beside the purpose of this memoir to trace the steps by which the Royalist party came into existence ; it is enough to say that the Militia Bill, and in a still greater degree the Puritan attack on the Church, led to the growth of a Royalist party. Sainthill, like Hyde and Falkland, who had been equally keen in the removal of abuses, now found himself compelled to choose between King and Parliament, though he did not fully agree with either. His choice was that of most of the country gentry in the West, whom deep-rooted interest and ancient sentiment alike drew to the Royalist side.

He was one of the one hundred and eighteen members that sat in the Parliament which the King convened in January 1643 at Oxford, and signed, in conjunction with other members, the letter to the Earl of Essex ; in consequence of which the Parliament, in their subsequent propositions for peace, required that Peter Sainthill (among others) be removed from Court and his Majesty's Councils, and be rendered incapable of ever holding office, and that one-third of his estates should be confiscated.

Whether Sainthill fought in any of the earlier campaigns is uncertain ; at the beginning of the war all Devon was in the hands of the Parliamentary Committees, and Bradninch was dangerously near Exeter, the headquarters of the Earl of

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Stamford. There was, it is true, a small Royalist force at Plympton, but all the large towns had been seized and garrisoned for the Parliament.

Cornwall, however, was for the King, and, after a treaty for peace in the two counties had come to nothing, Sir Ralph Hopton marched into Devon, set a garrison to check Exeter, and to a limited extent re-established the King's power in the county. It is noteworthy, too, that he dispossessed from his command at Tiverton John Were of Halberton, who, though direct proof is lacking, was in all probability a Blundellian and a contemporary of Sainthill. Later on in the same year, 1643, after the capture of Bristol, Prince Maurice was sent down to the West as Commander-in-Chief, and he, after joining forces with those of Sir John Berkeley, took Exeter on September 4th, to the joy of the Cavalier household at Bradninch, and to the triumph of the Royalist cause in Devon.

Next year fighting was general all over England, but our main interest lies with the army of the King, who, having beaten Waller severely at Cropredy Bridge near Oxford, set out for the West in pursuit of Essex, and also in order to be near his Queen, Henrietta Maria, who was at that time in Exeter. Now her Majesty being in ill-health had applied, after the birth of her daughter, for a safe-conduct to go to Bath, but this was refused by Essex, who, however, gave her leave to consult a doctor in London. But there were prisons as well as doctors in London, and as her impeachment had already been voted, the Queen naturally declined the offer.

Leaving Tiverton, Essex marched west, on the invitation of Lord Roberts, to settle the peace of Cornwall, and it so happened that he was at Tavistock on the same day (July 26) that Charles, who had gone through Chard and Honiton, reached Exeter. The next day he rode out to Collumpton to review Prince Maurice's army, a reinforcement some four thousand strong. His headquarters were at Bradninch, and there for a day and a night Sainthill entertained his sovereign,

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attending him next morning on his march to Exeter. Charles, it is said, cut his initials on his bedroom door as a memento of his visit, but they are no longer to be seen.

It is curious to note how the Puritan satire lessens and depreciates this visit :—

‘Now when the king was in the West,
And not a little in distress,
He honoured Peter with a call
By night, incog., but that’s not all,
He wanted money for to spend
In waging war, that was the end,
And he knew those that had to lend.’

Having borrowed £200, according to the satire, the King,

‘To make the pledge more firm and sure,
Etched his sign manual on the door,’

promising to make the squire a knight after the war. Surely it is the very irony of history that the only reward the family received for their sacrifices in the cause of the King was a pardon, granted by Charles II. 1668, to Peter Sainthill, then dead twenty years, for any offences committed against the Crown.

Under a commission from the King at Bradninch, Sainthill raised and commanded a local trained band which, if the satire is to be believed, consisted, like Falstaff’s army, of ‘revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace.’

Meanwhile the toils were being steadily woven round Essex, who instead of finding friends in Cornwall, was compelled ever to retreat with his starving army, and finally to escape by boat to London, leaving his foot-soldiers to surrender at Lostwithiel. Since the days of Nicias, as one historian has pointed out, no general so devoted, so self-satisfied, so incompetent had been at the head of an army.

Among those who surrendered was John Were, who, ‘wet and sicke with a wound greene and a bullet in my body,’ as he quaintly phrases it in his ‘Apologie,’ promised to serve the

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King, with a secret reservation to serve him no further than he complied with Parliament. But if on that night the two old school-fellows met, Sainthill in the proud assurance that the King's cause would triumph and Were a wounded and broken man, it was but one incident out of many in that distracting war in which kinsmen became foes and brother even slew brother.

Next year, 1645, the tide of war ran strongly against the King, and Sainthill, who was one of the Commissioners for managing the King's affairs in the West, met the Prince of Wales at Bridgewater (April 23) to consult on the best steps to be taken for the King's service. Within a couple of months the news of the crushing defeat at Naseby reached Bradninch at a moment, so, at least, says the Puritan satire, when Sainthill and his men

‘ In Peter's great and lofty hall,
Seated in order for to dine,
Swig cyder, beer, and meady wine.’

With the result that the company broke up on the spot, and Sainthill escaped abroad. This, however, is not strictly true, for though in his victorious campaign in the West, Fairfax made Bradninch his headquarters on October 16, Sainthill did not fly till towards the close of March 1646, a few days, indeed, before the fall of Exeter.

By the articles under which that city surrendered, Sainthill became entitled to compound for his estates, which were sequestrated by Parliament. Only a part, however, was recovered by his son Samuel in July 1653, after a long suit, by paying a heavy composition; but all the estates in fee in Devon, Dorsetshire, and Yorkshire were confiscated, and it was with an impaired and lessened estate that he returned to Bradninch in 1657. If Sainthill was not the only Royalist who lost his estates, he was at any rate more fortunate than many others in that he had friends abroad. His brother Robert, a merchant and agent to the Duke of Tuscany, was

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living at Leghorn, and in the early autumn of 1645 Sainthill, who had removed with his wife and family to Exeter for greater security, left that city. Having received from General Fairfax a pass, which, dating from the surrender of Exeter, April 9, 1646, allowed freedom from molestation for himself, 'with his servants, horses, arms, and necessities,' he travelled through Cornwall, and reached Leghorn early in May 1646.

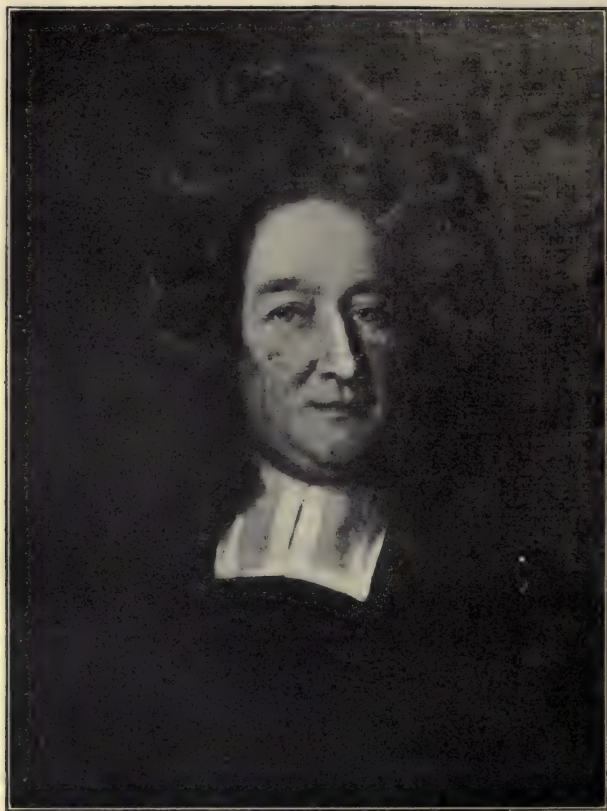
The rest of the story is soon told. Harassed by anxiety, and worn out by the strain of the war, he had barely, after a trying journey, reached Leghorn before he was seized with a serious illness. Among the Sainthill papers is a curious medical certificate, signed by several doctors at Leghorn, asserting that their patient was unfit to travel back to England, whither he had been summoned, for the purpose doubtless of making composition for his delinquency. A month later the order for his composition was given by the committee, but five long years elapsed before the amount of the fine was fixed, and by that time Sainthill was no more.

In the words of the tablet on his monument, he had withdrawn 'to reserve himself for more successful service to his King and country' to Italy, where, having spent the remainder of his life in the exercise of virtue and devotion, and lamenting the miseries a civil war had brought upon his country, he resigned his spirit to God who gave it in the year of grace 1648, and the fifty-fourth of his age.

A man of culture and unaffected simplicity of character, Sainthill represents the Cavalier cause at its best.

He was no roystering swordsman like Goring, no idealist like Falkland, but just a plain country gentleman, whose name has come down to us to-day as a pattern of integrity and disinterested loyalty.





Jo. Nente Recte

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EIGHT years after Popham had built Blundell's, and five years after his own death, the School narrowly escaped total destruction by fire ; for, in 1612, the whole town was burnt to the ground, with the exception of the School, the Church, and Castle, and a few other buildings, 'not without great negligence of the inhabitants who did easily omit their duties to the great hurt and detriment of the whole town.' In the matter of fire extinction the town was apparently much the same then as in our own time, and we really owe the Mayor and Corporation whom we criticise to-day for the same default, to that very default itself. For James I., on the 10th August 1615, gave the town a Charter of Incorporation for its 'better ordering, and government,' and in it recited the previous shortcomings that I have quoted, and by it nominated Henry Newte the elder to be the first Town Clerk, and Henry Newte the younger to succeed his father in that office. This is the first mention of a family who lived in Tiverton for seven generations, and were intimately connected with all that concerned Tiverton and Blundell's.

To-day their names are chiefly to be found in the old parish church of Tiverton, where there are fourteen inscriptions to the memory of these seven generations. Three of these inscriptions, however, are buried under the present chancel tiles, and a fourth is on the outside of the chancel wall.

'Newte' survives also in Newte's Hill and Plantation, which overlook the old rectory at Tidcombe, of which five of the name were successively owners, the Newte Exhibition at the School, the Newte Library at the Church, and some other still existing Newte charities.

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The local antiquary says their name was originally Canute, and they bore the arms of Hardicanute, but that is the kind of thing the local antiquary always says.

As the present Blundell's Register only commences in 1770, one cannot say with certainty how many of these seven generations were O.B.'s. Henry the younger was almost certainly, his brother Richard and his nephew John, and John's nephew Samuel, all rectors, were quite certainly, and the second Samuel and John, both rectors who succeeded, probably were, and the last Thomas possibly.

Peter Blundell's object in founding scholarships at the universities was, as he expressed it, 'the increase of good and godly preachers of the Gospell, and the Schollars were to be studients in divinitie.' The effect of this is seen in the large proportion of West Country clergy educated at the School in the course of its three hundred years' existence. Thus, in 1789, when O.B. Day was revived, 30 out of the 72 who took tickets were clergy. In 1790, 47 out of 102, in 1891, 39 out of 93 present, and so forth. Of these West Country clergy, who, generation after generation, received their early education at the School, the Newtes were typical representatives.

The parish of Tiverton was almost unique in its ecclesiastical constitution. With one parish and one parish church it comprised four portions, each with a rector. Three, known as Clare, Pitt, and Tidcombe portions, had rectory houses, the fourth, known as Priors, had King's College, Cambridge, for its rector, and no house. The history of this strange development is what Mr. Kipling calls 'another story' too long to be told here. The advowson to the three rectories other than Priors was in various hands by rotation, and Henry Newte the younger purchased the major portion of it from one of the descendants of the Courtenays, and thus the Newte family obtained rights of presentation to all three rectories. These rights they generally exercised in favour of one of themselves, so that in this way the same Newte was frequently rector of two portions with two rectory houses at the same time. In

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1641 Henry the younger presented his brother Richard the first Newte rector to both Tidcombe and Clare portions.

Henry died in 1670, leaving £50 a year to the new Corporation, of which for two years he had been mayor.

Over his grave in St. Peter's is written :—

‘ Principis & juris non observantior alter
Utq, suum regi sic dedit ille Deo.’

and I do not doubt it. Another Latin inscription over the grave of Richard in the same church is, I think, so attested by his life and conduct that I venture a translation of a portion of it here :—

‘ For 37 years Rector of this Church. His early youth he spent at our most liberal School. His later youth and manhood at Oxford in the diligent pursuit of learning. He was a fellow of Exeter College. In theology, languages, and every kind of elegant literature he was hardly to be equalled. At length, as if the intellects of Britain could not satisfy his too receptive mind, while the Civil War was raging, with the object of seeing foreign nations, he traversed Europe in the kindred society of most famous men. On his return he becomes the kindly and excellent pastor of this church. In the time of the plague he was most indefatigable. To his king he was most devoted. Conscious of doing his duty in both these respects he neither looked for nor received reward. He was one of the chaplains in ordinary to his serene Majesty, Charles II. . . . Being attacked by gout he ended his life 10th August, 1678.’

During the Rebellion his rectory and glebe houses of Clare were burnt, and their ruins helped to form outworks for the Castle when it, too, was attacked. His house at Tidcombe was wrecked, and he himself was frequently harassed before the triers and committees of those times until he was formally dispossessed of both rectories. From 1650 until the Restoration we read much of him in a work entitled, *An Attempt towards Recovering an Account of the Numbers and Sufferings of the Clergy in the late times of the Grand Rebellion*, by John Walker, M.A., Rector of St. Mary the More, Exeter, known to-day as *Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy*. But

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Richard had a gallant wife, and here I cannot do better than quote Walker :—

‘Mrs. Newte stoutly refused to give up Tidcombe Rectory House. They ordered sometimes ten, sometimes twelve, soldiers to quarter on him, and took good care to pick out such among them as were the lewdest and most profligate villains and the greatest enemies to the clergy in the whole regiment, and when he was at length forced by these and other methods to abscond, his wife was threatened by the Commissioners in the town, to be thrown out of doors with her tender infants into the highway if they would not depart, and the mob of the town were encouraged to make alarms at night at the gates and doors of the house several times to weary and frighten her out by the perpetual disturbances, all which with many more indignities too tedious to relate the poor gentlewoman bore for a long time with a great deal of patience and courage, but at last she was forced to remove, though even then she refused to deliver up the possession and stoutly told them she knew no right they had, and if they entered there it should be like rogues, as they were. However, they at length broke in.’

Mr. Newte returned several times at the risk of his life, chiefly to preach to the plague-stricken of Tiverton, and visit and tend them in their own homes, where they were dying at the rate of 250 a week. A few cottages outside Tiverton now known as Little Silver still mark a suburb created to divide the healthy from the infected.

He finally obtained a lectureship at Ottery St. Mary, at £20 per annum, having lost at Tiverton about £400 per annum.

But (to quote Walker again) ‘this was also taken from him for preaching on Xmas day from the text, “Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad,” upon which a fellow in the congregation cried aloud (as the fashion then was to disturb even a Godly as well as a Malignant minister if they did not like his doctrine), “What, doth he make Abraham a Christmas-man, too?”’

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He was then left quite destitute, 'forced with his family to lodge several nights in a wood.' In 1656 Colonel Basset put him into the living of Heanton Punchardon, near Barnstaple, where he continued undisturbed further, until the Restoration.

He returned to Tiverton in 1660 to find Tidcome Rectory in ruins, Mr. Polwhele, his Independent successor, having let it down 'quite even to the highway.'

Those were evil days for the Malignant, otherwise Royalist, clergy. Richard Newte's colleague at Pitt Rectory, George Pierce, was also not of the Godly party, and fared no better.

Walker tells us 'his house was plundered no less than three several times to a very great value, his children were thrown out of their beds on the floor, and not only those beds, but everything else, was taken from them, besides their wearing clothes. Then soldiers offered their pistols cocked to the breast of his wife, then big with child, and asked her if she would have a brace of bullets in her body. He was likewise seized himself several times and hurried from place to place with the army, and his poor wife hath been forced to trudge 14 or 15 miles on foot to her husband whilst she was soliciting his release. In a word, he was reduced to such necessities that his wife and six children were dispersed up and down two and three hundred miles asunder, and lived on charity. Mrs. Pierce, one day applying to Mr. Chishul, who succeeded her husband, for her fifths due to her by the then Ordinance of Parliament, or for something to supply the necessities of her family, pleading with him the number of her children, who were six at that time, and all very young and helpless & wanting relief, he replied that he had a pair of geldings in the stable, and a groom, too, which must be maintained, & were more chargeable than all her children.'

Tiverton and the School, too, suffered much as well.

Few now realise, I think, what the Civil War meant to this place. Being on one of the main western high-roads, nearly every great general of the time took and retook it, or passed

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through it, usually by way of Newte's Hill, for in the words of Joshua Sprigge, Fairfax's chaplain, 'it lay upon a passe, and might much annoy an army.' The church and castle were fired on for days together, and for three years the Exe Valley lay in a constant welter of war. The armies of Charles, Essex, and Fairfax alike were here for weeks at a time, and as each was seldom less than 10,000 strong, and some came more than once, the little town can hardly have recognised itself. Master Nicholas Culpepper, the great herbalist, tells us that Essex's horses 'being drawn up in a body, many of them lost their shoes upon White Downe, in Devonshire, near Tiverton, because moonwort grows' there, and moonwort 'will loosen shoes from those horses' feet that goes on the places where it groweth.'

The town raised the first regiment for the Parliament in the West, which, by the way, after a short life surrendered to the King at Lostwithiel, 'so durty and dejected varlets as was rare to see,' as Richard Symonds, a Royalist trooper, unkindly entered in his diary. Rupert and Essex date their letters from Tiverton. Fairfax dictated the terms of surrender to Exeter and Barnstaple from here. Fleetwood, Ludlow, Ireton, the great Oliver and his son Richard, Goring, Grenville, Berkeley, Maurice, and a host of other great soldiers rode about the streets and no doubt abused their much-tried paving. The Castle was for the King, while it lasted, and the Parliament usually put up at the School, which was the next best house in the place.

The fate of the town as a Royalist garrison came, however, one Friday evening in October 1645, when Fairfax, with his wounded face, fresh from Naseby, clattered up the old Green, the Ironside troopers at his heels. Two generals and some six or eight colonels sat heavily in the School-house, and by Sunday mid-day the Castle was Parliamentarian for ever. It is difficult to see how the School got through any work at all in such days. The entries in the great account book certainly show that the masters drew

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their salaries regularly, but the most frequent entry is 'Mending School house.' In 1647 more than £45 was spent in repairing the outer walls, and for five years following repair is needed to the buildings, which could not by reason of their recent erection have been occasioned by ordinary wear and tear. In 1647 we find nearly 20,000 'helling stones'—*i.e.* slates—required, more than 50 hogsheads of lime, and labourers' wages for 257 days. Between 1648 and 1653 more than £137 was spent in this way, a large sum for those days. The stone appears to have come from Collipriest quarry.

The present old inhabitant is apt to shake his head over the growing perils of our times, the unrest, the social displacements, the arrogance of the lower classes, and such like. I wonder what he would have said of the brave days of old, when things were as they were in Tiverton then. The established order was so broken up that men believed the end of all things near, and that Christ would shortly descend to reign with the Fifth Monarchy saints.

But Richard weathered the storm, and when Charles II. enjoyed his own again, Richard Newte, as a loyal adherent, was restored with George Pierce and the rest, and rebuilt Tidcombe Rectory. Charles, whom he had met abroad, offered him the deanery of Exeter, which Richard declined 'as being a great lover of privacy and retirement, and always averse to any more publick shewing himself than what concerned his station at Tiverton, with which he was best satisfied as being the place of his nativity.'

In Tidcombe Rectory he was succeeded by his son John, who describes himself in his father's epitaph as 'in ecclesia indignus successor.' John also was educated at Blundell's, and the first Blundell's Fellow of Balliol under the 1676 Composition with the College, in consideration of his father Richard having given it £100. John is remembered in Tiverton in many ways. He placed the present great organ in St. Peter's Church in 1696, and preached a famous sermon

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at its opening, on 'The Lawfulness and Use of Organs in the Christian Church,' which excited much controversy at the time. He published, too, in 1711, another sermon entitled, 'A Discourse on the Impiety of Tithe Stealing,' which gives the 'dismal end of a sacrilegious person' who had helped to despoil the Devon chapel at the Church. In all these he was a faithful exemplar of the theology of his time. He laid the foundation-stone of St. George's Church, then a chapel of ease to the parish church. He was a staunch non-resistance man, and represented the Devonshire clergy for three years in convocation. He left his library and five pictures—one of himself,¹ the others of Charles 1., Laud, Strafford, and Montrose—to St. Peter's Church, where all, except the picture of Charles, still remain in the vestry. Chief among his other numerous and still existing charities is an estate at Braunton in North Devon, which he left to Balliol College to found the present Newte Exhibition for Blundellians.

From his epitaph in St. Peter's Church we learn that he was thirty-seven years rector of Tidcombe, and thirty-six years rector of Pitt portions of the parish of Tiverton, and that 'he patiently bore ye pains of a lingering sickness, and cheerfully resigned his soul to God, March 7, 1715, aged sixty years. Peter Newte, his only surviving brother and executor, thus expresseth his more than equal share of a general loss.' We may hazard the surmise that the lingering sickness was once more the gout, as we find it in the next generation worse than before.

The brother Peter is thus commemorated on the walls of St. Peter's chancel:—'Peter Newte, an unworthy son of the right worthy Richard Newte, dyed June the 15th, 1720.' Peter, I think, like John, unnecessarily wronged himself, for he left money for the repair of his brother's tomb; and again, like him, lands and moneys in charities, many of which exist to this day.

¹ The illustration to this article is a copy of this picture. The autograph is from the parish register.

THE NEWTES

To John at Tidcombe succeeded his nephew Samuel, also of Balliol. Samuel was Lent preacher at Oxford in 1714. He is of some interest to us at Blundell's, as, when O.B. Day was first established, in 1725, Samuel was the first preacher at it, and took for his text: 'The words of the wise are as goads and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.' Good Samuel Newte! Discipline probably was discipline in his day. But Samuel was to know other goads and nails before he died. His Latin epitaph in St. Peter's may be thus Englished:—

'With the intention of being buried here whenever it shall seem best to the good God, Samuel Newte set up this marble as a monument.

'He also gaining his wish, after having been long harassed by gout (*podagra*) and other diseases, and for whole months, not to say years (perchance beyond what will seem credible to any one), scarcely ever closing his eyes in sleep, at length worn out by paralysis, here found rest on the 17th March 1742. Aged 57.'

Then, a second Samuel at Tidcombe, of Oriel College, Oxon., and probably Blundell's. He was son of the last Samuel, and rector of Pitt portion also. He, in turn, is 'loos'd from the tortur'd frame of human earth' in 1781, possibly again by the *podagra*. His virtues are preserved in an incised poem of five verses, from which the above line is taken, placed on the walls of St. Peter's by his two sons, Thomas and John, who doubtless composed it. I may quote one stanza, as I read it over my head each Sunday:—

'Far hence be flattery, but impartial Truth
Her honest judgment shall to time consign;
Let emulation read without a sigh,
Ne'er spake religion from a voice like thine.'

To him at Tidcombe succeeds John, who only survived him eleven years, and died in 1792. John was of Christ-Church, Oxon., and most probably of Blundell's, and the fifth

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and last rector of that name at Tidcombe in succession. His widow afterwards married the Rev. John West Carew, and died in 1822. John, too, has his record on St. Peter's walls, that 'he was eminently distinguished for his extensive learning, brilliancy of wit, cheerfulness of disposition, amiable manners, and unbounded charity.' He left a nephew, Thomas, described as of Tiverton, the seventh in descent from the original town clerk. After him the family pass into other places, and Tiverton and Tidcombe know them no more. The present Tidcombe House stands on the site of their rectory, which was pulled down in the early part of the nineteenth century.

The old rectory had seen five Newtes, all rectors in succession, carried from its doors to their long home at St. Peter's. The first of these rectors had been a school-boy before the *Mayflower* sailed; the last of them left the rectory after the United States had become a separate nation. In this way one realises something of the years that passed between.

Of the house of the five rectors nothing remains but the fish-pond which tempered their fast days, the cellars where lived the unsleeping *podagra*, and the old gardens, where surely the shades of men in life so true to 'the place of their nativity' must still linger 'with feet that make no sound upon the floors.'

Their history rightly told is, for 200 years, that of their country, their town, their church, and their school. The good or ill fortune of one was that of the other.

Henry, the town clerk; Richard, the oppressed, preaching to the plague-stricken in Little Silver; John, the 'indignus successor,' dividing his goods with the poor; Samuel at his school feast; Peter, the self-styled unworthy. In Church or State all were alike, serving their generation well—Christian gentlemen, Blundell's worthies.

GEORGE BULL

OF the many men eminent in the Church who have received their education at Blundell's School, probably the most distinguished of all, judged from the standpoint of theological learning, was George Bull, Bishop of St. David's.

There are no registers in existence of the pupils who frequented the School in the seventeenth century, hence the record of his attendance must be searched for elsewhere. Fortunately for posterity, he possessed an intimate friend, one Robert Nelson, who made it a labour of love to perpetuate his memory. From Nelson's *Life of Bishop Bull* the following particulars of his career are mainly taken :—

George Bull came of a family of some position, for several generations settled at Shapwick, in the county of Somerset. The pedigree of the family is recorded in the Visitation of the county made in the year 1623. His father, George Bull, was the second son of William Bull, the head of the family at the period of the Visitation. William Bull had a family of no less than ten sons and eight daughters. In consequence of this heavy burden on his resources his second son was put to trade, and became a mercer at Wells, where he prospered in business, and was twice Mayor of the city. He died at a comparatively early age, leaving several daughters, but only one son, George, the subject of our memoir, to whom he bequeathed a moderate estate.

The story of George Bull's schooldays cannot be better told than by quoting the account of them which his biographer gives :—

‘When he was fit to receive the first rudiments of learn-

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ing, he was placed in a grammar school at Wells, where he continued not long ; but, by the care of his guardians, was to great advantage removed to the free school of Tiverton, in Devonshire, of the greatest note of any in the West of England. This school was founded by Mr. Peter Blundell, a clothier, in the year 1604, with a very good maintenance for a schoolmaster and usher, and is not more considerable for its liberal endowment than it is for its stately and noble structure. . . .

‘ Mr. Samuel Butler, the master under whom Mr. Bull was educated, was very eminent in his profession, an excellent grammarian both for Latin and Greek, diligent in his office, and vigilant in his care and observation of his scholars. He was recommended to this post by my Lord Chief-Justice Popham, who, by the will of the founder, was constituted the chief director of everything which related to this free school ; and he was so considerable in his employment that, when he removed to Tiverton, he brought several gentlemen’s sons with him, so that he had scholars from many parts of the kingdom, and bred several persons, considerable for their learning, during the long time he continued master, which was about six and thirty years.

‘ Mr. Bull, by his great diligence, and by a remarkable pregnancy of parts, made a very considerable progress in all classical learning, under a person who was so able and so willing to instruct him. And it was the usual method of this master, when he gave his boys themes for verses, to press them to exert themselves and to do their best, because he judged how far each boy’s capacity would carry him ; but he always told George Bull that he expected from him verses like those of Ovid ; because, saith he, I know you can do it. Sufficiently thereby intimating that his scholar had a capacity and genius which enabled him to excel in such exercises. And we may very well suppose that the master took no small pains in cultivating such a good soil, and that the scholar was not less observant of the rules and directions which were proposed

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to him by so able an instructor, when we are assured that Mr. Bull was every ways fit for the university before he attained the fourteenth year of his age.'

On leaving Blundell's he entered as a Commoner at Exeter College, Oxford, on the 18th day of July 1648. His tutor was Mr. Baldwin Ackland, no doubt a member of the well-known Devonshire family of that name. His biographer candidly admits that he did not make the best use of his time at the University being 'overpowered by that love of pleasure and diversion which so easily captivate youth when it is not upon the guard.'

Mr. Bull was destined to leave Oxford without taking his degree, a fact which probably injuriously affected his prospects of advancement in his profession.

The Church of England was then passing through a time of tribulation. In 1643 the Parliament had accepted the Solemn League and Covenant, thereby undertaking to extirpate prelacy. The obligation of taking the Covenant had been imposed on every person in England above the age of eighteen. A few years later the necessity of taking the Covenant was abolished, but in lieu thereof Parliament substituted the Engagement, being an oath 'to be true and faithful to the Government established without King and House of Peers.'

Before Mr. Bull had been in residence at Oxford two years all members of the University were called upon to subscribe to the Engagement and thus renounce their loyalty to the Royalist cause. Many divines found no difficulty in taking this oath under the plea of irresistible necessity, but Mr. Bull's principles would not permit him to do so. He was therefore required to quit the University, and in company with Mr. Ackland he retired to North Cadbury in the county of Somerset. The influences by which he was now surrounded gave a studious tendency to his mind. He remained with Mr. Ackland for a period of three or four years, laying the foundation of the theological learning for which he was

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to become so famous. Subsequently he resided for two years with the Rev. William Thomas, Rector of Ubley, in the same county, still pursuing his theological studies.

On leaving Mr. Thomas he applied for ordination to Dr. Skinner, the ejected Bishop of Oxford, by whom he was ordained Deacon and Priest in one day at the unusually early age of twenty-one. Shortly after his ordination he accepted the living of St. George's near Bristol, a living whose emoluments were so small, that he was the more inclined to accept it on that account, thinking that the poverty of the living would be likely to exempt him from the molestation to which the beneficed clergy of the Church of England were then so liable.

The liturgy of the Church of England was at the time proscribed, but it is recorded that Mr. Bull, following the example of Sanderson and Jeremy Taylor, made use in his public ministrations of portions of the Book of Common Prayer from memory and with such gravity and devotion that the dissenters among his audience regarded them with approbation as extemporaneous utterances of his own.

In the year 1658 he married one Bridget Gregory, the daughter of the Incumbent of Cirencester, a lady who is described as the model of a clergyman's wife, fulfilling in all respects the motto engraved on her wedding ring : *Bene parere parere parare det mihi Deus.*

In the same year he was presented to the Rectory of Suddington St. Mary, near Cirencester, and four years afterwards he was presented to the adjoining benefice of Suddington St. Peter. The combined income of these benefices did not exceed one hundred pounds a year. Here he ministered for twenty-seven years, diligently performing his pastoral duties and at the same time still adding to the stores of his learning. He does not appear to have been given to any kind of recreation, and apart from the duties of his calling, theological studies claimed the whole of his attention. He expended his means largely in the purchase of books, and once

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a year it was his custom to visit Oxford for the purpose of research in the libraries there.

In the year 1669 he gave to the world the first fruits of his studies, a work entitled *Harmonia Apostolica*, wherein he attempted to reconcile the teaching of St. Paul with that of St. James in reference to justification whether by faith or by works.

The publication of this treatise and the controversy which arose thereon established his reputation as a theologian, and commended him to the notice of Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, then Chancellor of England, by whom he was in 1678 made a Prebendary of Gloucester.

The controversy to which reference has been made led indirectly to the writing of the work on which his reputation chiefly rests. His advocacy of the necessity of good works caused his adversaries to insinuate that he was a Socinian. To vindicate himself from this charge he wrote his well-known *Defensio Fidei Nicaenae*, wherein he investigated with great learning the opinions of the fathers of the first three centuries of the Christian Church on the doctrine of the Trinity, and confirmed by their testimony the clauses of the Nicene Creed. This work has been described as one of the greatest if not the greatest contribution to theological learning which has been made by the Church of England. Its publication enhanced the great reputation which Mr. Bull had already achieved, and that not in England only but abroad. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, one of the most distinguished of the orators and prelates of the Church in France, quoted it in support of his own arguments against a literary antagonist in terms of high eulogy.

A work of such importance received with such approbation naturally led to preferment. In the same year as saw the publication of the *Defensio Fidei Nicaenae* Mr. Bull was presented to the Rectory of Avening in the County of Gloucester. In the following year he was made Archdeacon of Llandaff by Archbishop Sancroft. The same year, in recog-

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nitition of the great services which he had rendered to the Church, the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In 1694 he published his *Judicium Ecclesiae Catholicae*, the last of his three great Latin treatises and in the nature of a supplement to the two former, being a complete account of the heresies of the first three centuries and a defence of the Anathema which was pronounced against them by the Council of Nice.

A copy of this work was sent to Bossuet and delivered to him while he was at St. Germain's in attendance at a General Assembly of the Clergy of France. He was so much struck by the work that he recommended it to the attention of the Assembly, whose approbation it won to such an extent that Bossuet was authorised to convey to the author the congratulations of the Assembly 'for the great service which he had done to the Catholic Church in so well defending her determination of the necessity of believing the Divinity of the Son of God.'

The preferment which he had so far obtained in the Church appears scarcely commensurate with his great merits, and it is strange that further promotion was so long deferred. At length, however, recognition came.

In the year 1705 he was offered the Bishopric of St. David's. It is said that he himself was unwilling to accept this dignity, but was prevailed upon by his friends and by men of influence in the Church. He was consecrated Bishop in Lambeth Chapel on the 29th April 1705. The episcopal palace at Aberguilly being much out of repair, he took up his abode at Brecknock. He appears to have constantly resided in his diocese and to have been zealous in the performance of the duties of his high office in spite of the burden of years and failing health; but it is upon his eminence as a theologian rather than as a Bishop that his fame rests.

He was already seventy-one years of age when he was appointed to the See, and his tenure was not a long one, for

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he died on the 17th February 1709. He was buried at Brecknock, and over his grave was placed a plain stone with the following inscription, whose simplicity is in pleasing contrast to the grandiloquence so often found on the monuments of that period :—

HERE LIETH

THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD

Dr. GEORGE BULL

LATE BISHOP OF THIS DIOCESE

WHO WAS EXCELLENTLY LEARNED

PIOUS AND CHARITABLE

AND WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE

FEBRUARY THE 17TH, 1709

AGED 75.

SAMUEL WESLEY

SAMUEL WESLEY, descendant of a long line of 'gentlemen and scholars' in Devon and Somerset, was born in London on February 10, 1691.

His father, Rev. Samuel Wesley, was a very remarkable man himself, though the extraordinary celebrity of his sons has rather obscured his fame. He had begun life as a dissenter; but, having reasoned himself into the belief that Nonconformity was a mistake, he took orders after a career as a 'poor scholar' of Exeter College, Oxford, and obtained a London curacy worth £28 a year. There he met and married Susanna Annesley, a woman in her way quite as remarkable as her husband. She was one of a large family—Dr. Annesley was never quite sure whether his children numbered a couple of dozen or a quarter of a hundred—and, at the early age of thirteen, had mastered the ecclesiastical controversy of the day, and decided for the Church. Probably had her father been a churchman she would have been a dissenter. Boys usually reproduce the characteristics of their mother; and, in the Wesley family, Susanna's energy and grasp of mind were very visible in Samuel and his illustrious brother John.

A year after the birth of his son Dr. Wesley was appointed to the rectory of Epworth, an obscure corner of Lincolnshire, and there he spent the remaining forty years of his life. Owing to the extraordinary celebrity of his sons—Samuel was the eldest of nineteen children—it is easy to gain a close insight into the family life. Great intellectual activity was a characteristic of all the Wesleys. Their father strove to augment his tiny income by writing verse or prose, epigram

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or epithet ; indeed, his life was one long struggle against poverty. He was also, unhappily, constantly in debt, and so little in touch with his rough parishioners, that they were strongly suspected of setting fire to the rectory on the historic occasion when John Wesley, then a little boy, was just snatched from the flames. The education of a family in the country was no easy matter in those days, but Mrs. Wesley faced the problem with sound common-sense, and taught her family herself. For twenty years, except for a few unavoidable interruptions, she kept school with all the rigour of eighteenth-century discipline. When the child was one year old he was taught to fear the rod and to cry low. Only three meals a day were allowed, and eating and drinking between them were strictly forbidden. The children were not even allowed to call each other by name without the addition of sister or brother. None of them was taught to read till five years old, and then only one day was allowed to learn the letters of the alphabet, great and small.

Of Samuel himself, the story goes that he did not talk at all till he was four, to his mother's great anxiety, which was, however, relieved in the following way. The little fellow was very fond of playing with the cat, and one day, cat and boy having disappeared, search was everywhere made in vain. At last, from under the table came a voice : ' Here I am, mother ' ; and, holding the cat in his arms, Samuel emerged. From that day he talked freely, his mental growth was equally rapid, and in his twelfth year he was elected a king's scholar at Westminster school, then at the height of the reputation which the great Dr. Busby had won for it. That redoubtable pedagogue had, during the forty years of his headmastership, by his physical and intellectual activity, turned out more eminent men than any other schoolmaster ; and, though he himself had gone, his name—and, it may be added, his methods—remained. Probably Wesley had a good voice, as the scholars were usually choristers at the Chapel Royal ; at any rate, he attracted the notice of Dr. Spratt, the learned Bishop

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of Rochester, who, much to the boy's disgust, as expressed in his letters home, would take him out of school and away from his lessons, in order to have the pleasure of hearing him read aloud.

In 1711 Wesley entered Christ Church, Oxford, where he attracted the notice of the Dean, the brilliant but shallow Dr. Atterbury, and was soon regarded as one of the best scholars of the day. This important patronage at first promised preferment, and finally shut it out, for Wesley was, all through his life, devoted to Atterbury, a mischief-making man, deeply involved in the Tory plots for upsetting the Act of Succession. Atterbury it was who offered, on the unexpected death of Queen Anne, to go forth in full canonicals and proclaim King James III. But though the daring plan fell through, he continued to be a focus of plots against George I. until his trial and banishment in 1723. It must be admitted that Atterbury abundantly justified his exile by paying open court to the Pretender, who first patronised and then neglected him. Wesley, however, believed him thorough and true, and to the last loyally defended his old friend.

Returning to London in 1714, as usher at his old school, he became the intimate friend of Harley, Pope, Dean Swift, and other celebrities of the day. His biting satires against Walpole and the Whigs must only be judged by the standpoint of an age in which every kind of missile, from defamation of character to personal insult, was permissible in political warfare. With Harley he was on terms of close friendship; and as often as he dined at his house, was called upon, as custom commanded, to 'tip' the flunkeys. At last, after being often fleeced, Wesley proposed a composition: 'My friends, I must make an agreement with you suited to my purse; I shall distribute so much and no more.' This reached Lord Oxford's ears, and orders came to the footmen not to expect any rates from Mr. Wesley.

In 1715 Wesley married Miss Berry, the daughter of a clergyman, and he has sung her praises in many a charming

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poem. After describing her hair and skin, which 'are as the *Berry* brown, her stature and her hazel eyes,' he continues:—

'But greater beauties to her mind belong;
Well can she speak, and wisely hold her tongue,
In her, plain sense and humble sweetness meet,
Though gay, religious, and, though young, discreet.
Such is the maid, if I can judge aright,
If love or favour hinder not my sight.'

After marriage he was as much in love with his wife as before, and still wrote poetry about his 'Nuttie.' She was a woman of tact; and, though he was accustomed to boast of his authority as a husband, yet she had sense enough to rule under the appearance of submission.

'She made her little wisdom go
Further than wiser women do.'

His life at Westminster was very much that of schoolmasters of any century, and it is in his poems that the best record of an uneventful career is to be found. In 1716 he had welcomed his youngest brother, Charles, to Westminster—John was already at Charterhouse—and to them, and indeed to the whole family, he acted as a second father.

At one time he was active promoter of the first infirmary set up in Westminster for the relief of the sick and needy, and had the satisfaction of seeing it flourish. At another, his sympathy with the suffering of prisoners found expression in a strong poem entitled, 'The Prisons Opened,' in praise of the House of Commons Committee, which inquired in 1728 into the state of gaols. The poem is inscribed to his friend, J. Oglethorpe, the chairman of that committee, and the following forcible lines indicate its general tenour:—

'Incarnate fiends for torturing shackles call,
Except the captive yields them more than all;
In prison within prison stalled he lies,
And keepers, underkeepers tyrannise.

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With weighty fetters gall'd the sufferers groan,
Or close screw'd rivets crack the solid bone ;
Their only bed dank earth unpaved and bare,
Their only covering is the chains they wear.'

James Thomson, in *The Seasons*, also praised this committee ; indeed, the results of the inquiry were so horrible that they produced a universal cry of indignation, and Wesley's strong lines did not overstate the case. His chief friend was Vincent Bourne, a brilliant but eccentric man, whose greasy locks the young Duke of Richmond once set fire to, and then boxed his ears to put it out again. In 1731 Wesley lost his only son, and his father's curious letter of sympathy, in which, after a few sentences, he leaves the bereavement and wanders on to other matters, shows that the old rector of Epworth's mental powers were beginning to fail.

In the next year there were changes in the staff at Westminster, and it might have been expected after nearly twenty years' experience a man of such brilliant parts would have been appointed to the undermastership. But Wesley's Tory rhymes had been too caustic, his devotion to Atterbury too single-hearted ; he was simply left out in the cold. The 'Verses written under Disappointment' reveal how deeply Wesley felt being passed over, but Westminster's loss was Blundell's gain ; for a year later, through the influence of the Earl of Oxford, he was appointed Headmaster.

Now it is difficult to unite with any degree of certainty the story of Wesley's life at Tiverton. Shortly after his appointment, his father, feeling his end approaching, wished to resign his living in favour of his son, 'provided you make an interest to have it in my room.' But this he declined to do, as did also his illustrious brother John, who, far from feeling drawn towards Wroote, 'a damp and uninviting spot,' refused to leave Oxford, where, as fellow of Lincoln's College, he was forming the little society which was destined to be the nucleus of the Methodist movement.

The new Headmaster was, both in point of scholarship and

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experience, well qualified for the post, and at first all went well. The numbers of the school went up forty in one year ; and Wesley, describing his life in a poem addressed to his friend, Mr. Davy, admits :—

‘ How happy glides my life away,
I almost am afraid to say.’

The scenery, too, and his house at Old Blundell’s, charmed him :—

‘ Without are beauteous prospects seen,
Gardens and river, hills and green ;
Within, my books at will supply
Delightful, useful company.’

And, lastly, the change to the bland air of Devon was, for the time, beneficial to a man whose health had been impaired by hard work at Westminster, until new duties ‘ wound a fresh chain of toil around this willing worker.’

But it is evident that he did not long keep in touch with Tiverton ; for, two years later, writing to his brother Charles, then in America, he complains : ‘ I am in a desert, as well as you, having no conversable creature but my wife, till my mother came last week.’ This was in September 1736, when the rector being dead, and the old home at Epworth broken up, Mrs. Wesley came to live at Blundell’s with her son, his wife, and her mother.

Dunsford, in his history of Tiverton, admits that ‘ different parties have given this master a very different character, by one he is represented to have been scrupulously conscientious, of great integrity and benevolence, and to have possessed a pleasing simplicity of manners ; by others as rigorous, haughty, unsocial, and bigotted.’ Nor is it easy to conjecture why, in a poem entitled ‘ Tiverton,’ published a few years later, Wesley’s name is an exception to the kindly tone in which some of the masters are introduced :—

‘ Wesley alone (curst with excessive pride),
Wesley alone shall want me for a guide ;

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To him I leave dry puns in scales to prize,
And wield the birch, the terror of the boys.'

The probability is that Wesley, not in good health, with many anxieties, as will presently be shown, on his mind, was not likely to be popular with the slow-witted country squires amongst whom he lived. His health made him irritable; targets for the arrows of his sarcastic wit there were in plenty; and, to crown all, he raised the school fees.

He himself was quite frank on this point :—

'I've alarmed the country round
By raising board to twenty pound,
Huge provocation, I confess,
So great it never will be less.
Poor Saunders drudged incessant here
The longer part of twenty year,
What riches did his kindred find?
He left his victor plate behind.
Full thirty years has Rayner stay'd,
Rayner, oft praised, but never paid!
His boarders though so gainful thought,
Cost hundreds more than ere they brought.'

And he goes on to say that had he been prepared to lose like these and 'spend on my gentry every groat,' he would be 'owned as the rarest master ever known.'

Wesley, indeed, was far from being a rich man. Towards his family he was always generous; through him, principally, John and Charles were maintained at Oxford, and whenever—and this was not seldom—financial trouble at Epworth became acute, his was the purse that had been emptied to aid the embarrassed family at the rectory. But, reading between the lines of his 'Character of a Perfect Schoolmaster,' 1737, some at least of the causes of his unpopularity are not far to seek :—

'I'll try to draw in little, here,
A perfect master's character,
Admired, applauded—you'll descry
At the first sight it is not I.

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His speech is frequent, warm and large,
About the importance of his charge.
The nation's good depends on this
As well as town's and families.
What virtues must the instructor share
Who such a burden knows to bear.
Here let him shrug his sides, and make
As if he felt his shoulders ache,
This arduous task to undergo;
He asks advice of high and low,
With meekness and attention hears
Sisters and aunts and grandmothers;
Nay, with soft smile and accent mild,
Inquires the temper of the child
Who best by kindness will be led,
Then chucks the chin and strokes the head.
Distinction nice he still can make
For parent's and for fortunes' sake
One must be favoured and so forth
Because his friends are men of worth.'

Wesley is not the only schoolmaster whose independence of spirit has been mistaken for 'excessive pride,' nor the only Blundell's master whose inability to practise the gentle arts of touting and flattery has resulted in loss of popularity.

Equally delightful are his views on corporal punishment :—

'He grieves that custom over-rules
And keeps that whipping up in schools,
Let wicked rods be thrown aside
And canes or ferrules applied,
Or let each schoolmaster invent
Some more ingenious punishment.
For, doubtless in bare skins to deal
Appears but coarse and ungentle.
He never could be reconciled
To "Spare the rod and spoil the child."'

Wesley, if report be true, taught as Busby taught and flogged as Busby flogged, and it is pretty certain that the methods of that irascible pedagogue as applied to Blundell's did not add to his popularity.

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Temptation to further quotation must be resisted, but the author goes on to describe the touting schoolmaster :—

‘Who spreads his glory far and wide
At least as far as he can ride.’

Skilful he is too at making out his young geese swans :—

‘That Latin by a child was made
Of seven years old, without his aid :
A spirit in this verse is seen
Beyond the standard of fourteen.
This declamation scarce you’ll see
Excelled at University.
And all this by themselves was done ?
O ! that you may depend upon.’

But Wesley was something more than a facile writer of satirical verse. Many of his poems flash with the purest poetic fire, others are marked by strong common sense and others, again, by severe invective. Southey in his *Specimens of Later English Poets* made mention and gave examples from his works, while Dr. Johnson in the grammar prefixed to his dictionary has given a quotation from him as the best specimen of a certain kind of poetry. It is the well-known ‘Epitaph on an Infant.’

In the preface to the first edition of his works, published in 1736, Wesley admits frankly that they were published not for their excellence but ‘for the profit proposed by the subscription.’ But in this he fails to do himself justice, for the verse though strong is easy and flowing, possessing a singular mixture of the styles of Dryden and Prior. After his death a larger edition appeared, followed nearly a century later by a pocket edition to which was prefixed a short sketch of his life.

It has been said that at Tiverton Wesley had many anxieties, not the least among them being the long controversy with his brother John. With the new movement which the younger brother set on foot the elder had not the least sym-

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pathy. The strange wave of excitement that broke over men's souls and bodies at the preaching of his brothers alarmed him. He had no sympathy with those who saw visions and dreamed dreams, and in his anger he wished 'those canting fellows,' as he calls the Moravians, 'had been somewhere else.' John tried to convince his brother of the truth of the new doctrines, but he was hardly likely to succeed with Samuel, who was thirteen years older, and had hitherto considered his brother as a son rather than as a brother.

The correspondence between the brothers is sharp and abrupt, though always amicable. With blunt outspokenness, a characteristic of all the family, he acknowledges the receipt of one of his brother's publications—'There are two flagrant falsehoods in the very first chapter. But your eyes are so fixed upon one point that you overlook everything else. You overshoot, but Whitfield raves.'

Later on he felt it his duty to warn his aged mother against what he thought the delusions of her younger sons. 'It was with exceeding grief and concern that I heard you had countenanced a spreading delusion so far as to be one of John's congregation. Is it not enough that I am bereft of both my brothers but must my mother follow too?'

This hot controversy occupied Samuel fully during the last year of his life, but in the last letter of the series the bitterness of the contention abated, partly by reason of his illness. Whether John Wesley ever stayed with his brother at Old Blundell's is uncertain, though Charles, the younger brother, was a visitor there on his return from Georgia in 1737, but later on the tireless activity of the great preacher brought him twice to Tiverton; his second visit in 1751, curiously enough, at a time when there happened to be a great gathering at Blundell's, with the result that he was severely mobbed by the gentlemen's servants loitering about the town.

The lingering illness from which he suffered was not of a nature to prevent him working; indeed he appears to have been in school up to the last day of his life. In the autumn

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of 1739 he declares himself 'on the mending hand in spite of foul weather,' but the end was nearer than he thought, for on November 6, very early in the morning, he was seized with an illness to which four hours later he succumbed.

John and Charles hastened to Tiverton, remaining there to see their brother buried in St. George's churchyard, where the curious may still read his epitaph on a mural tablet.

He died in his fiftieth year. His portrait in the big school-room shows him to have had a thorough Wesley face, framed in long, flowing, curly, black hair. His eyes were small and quick, his features prominent, he was less handsome than his brother John, but manly and intellectual. Had he lived longer his strong personality would, there is little reason to doubt, have left its mark on the school, for the masterful Wesley spirit was his. As it is, he is interesting as a man, as a poet, and most of all because, though indirectly, he brought Blundell's into touch with that great religious movement that bears his brothers' name.

JOHN CONYBEARE

BLUNDELL'S must share with Exeter Grammar School the honour of having educated John Conybeare, sometime Bishop of Bristol, and one of the most notable theologians of the eighteenth century. He was born on January 31, 1692, at Pinhoe, near Exeter, of which village his father was vicar. Eleven years later, on November 26, 1703, the night of the 'great storm' which filled England with terror and produced widespread distress, Mr. Conybeare contracted a disorder from which he eventually died, just before his son, then in his seventeenth year, was about to enter at Exeter College, Oxford. Admitted a 'Battler' of that foundation in 1708, young Conybeare was 'chum' of, and shared rooms with, R. Harding, afterwards Fellow of Exeter and Rector of Marwood till he was almost a hundred years old.

The boy must have impressed the College with his powers very early, for he was elected a Probationary Fellow in 1710, though he was, very possibly, proposed as a candidate only, with the view of recommending him to future notice. But such was the sense entertained of his great merit that he was immediately elected, though only in his twentieth year at the time. In 1713 he took his B.A. degree, was appointed a year later Prælector or Moderator in Philosophy.

On May 27, 1716, he was ordained priest at the hands of the Bishop of Winchester, Sir Jonathan Trelawney, the best remembered, perhaps, next to Bishop Ken, of the seven bishops who, nearly thirty years earlier, by refusing to read the Declaration of Indulgence, had helped to make English History. In that same year Conybeare, naturally delicate, was suffering from overwork, and took a curacy in Surrey,

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where he remained for about a year. On his return to Oxford his fame as a preacher rapidly grew, till St. Mary's Church was scarcely ever so crowded as when Conybeare preached. A sermon before the University on the 'Nature of Miracles' in 1722 actually ran through four editions, while the skill of the discourse attracted the notice of that courtly prelate, the Bishop of London, through whose influence he was appointed Whitehall Preacher. The small living of St. Clement's, Oxford, was given him shortly before he served his year of office as Senior Proctor, 1725.

Taking his B.D. degree in 1728, he proceeded in due course to his D.D., having, in the meantime, published several remarkable sermons. One of these, preached before the Lord Mayor and aldermen, was dedicated to Bishop Talbot of Durham, father of the Solicitor-General, to whose two sons Conybeare had been tutor. Advancement seemed certain, but, unluckily, Talbot died, and not till twenty years later was preferment beyond the limits of his University extended to Conybeare. In 1730 he was elected Rector of Exeter College, and effected many reforms during his short rule there by putting a stop to the sale of servants' places and restoring a regular course of lectures. Those were the days when, by common consent, the intellectual life of Oxford was at the lowest, and Exeter College was no exception to illustrate the rule of general slackness. But the rector soon found other work to hand, for in that same year Tindal's famous Deistical book entitled *Christianity as Old as Creation* caused such great scandal and excitement that it drew the ablest divines, amongst others, Conybeare, to vindicate orthodoxy. His *Defence of Revealed Religion*, written at the suggestion of his patron, Bishop Gibson, and published in 1732, gained great celebrity; in the words of his biographer it 'performed an eminent service to the cause of Christianity.'

In spite of Conybeare's fears that he had not succeeded owing to interruptions and bad health, which 'may excuse the author but detract from the performance,' the work was very

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well received. Bishop Warburton, that most learned of Churchmen, who, on occasion, was by no means sparing of abuse, styled it one of the best reasoned books in the world, and it was, doubtless, a very able vindication of revealed religion; for temper and candour it stands easily first among the four best answers to Tindal's heretical book.

Conybeare was not a rich man; indeed, as Fellow and Tutor he had been better off than as Rector, and again the Bishop of London exerted himself in his interest. He was so far successful that on the death of Dr. Bradshaw, Bishop of Bristol and Dean of Christ Church, 1732, Conybeare, at the age of forty, was elected to the latter office. A few months after his installation as Dean he entertained the Prince of Orange, who had come to England in order to marry the Princess Royal, and 'how solicitous the Dean was to treat his illustrious guest with proper splendour and dignity' appears from his having received the especial thanks of Queen Caroline.

A few years later he had the intention of writing an answer to Morgan's Deistical work, *The Moral Philosopher*, but the work was left to other hands, Conybeare expressing the pious hope 'that none of his animadvertisers would be provoked to imitate his scurrilities,' a remark which, though to the honour of his temper, was little likely to be realised in those days of learned and vindictive satire.

As he was so young when appointed Dean of Christ Church he might reasonably have been expected to rise higher, but the Lord Chancellor Talbot died in 1737, and, still greater misfortune, his good friend the Bishop of London, having annoyed Walpole by opposing the Quaker's Bill, lost all his influence at Court. Bishop Gibson at one time had been consulted by Walpole on all Church matters. He was called heir-apparent of Canterbury, and one of the triumvirate, the firm of three by whom England was governed—Townshend, Walpole, and Gibson. Moreover, he had offended George II. by preaching against masquerades, the King's favourite amuse-

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ment, so that in the matter of preferment Conybeare could look to no help from him.

At last, however, in 1750, on the translation of Dr. Butler to Durham, Conybeare was appointed Bishop of Bristol. It may be that a great sermon which he had preached before the House of Commons a year previously, at a solemn thanksgiving for the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, brought his name once more into notice. The subject, 'True Patriotism,' from the text, 'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem,' was indeed handled with masterly skill, and is one of the few sermons that can be read with interest to-day. It was a graceful compliment on the part of his old college that the sermon at the Bishop's consecration was preached by his old friend, Dr. Webber, the newly appointed Rector of Exeter College.

The Bishopric 'enlarged his sphere of usefulness, but was injurious to his private fortune'—to borrow the formal phrase of his time; for the slender revenues of Bristol were unequal to a residence in that place and also in London. It is not quite clear how he remained head of a college at the same time that he was bishop of a diocese; but apparently, in those days of pluralities, there was nothing unusual in such a combination, as his predecessor at Christ Church had held both offices simultaneously.

His popularity as a preacher was now greater than ever. Before the Lord Mayor he preached on the virtue of being merciful, a quality none too prominent in that age. Before the House of Lords he held forth on 'Civil Government,' while another of his sermons was in favour of 'Irish Protestant Schools.' His discourses, it is said, were not vague declamatory essays, but judicious and solid compositions in which questions of the day were discussed with great clearness of method and language. Such was the opinion of his own age, but modern criticism, while admitting that Conybeare was a temperate and able writer, 'finds little in his works to distinguish them from expositions of the same argument by other contemporary divines of average type.' Allowing a broad margin

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for the difference of taste and standpoint, it may be gathered that Conybeare was a man of conspicuous mental power, clear in his reasoning, temperate and philosophic in tone. Afflicted with gout, he was through almost all his episcopate disabled, and in no condition to fulfil the high hopes which had been formed of his accession to the bench. 'I rejoice,' said Berkeley, 'in his promotion. His writings and character raise him high in my esteem.' Like his friend, Bishop Hayter, he vainly tried to regain health by visits to various watering-places, and at one of the most celebrated, Bath, after a lingering illness, he died on July 13, 1755. Buried in the Cathedral Church of Bristol, a long Latin inscription enumerates the list of his virtues, not the least among them being the fact that he confounded the enemies of Christianity. He died poor, leaving behind a son, who afterwards became famous himself, and the father and grandfather of eminent geologists and divines. His two daughters published, by subscription, their father's sermons, with the result that either because he had been Dean of Christ Church for twenty-two years, or from estimation of his abilities and disinterestedness of character, no fewer than 4600 names appear on the list. The volume of sermons was brought out in 1757, and was dedicated by the younger daughter to George II.; a pension of £100 a year was granted to her shortly afterwards.

His friendship for Hayter has been mentioned; another of his friends was Bishop Secker, a model preacher, not only for the subject-matter, but also for the manner in which it was delivered.

'Speak, look, and move with dignity and ease,
Like mitred Secker, you'll be sure to please.'

When Secker entered Exeter College as a gentleman-commoner, Conybeare was appointed his tutor, and the friendship thus formed lasted for life. Conybeare, like other divines of the time, was candid in his sentiments and friendly towards Protestant dissenters, though in the age that followed

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there was very little of the same kind of intimacy. He even wrote letters to G. Benson, a learned Nonconformist minister, at the time of the scandal produced by Morgan's *Moral Philosopher*. 'I have the less occasion to hurry,' he says, 'after so many things have been well observed by my old schoolfellow, Mr. H——. And I cannot but persuade myself there is so much virtue still left in the world as will induce the Deists at length to give up a cause which cannot be maintained but by a violation of everything decent and humane.' And in another place he remarks : 'I take pleasure in observing that many of our most eminent Dissenters, instead of endeavouring to widen the breach which still subsists between them and the Established Church, join with us either in the common defence of our faith, or in using their endeavours to explain, in a learned way, the sacred records.'

It was this attitude of conciliatory calmness that kept him out of the embittered controversies of the time, and only in *Calumny Refuted*, an answer to a personal slander of Dr. R. Newton, who was endeavouring in 1735 to obtain a charter for Hart Hall, a place opposed by Conybeare, are there any signs of the dispute at issue becoming a personal one. What a change from the over-excited churchmanship of Queen Anne's reign that had carried with it a virulent spirit of controversy ! Thirty years later the reaction had come, and men, above all things, dreaded enthusiasm. Conybeare was a typical man of his age, a philosopher, a lover of wisdom, who disdained to submit his reason to the prejudices of custom, of interest, or of passion ; a sound Churchman—as Churchmen went then—a conscientious worker, and a good man.





Bamfylde Moore Carew.

BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW

THE KING OF THE GYPSIES

‘**A**MONG the great variety of characters which a history of human nature would exhibit, there are some which would deserve attention; not for any eminence in virtue on the one hand, or uncommon depravity of mind on the other, but for a certain eccentricity of conduct, which, with the same advantages in life, no other person, perhaps, would imitate.’

It is this cumbersome sentence which opens the published *Life and Adventures of Bamfylde Moore Carew*, and, despite its clumsiness, it has been chosen to stand at the head of the following memoir. For in these words the keynote of his character is struck; there was born in him that sacred germ which, defined above by the old writer as ‘eccentricity,’ cannot, when viewed by modern light, be denied the word genius.

With no more suitable training for such a life than that afforded by a public school education, this extraordinary man elected to throw in his lot with the gypsies, and, as is well known, rose to be their king. He travelled not only over the greater part of Europe, but also twice journeyed to America; and after a life crammed with interest and adventure, finally retired to enjoy a well-earned rest in the west country. He was a man of great courage, unrivalled impudence; and appears to have been a master of the art of disguise, rarely equalled. Without doubt, such a man ‘deserves attention.’

Bamfylde Moore Carew, the King of the Gypsies, was born in 1693 at Bickley, near Tiverton, where his father, the Rev.

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Theodore Carew, was rector. History, or tradition, relates that the ceremony of his baptism was attended with unusual pomp and circumstance. His godfathers, Hugh Bamfylde and Major Moore, eagerly contested for the honour of giving him his 'first name'; the spin of a coin finally settled the matter, and the names became famous in their present well-known order. Carew was educated, says the old chronicler, 'in a tender and pious manner,' and in 1705, at the age of twelve, was sent to Blundell's, where the Rev. W. Rayner was at that time headmaster. Details of his school life are, unhappily, somewhat scarce; but doubtless he must have given some indications of the great future that lay before him. At any rate, we know that he was distinguished for a 'remarkable cheering halloo to the dogs,' and for the possession of a secret method of enticing anybody else's dog to follow him. For four years he worked hard, and 'actually made a very considerable progress in the Latin and Greek languages. (This progress proved unusually useful to him in after life—a tag of Latin adding artistic verisimilitude to many of his impersonations.) His friends were delighted with him, and had hopes that he might adopt some 'honourable profession.' Had he done so, we cannot doubt that he would have made himself a reputation; but Carew needed a larger canvas for his strange and subtle genius. Accordingly he left Blundell's and joined a band of gypsies who were in the neighbourhood of Tiverton; less, one must believe, to escape the consequences of some trespassing scrape and an unwise use of the 'remarkable cheering halloo,' than from a desire to gain among the gypsies that freedom of living he felt to be necessary to his development. This was a bold stroke, but one justified by its success. Among his new companions his courage, resource, wit, and cunning soon won him high favour. With Carew, and probably under his influence, went two or three other Blundellians, of whom the names Thomas Coleman of Gornhay, Tiverton, and John Escott have been recorded, and occur not seldom in the memoir of Carew.

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For a year and a half Carew remained with the gypsies ; then, feeling that he had served his apprenticeship, he returned to his father's house at Bickley, where he had been given up for dead. 'Joy gushed out in full streams,' says Carew's biographer, 'stopping the power of speech.' His return was the signal for public rejoicings ; the bells were rung, the parish was publicly feasted. But Carew had tasted the freedom of a wanderer's life, the wind called to his blood, and the four walls of his father's house seemed strange to him. For a long time he struggled, but he was fighting an unequal fight. An irresistible fascination drew him one day to Brick House, where first he had joined the gypsies ; they were there, waiting for him, and from this time he was never to leave them until his final retirement in middle age.

In a very few years Carew's name was famous through the length and breadth of the country ; partly, perhaps, because it seemed strange that a man of good family should choose so free a life, but more because of the daring and originality of the man's various schemes in the cause of his Brotherhood. His facility of disguise appears to have been marvellous ; he was able to impose on those who had known him all his life. He would appear, now as a shipwrecked sailor, now as a miller whose mill had been destroyed by fire, now as a clergyman who had resigned his living for a scruple of conscience about the oath to the Government. On one occasion he appeared to some friends three successive times in three different disguises, obtaining money from them each time. His third disguise, as an old widow with three infant grandchildren, whose other relations had been burnt at the Crediton fire, drew from one of the bystanders the well-known remark that 'more money had been collected for Kirton than ever Kirton was worth.' This gentleman, however, contributed a shilling, and the others rewarded Carew liberally. As soon as he had thanked them suitably, and was a few paces from them, he startled them with his 'cheering halloo,' collected the guinea he had wagered on the success of his disguises, and was gone.

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So Carew begged and jested his way over the greater part of Europe. If some of the stories told of him do not exactly redound to his credit, at all events they show him as the possessor of a healthy fund of high spirits. Misfortune seemed never to damp him ; in his darkest hours he retained 'the mastery of his fate,' 'the captaincy of his soul.' Very many attempts were made by his friends to dissuade him from his gypsy wanderings. But Carew was too much in love with life to settle down to the foxhunting career of his forefathers. At the same time the west country seems always to have been more or less his headquarters ; he returned to it constantly, however far afield his journeyings took him. On one of these returns to his native county, he met John Escott at Kingsbridge. Escott, it will be remembered, was one of the Blundellians who had joined the gypsies with Carew. This time the two set sail for Newfoundland, whence Carew visited the fisheries off the Grand Banks. It is hardly fanciful to see in Carew an early incarnation of the modern journalistic spirit ; as surely as the globe-trotter nowadays produces in book form his *impressions de voyage*, so surely did Carew produce a fresh impersonation after his visit to Newfoundland. As soon as the wreck or loss of a local vessel was reported, Carew turned up in the neighbourhood as the only survivor of the ship in question ; his precise account of the fisheries convinced the most incredulous, and in consequence his affairs prospered exceedingly.

It was soon after this that Carew met and fell in love with a Miss Gray, the daughter of a surgeon at Newcastle. As he was undisguised at the time, the impression he made was very favourable. A few objections to his profession on the lady's part were soon overruled, and in a very short time it was settled that they should go by ship to Dartmouth, thence to Bath, where they should be married. This plan was carried out ; whether with the consent of the bride's father, or by elopement, does not appear ; the latter seems to be the more probable, and would certainly be the more in accord with Carew's disposition and temper.

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Some time later came the great event in Carew's life. Clause Patch, the old King of the Gypsies, died at a great age, and Bamfylde Moore Carew was elected by ballot as his successor. How a man who was not of gypsy blood should be raised to such high honour no biographer of Carew attempts to explain ; but there is no doubt as to the fact itself. The only explanation that can be given is that Carew's gifts must have impressed his fellow gypsies as deeply and as favourably as they did the author of his *Life and Adventures*, and as they do (through the mists of uncertainty and years) the present writer.

The honour that had been done Carew was by no means an empty honour ; it carried with it exemption from any active work, the king being supported by contributions from the community. But this, we may imagine, would not suit a man of Carew's mercurial temperament. Accordingly we find him as actively employed after his election as before it. Indeed, his activity brought him before long into much trouble. One day he had the misfortune, while in the guise of a crippled beggar, to frighten a certain Justice Leithbridge, or his horse, or possibly both, on Hilton Bridge. The matter of begging might have been passed over, but this was more serious, and in consequence, justice was on the watch for Carew. Soon after, he was paying a visit to his friend, Mr. Robert Incledon of Barnstaple. He knocked at his door, and inquired if Mr. Incledon were at home. 'Certainly,' said his clerk, who had opened the door, 'he has been expecting you. Come in, Mr. Carew.' Carew entered, and was immediately seized and confronted with the same Justice Leithbridge, 'a very bitter enemy to the whole community of mendicants.' This was questionable hospitality ; but none the less the King of the Gypsies was committed for trial at Exeter.

At the trial, although it seems that he had to appear 'loaded with chains,' he preserved his usual coolness. He was asked in what parts of the world he had travelled, and answered, 'Denmark, Sweden, Muscovy, France, Spain, Portugal,

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Newfoundland, Ireland, Wales, and some parts of Scotland.' The chairman then told him that he must proceed to a hotter country ; he inquired into what climate, and being told Maryland, he said it would save him five pounds for his passage, as he was very desirous of seeing that country. At the same time he asked by what law he was transported, as he was not accused of any crime, but to this there seems to have been no answer given ; and sentence of banishment for seven years was passed upon him.

Almost as soon as his ship reached Maryland, Carew found means to escape into the woods. He was retaken, escaped again, and was again recaptured through the treachery of one of his friends. After this a heavy iron collar, usually the mark of a runaway slave, was made for him ; and as the penalty for removing this collar was very severe, his only course was to take refuge with a tribe of friendly Indians. This he did, was relieved of his awkward decoration, and hospitably entertained by the Indian chief. By degrees he managed to reach Pennsylvania, where, it is needless to say, he passed as an excellent Quaker ; and finally came to New York. When at last he reached England it was only to fall in danger of a press-gang ; he escaped by pretending to have smallpox.

Carew's return was a triumph ; he visited his friends and enemies, and enjoyed the curses of the latter almost as much as the congratulations of the former. The gypsies were of course overjoyed to see their popular king once more ; and Carew returned to the old wandering, unrestrained, irresponsible life with renewed gusto. Often the stories that are told of him bear unmistakable traces of a pure love of mischief as mischief, and of that sheer delight in the exercise of his powers 'for fun' that marks the artist in Carew. Here is a story which has been often quoted of him ; that it may perhaps preserve its flavour more fully, it is given in the old author's own words :—

'Soon after this he planned a new design, and put it in

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execution, with great success. Dressing himself in a checkered shirt, jacket, and trowsers, he goes upon Exeter Quay, and with the rough but artless air and behaviour of a sailor, inquired for some of the king's officers, whom he informed that he belonged to a vessel lately come from France, which had landed a large quantity of run goods, but the captain was a rascal, and had used him ill, and d—n his blood if he would not—— He was about to proceed, but the officers, who, with greedy ears swallowed all he said, interrupted him by taking him into the custom-house, and filling him a bumper of cherry-brandy, which, when he had drank, they forced another upon him, persuading him to wet the other eye, rightly judging that the old proverb, "In wine there is truth," might with equal propriety be applied to brandy, and that they should have the fuller discovery the more the honest sailor's heart was cheered; but that no provocation should be wanting to engage him to speak the truth, they asked him if he wanted any money. He with as much art answered very indifferently, "No," adding, he scorned to make such a discovery out of a mercenary view, but that he was resolved to be revenged of his captain. They then ordered him to the sign of The Boot, in St. Thomas's, Exeter, whither they soon followed him, having first sent Mr. Eastchurch, an exciseman, to ask what he would have for dinner, and what liquor he would have to drink. A fire was lighted upstairs in a private room, a couple of ducks roasted, and full glasses of wine and punch went cheerfully round; they then thrust four guineas into his hands, which at first he seemed unwilling to accept of, which made them the more pressing.

'He now began to open his mind with great freedom, gave a particular account of the vessel, where they had taken in their cargo at France, what it consisted of, the day they sailed, and the time they were in the passage, and at last concluded with acquainting them they had landed and concealed part of this valuable cargo in the outhouses of Squire Mallock, of Cockington, and the remainder in those of Squire Cary, of Tor-Abbey

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(both which houses, upon account of their situation on the sea-side, were very noted for such concealments). The officers having now got the scent, were, like sagacious hounds, for pursuing it forthwith, and thought it proper the sailor should accompany them ; but to prevent any suspicion resolved he should change his habit. They therefore dressed him in a ruffled shirt, a fine suit of broadcloth belonging to the collector, and put a gold-laced hat on his head ; then mounting him on a very fine black mare, away they rode together, being in all seven or eight of them ; they that night reached Newton-Bushel, where they lay at the Bull ; nothing was wanting to make the night jovial. The greatest delicacies the town afforded were supplied at their table, the best liquors broached for them, and music, with its enlivening charms, crowned the banquet : the officers' hearts being quite open and cheerful, as they already enjoyed, in imagination, all the booty they were to seize on the morrow. Thinking they could not do enough for the honest sailor, they inquired if he knew anything of accompts, promising, if he did, to get him a place in the customs.

'In the morning, after eating a good hearty breakfast, they set forwards for Tor-Abbey, and being arrived in Tor-Town, they demanded the constable's assistance, who was with the utmost reluctance prevailed upon to accompany them in making this search, Squire Cary being a gentleman so universally beloved by the whole parish (to whom he always behaved as a father), that every one was very backward in doing anything to give him the least uneasiness. . . .

'Being come to the house, they all dismounted, and the collector desired the sailor to hold his horse, but he replied he would go round the garden and meet them on the other side of the house to prevent anything being conveyed away, and that it would be proper he should be present to show the particular place where everything was deposited. This appeared quite right to the collector ; he therefore contented himself with fastening his horse to the garden rails, and

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proceeds with the rest of the officers in great form to search the dog kennel, the coal-house, dove-house, stables, and all other suspicious places, expecting every minute to see the informing sailor, who by this time was nearly got back to Newton-Bushel, having turned his horse's head that way as soon as he got out of sight of the collector. He stopped at the Bull, where they had been the preceding night, and drank a bottle of wine ; then ordering a handsome dinner to be got ready for his company, whom he said he had left behind, because his business called him with urgent haste to Exeter, claps spurs to his horse, and did not stop till he reached that city.'

This story, chosen almost at random, is a type of very many that are as fully described in the *Life and Adventures*, to which reference will presently be made. In 1745 Carew journeyed to Scotland, and is said to have followed the Pretender to Carlisle and Derby.

It is more than likely that Carew would have remained among the gypsies, until, like Clause Patch, he entered into a well-earned rest, had it not been for his wife, and the daughter who had been born to him. But he felt it his duty to give them, if possible, some position more assured than those of wife and daughter of a Gypsy King. And so, after some very successful speculations in the lotteries, he retired, at a time when he must have been at the height of his career. To the deep regret of his subjects, he resigned his position as King, and returned to the West, where he had bought an estate, somewhere near his native village. Here he 'ended his days, beloved and esteemed by all.' He died in 1758, having outlived his wife a little more than a year, and was buried at the south-east end of Bickley Church. According to the parish register, he was buried on the 28th of June 1758, and his wife, Mary, on the 27th of March 1757.

These then are the salient points in the life of this wonderful man ; but it is difficult for us now to have more than an approximate idea of the fascination and glamour that

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must have surrounded him through his whole career. Of the curious book that is, in a manner, his biography, some fuller account may be given. The full title is as follows: 'The Life and Adventures of Bamfylde Moore Carew, the King of the Beggars; being an impartial account of his life, from leaving Tiverton School, at the age of fifteen, and entering into a society of Gypsies: with the great number of characters and shapes he has appeared in through Great Britain, Ireland, and several other parts of Europe; with his travels twice through great part of North America: giving a particular account of the origin, government, laws, and customs of the Gypsies. With the Method of Electing their King, and a Dictionary of the Cant Language, used by the Mendicants.' The first edition was published in 1745, thirteen years before Carew's death, and the book was often reprinted. There is a fine old copy in the Blundell's Library. A copy in the writer's possession, published in 1857, is brought down to the date of Carew's death, and an editorial note refers to the 'numerous impressions' of the book, 'both in town and country,' so that the work was evidently popular. The authorship is doubtful; it has been attributed to a certain Thomas Price, and to Richard Goadby, who, it would seem, was a friend of Carew; but there is another tradition, namely, that the book was written by Mrs. Goadby from Carew's dictation. One would like to be able to regard this as true, to think of Carew retiring in middle age to the West, like Casanova at Dux, to write his autobiography. Unhappily the memoirs themselves forbid such belief. Though the stories are often racily told, yet the style of the book as a whole has not that *vraie vérité* which a 'human document' should possess. George Ticknor, the American historian of Spanish literature, speaks of the *Life and Adventures* as an 'imitation' of true gypsy character. It is, in fact, impossible to know how much of truth there is to be found in the memoirs, and indeed it matters little, since one is really concerned less with facts than with a temperament. Théophile Gautier, it is well

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known, divided mankind into the two great classes of *flamboyant* and *drab*, and the distinction may well be adopted here. Bamfylde Moore Carew was a flamboyant of the flamboyants; of that there can be little doubt, if only one will take the trouble to investigate the lines of his character. The popular verdict, formed, as the popular verdict always is, by the drab section of humanity, would naturally be a little impatient of the flamboyant methods; hence it is usually the custom to think and speak of Carew as though he were a mere 'rogue and vagabond.' With this view of him it is impossible to be in sympathy. Rather one sees in him an artist in life, using his medium a little crudely, it may be, as other artists have done, for the sake of the variety of effect to be so gained. From this we may trace his impatience with the eminently respectable—if rather drab—life of his family, his reluctance to leave the gypsies, his refusal to assume the king's right of immunity from work. There was about him a fine healthy love of the open air for its own sake that is very rare nowadays. It has been said by a modern writer that whoever has read Borrow must remain always a little discontented with drawing-rooms; and Carew knew for himself the truth of Jasper Petulengro's 'Life is sweet, brother. . . . There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath.' And he must have been a most lovable man, with an infinite charm of manner. His power over animals, which was extraordinary, goes a long way to prove this; and there is very little doubt that his power to charm his fellow-men was hardly less. Again and again we read how his ready wit and persuasive coolness pulled him through a tight place. It would be folly to claim for him all the virtues; but assuredly there went to his making up not a few that might be envied by many a worthy of greater respectability—and less humanity. If courage be a virtue, he had that; if loyalty, he had that also, and, greatest of all, he had imagination, which 'is God walking this earth again.' Perhaps only in a small way, and in his

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own life, yet Carew was trying to do what all men of genius, be they saints or artists, have been trying to do since the world began ; to break free from the tyranny of law and number, and to live out to the full the free, untrammelled life of the imagination and of the soul.

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BISHOPRICS of the eighteenth century, it has been cynically remarked, were of two kinds: 'Bishoprics of business and bishoprics of leisure.' A Bishop, in other words, regarded his office either as a stepping-stone to high politics, or else as a valuable sinecure in which was included the elegant repose of an episcopal palace.

Now this saying, if it be serious, is not wholly true, for it leaves out of account a whole class of divines, and among them the subject of this memoir, Thomas Hayter, whose life takes us into the very heart of the century. The fact is that nearly a hundred years ago it became the fashion for writers living in an age of 'strenuous commercialism and complacent piety' to criticise and condemn men whose ideals were widely removed from their own, and a Church system with which they had no intelligent sympathy.

Let it be granted, then, that never was the tone of the Church so low or its position so insignificant. And add further, if you like, that among the lower clergy there was apathy and sloth, or else veiled hostility to the reigning House, while the Bishops, having lost touch with those below them, had become merely Whig partisans. Charges such as these are easy to make, hard to refute; and when all is said, there remains an abiding interest in an age which produced men of a rare culture, and of a temperament that was the very special product of the times.

It was an age great intellectually, an age in which the English spirit of sobriety and sagacity found unaffected expression. It dreaded enthusiasm, as well it might, now that the great tumults of the seventeenth century had subsided.

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For the fires of bigotry and fanaticism were not extinguished, but lay smouldering and ready, as the Sacheverel riots had lately shown, to kindle into a blaze ; a fact of which statesmen were only too well aware. It was the age, too, of great Christian apologists like Berkeley and Butler, as well as of writers whose sympathy lay with the reasonable rather than with the spiritual side of religion.

To this latter school of thought John Hayter, Bishop of London—‘a sensible and well-bred man,’ as Pelham calls him—belongs ; for he held the most liberal opinions on politics and religion ; he corresponded freely with the leaders of the Whig and Broad Church party, sharing, indeed, in some degree the views of his friend Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester, ‘the greatest dissenter that ever wore a mitre.’

Hayter was, in a word, a man very typical of his age, and therein lies the interest of his life. Unemotional, of no great doctrinal fervour, either of faith or disbelief, scholarly and tolerant, he takes his place naturally in the dignified procession of Whig divines who cross the stage of English history during the two middle quarters of the eighteenth century. He was the eldest son of the rector of Chagford, Devon, a living which has been held by descendants of the family in unbroken succession for nearly three centuries, and was born on November 17, 1702. At what age he entered Blundell’s is uncertain, owing to the loss of the school records ; but in 1720, at a time when the school under the able rule of Mr. Rayner was steadily increasing in numbers and reputation, with the aid of a temporary exhibition, he matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, and graduated B.A. in 1724.

Following a custom not unusual in the eighteenth century, Hayter migrated to Cambridge, taking his M.A. degree from Emmanuel College in 1727, though, as he became chaplain to the Archbishop of York soon after leaving Oxford, it is clear that he was not long in residence at Cambridge. Preferment came rapidly. From 1728 to 1736 he held a prebendal stall in York Cathedral. Perhaps it was ‘a stall without much

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hay in it,' to quote the saying of a witty dean, for in 1730 he became sub-dean of York, and in 1739 was installed Prebendary of Westminster. Those were the good old days of pluralities, for yet another prebendal vacant stall was presented to Hayter, who held it, together with his other offices, until he was made Bishop of Norwich.

He was also Archdeacon of York for over twenty years (1730-1751), an important post which he owed to the kind offices of his friend, Dr. Blackburne, the jovial Archbishop of York. Scandal, indeed, asserted at the time that Hayter was the natural son of Blackburne before his translation from Exeter (1713-1724) to York, and Horace Walpole, who had a pretty taste in such matters, repeated the gossip, for which there was not the slightest foundation, in his brilliant but untrustworthy history of the reign of George II.

Walpole, indeed, wrote for effect, just as he built Strawberry Hill: disfiguring events, and traducing persons with all the malignity of political and private enmity. Still the bold and amusing slander is worth quotation:—

‘The other preceptor (of the young princes) was Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, a sensible, well-bred man, natural son of Blackburne, the jolly old Archbishop of York, who had all the manners of a man of quality though he had been a buccaneer and was a clergyman; but he retained nothing of his first profession except his seraglio.’

It was an accusation worthy of Walpole; an echo of slanders which that prince of gossips was pretty sure to hear and remember.

In 1749 Hayter was appointed to the vacant see of Norwich, and, two years later, by accepting the post of tutor to the sons of Frederick, the late Prince of Wales, was flung into a hotbed of petty squabble and court intrigue. On the death of Frederick, a well-meaning but ineffective man, the opposition to George II., of which he had been the focus, broke down, and his widow was reconciled to the king. New guardians were appointed for Prince George and his brother,

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the Duke of York, and on Hayter, a Whig, and attached to the Pelhams, was conferred the post of preceptor. He carried out his duties conscientiously enough, but his dry and pedantic manners disgusted his pupils. What was worse, he offended their indulgent mother, the Princess of Wales, by the severity of his discipline, and played into the hands of the three subordinate guardians who were planning to get rid of him and his colleague.

As usually happened in those days, the Royal household was divided into two parties, one of which was—and rightly so—suspected of high Tory leanings; the other consisted of the Bishop and Lord Harcourt (the Governor), both zealous Whigs. Matters came to a crisis when Hayter discovered in the possession of his pupil a book written to justify the absolutism of James II., and he resolved to relinquish his trust unless he could obtain the dismissal of his enemies, the three subordinate preceptors.

George II. was in Hanover at the time, and as the story was conveyed to him in a manner not to the advantage of either Hayter or Lord Harcourt, they resigned their posts. Hayter seems to have acted firmly and honourably throughout; indeed, a short poem in praise of his conduct appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1752. The verses, though slight in themselves, are worth quoting:—

‘FOR THE LORD BISHOP OF N—— PICTURE.

‘Not gentler virtues glowed in Cambray’s breast,
Not more his young Telemachus was blest;
Till envy, faction, and ambitious rage,
Drove from a guilty court the pious sage.
Back to his flock with transport he withdrew,
And but one sigh, an honest one, he knew!
O! guard my royal pupil, heav’n! he said:
Let not his youth be, like my age, betray’d!
I would have form’d his footsteps in thy way—
But vice prevails, and impious men bear sway!’

And, indeed, it is an interesting thought, and stands within

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the prospect of belief, that had Hayter 'formed his footsteps' and gained a firm influence over George III. when a boy, the whole course of history might have been altered. A man of great tact and strong personality might have moulded that stubborn will into a more sympathetic attitude towards the progressive ideas of the day. It is even possible that the American colonies might have been saved to England had not the high-flying Tory theories which were instilled into the young Prince's mind, his mother's unwise advice, 'George, be King,' and the influence of Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*, all combined to stiffen his mind against Whig or Liberal theories of government.

A curiously cut-and-dried time-table or 'plan of instruction for their Royal Highnesses,' in Hayter's own handwriting, still survives. No wonder the boys, then aged fourteen and twelve respectively, disliked their tutor, and found his methods irksome. It is well worth inserting :—

'It is proposed that their Royal Highnesses do rise at seven o'clock and translate such parts of Cæsar's *Commentaries* as they had before read till half-past eight, at which hour breakfast, allowing until nine ; at which time will be lectures in History and Geography.

'At ten the translations from Cæsar are to be reviewed and corrected, and new parts of that author read by their Royal Highnesses, and explained to them.

'At eleven, writing, arithmetic, and dancing three times a week, and the French master the other days.

'From twelve o'clock, riding and other exercises, etc., until dinner, which is proposed to be at three o'clock.'

After dinner came a visit to their mother, the princess, where a German master was in attendance three days a week.

In the evening, from seven to nine, 'useful and entertaining books, such as Addison's works,' were read, and the conversation turned on the nature of the constitution of this country, its interests, and foreign politics generally.

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‘Every Sunday morning after breakfast the Bishop of Norwich reads to their Royal Highnesses a practical explanation of the Christian religion, and recapitulates the substance of the preceding lectures ; and the utmost attention has been, and will be had, to explain and inculcate the great duties of Religion and Morality, and particularly those that more immediately concern their Royal Highnesses from their rank and station.’

It is hardly surprising that to high-spirited boys such an inelastic curriculum, by which every hour was ear-marked with some special duty, soon became intolerable, and the fact that, armed with the King’s approval, Hayter, a punctilious man, set himself to carry it out literally, only ensured its failure. A few years later, however, George III., in recognition of his old tutor’s worth, presented him with a likeness of himself wrought in ivory.

In 1753 the Pelham ministry introduced the Jews’ Naturalisation Bill, a most unpopular measure, which roused at once religious fanaticism and commercial jealousy, though supported by all liberal-minded men.

It brought, incidentally, to Hayter, a lover of religious and civil liberty, much unpopularity in his own diocese, and once, when holding a confirmation, he was grossly insulted by the candidates themselves in their anti-Jewish fervour.

But by this time his health, never very robust, was showing unmistakable signs of failing. Attacks of gout made exercise difficult, and in spite of visits to inland watering-places, Bath, Epsom, and Buxton, a fashion then firmly established, he grew steadily worse. In 1755 an attack of fever left him very weak, and as a last resource, in 1761, he spent several months at Malvern, a health resort then almost unknown.

The visit to Malvern was not without good results. It may be that a quiet life in the pure air of the little town that nestles so snugly under the Worcestershire Beacon suited the Bishop better than Bath with its fashionable assemblies and crowded

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pump-room. This much is certain, that in the autumn of that same year, 1761, Hayter found himself strong enough to accept the offer of the Bishopric of London, becoming, incidentally, Dean of the Chapel Royal and a Privy Councillor. But the progress of the dropsy from which he suffered was not long delayed, and on January 9, 1762, he died, leaving behind a reputation for scholarly accomplishment, business capacity, and hospitality. His death occurred only a few months after that of his friend, Dr. Hoadly, successively Bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester, a man whose character in many respects resembled his own. Both were excessively unpopular, and distrusted even by their own class for their sympathy with dissenters. Both were suspected of heterodoxy even in that undogmatic age—an epitaph written by Hayter was said ‘to savour more of Plato than of Christ’—and if Hayter was in his later days a confirmed invalid, Hoadly was all his life a cripple, and even used to preach kneeling.

Bishop Hayter’s literary remains are not large. He published several sermons preached on state occasions which quite justify his reputation as a Whig, and a few tracts and charges to his clergy which have long been forgotten. He was buried in Fulham churchyard, and there are portraits of him at Fulham and at Lambeth Palace, as well as the one which hangs in the big schoolroom at Blundell’s.

Compare the life of Hayter with that of any Bishop to-day ; at once it becomes evident how far our point of view of life has shifted from that of the eighteenth century.

The Bishop of to-day is a strenuous worker who is brought face to face with all the social problems of the age. Every phase of life is probably familiar to him ; there is no aristocratic isolation, no ecclesiastical ‘side.’ But Hayter hardly touched the life of the people at all. He was a courtly figure, a prince of the Church, creating, as it were, an atmosphere for himself into which nothing common or mean could enter. One can picture him in his great coach with lackeys in

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attendance making his way to Bath or Epsom, or in his cassock, not as yet shortened to the vulgar 'apron,' with gold-knobbed stick and full-dressed wig, taking the air decorously on the Pantiles of Tunbridge Wells.

He was, in truth, a typical Churchman of that day, a very perfect product of the fascinating century in which he lived.

THOMAS WOOD

THE *Lives of the Blundell's Ushers*, a volume unwritten as yet, is for lack of materials likely to remain so.

Here and there in the list a familiar name arises, or a fragment of biography remains, but for the most part, from William Knyght, appointed in 1604, to Dr. Anthony Boulton, 1827-1844, whose fame still lives in the memory of a few surviving pupils, three-and-twenty names are all that is left of men who once played no small part in the history of the school.

Six, at least, of their number, it is pleasant to find, were Blundell's scholars to Balliol or Sidney Sussex College, who, in due course, returned to their old school; while only two, the Rev. Philip Atherton and the Rev. J. B. Hughes, were promoted to the Headmastership.

The subject of this memoir, the Rev. Thomas Wood, 1760-1788, has by diaries and account-books recently brought to light, as well as by a mass of his correspondence and some literary work, rescued himself, so to say, from the oblivion into which so many of his predecessors in office have fallen. By the aid of these it is possible to sketch the career and character of this good man, as well as the everyday life of Old Tiverton in the early days of George III.

He was descended from an old family, whose seat was Brookthorpe, in the county of Gloucester. His own line gave the Church beneficed clergy in unbroken succession from Queen Anne's reign. The parallel line, with varied fortunes, gave the kingdom Lord Hatherley, the empire Sir Evelyn Wood, and, in earlier days, the city of London

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Sir Matthew Wood, so well known in the squalid story of Queen Caroline.

Little is known of his school-days at Blundell's, or of his University career, beyond the fact that he took his degree from Peterhouse College, Cambridge, though he spent a year or so at Oxford. In 1760, on the resignation of another old Blundellian, the Rev. Henry Atkins, he was appointed to the under-mastership at Blundell's at a salary of twenty pounds a year, with the privilege of taking boarders in his house. Now by Peter Blundell's will the usher's salary was only 'twenty marks,' and further, he had to be content with 'one chamber to himself only in the saide buildings.' But the 'marks' had been raised to pounds, and the founder's intentions so far set aside that the whole of the south wing of the school, with accommodation for some twenty boarders, was given over to the under-master.

Mr. Wood was not a rich man ; nor, indeed, was his father, the long-lived Rector of Bampton, though the latter managed to keep his own pack of hounds, and to entertain Bamfylde Moore Carew in his kitchen, on condition, faithfully observed, that he would not steal any of his dogs.

The carefully kept account-books explain the sources of his income. A small loan from his father opened his account, and was soon repaid in full. He was curate to his father for the parish of Cadbury, an office worth about thirty pounds a year, and held the small living of Poughill near Crediton, as well as a sinecure chaplaincy to a regiment.

From school fees, including fixed salary, he received about one hundred pounds a year ; his boarding-house was worth on an average one hundred and eighty pounds, while he made a few pounds more from occasional sources. These included 'briefs'—'letters from the Crown or other authority, directing collection of alms'—for which he got sixpence each, churching fees, which varied from one guinea to a shilling, marriage fees at half-a-crown a pair, and preaching funeral sermons, for which his charge was ten shillings and sixpence. Every

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Christmas he balanced his accounts, finding himself each year a little better off. His sister, 'Molly,' kept house for him, and she it was, doubtless, for whom he bought green tea at sixteen shillings per pound—even an inferior quality cost ten shillings—a luxury not to be set before the boys, whose breakfast and supper then, and for many years after, consisted only of milk and a small roll. Letters, too, were expensive, one from London costing sevenpence halfpenny, and another to Granada in Spain, one shilling and tenpence.

Wood was very fond of cards, he played on an average at least twice a week, with consistently bad luck. The stakes, however, were not high, his losses seldom amounting to more than one shilling and sixpence. He was also a fisherman, as became a man living near the Exe and the Lowman; new rods cost one shilling, and a book of flies bought from 'Old Pinse,' ninepence. Like the usher in *David Copperfield* he played the flute, and there is an entry of sixpence for repairs to that instrument.

But cards were his chief recreation. In October 1763 he played on five consecutive nights, and rose a winner of sixpence, not enough for the customary vail or 'tip' to the servants, an item incidental in those days to an evening out. Regularly under the heading 'dat. sor.' (given to my sister) appear the entries for housekeeping expenses; they averaged about two pounds per week. His servants' wages were three pounds three shillings a year, and his sister's stipend eight pounds eight shillings, not a large item, seeing that he had a good many boarders. There are, however, numerous entries of small sums paid to 'Old Pinse,' 'Old Charles,' and others for gardening and other odd jobs, while the school porter swept and cleaned out the school at a cost of two shillings and eightpence halfpenny each quarter.

Food was cheap; bacon, cheese, and butter being less than half their present price. On one occasion the Vicar of Bampton sent his son three hundredweight of cheese, worth four pounds seventeen shillings; not as a present, but as part payment of

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his stipend as curate. On the other hand, sugar and tea, as we have seen, were very dear. There are entries, 'Gave one shilling to the servant'; and the note, 'Dined at Nutcombe's, servants take no vails,' only marks an exception which illustrates the rule.

At bowls—he was a member of a club which met at the Tunns Inn—he had better luck, or perhaps more skill, for the gains almost balance the losses. Still bowls is a convivial game, as sundry entries prove, and these, together with certain mysterious club forfeitures, swallowed up most of his winnings. Here is a very sporting wager made with the father of one of his boarders:—

'1765, *October*.—Mr. Laroche dined here—betted with him eight guineas to ten that my father survived his mother.'

Now the Rev. Mr. Wood, senior, died nearly twenty years after the bet was laid, having been Vicar of Bampton for fifty-three years; but the winner of the bet is not recorded.

It will be seen from the above that Wood was a sociable and popular man, dining out now with the Athertons (he always lost at cards there), now at 'Nightshayes' with the Lewises, now at a clergy club held at Bampton or Huntsham.

To his pupils, or 'children' as he usually calls them, he was a kind and easy-going housemaster. Thus, at Tiverton Fair in 1763, he sent Bovel and Phelp with a 'tip' of two shillings to see the 'shew'; while in October 1766 the boys raised seven shillings and sixpence to be spent in the same pleasant manner.

Tiverton was by no means dull in those days. An evening at the play, for instance, cost two shillings and eightpence, including cyder and cake. Vowler, the Fire-eater, attracted him and his sister, while a visit to the 'waxworks, etc.,' in company with Miss Lewis, cost just half-a-crown. The diary tempts to endless quotation, for during the winter there was no lack of amusement, and subscription dances (one pound one shilling for the series) were held every fortnight at the 'Angel.' It is pleasant to picture the usher and his sister setting out

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regularly every fortnight to 'the Assembly,' she, perhaps, wearing that new 'sack' towards which her brother had just contributed two guineas ; whilst he, his wig just powdered by the barber (one shilling), his hair, for some unknown reason, was always cut at Bampton, and wearing his new white thread gloves (one shilling and fourpence), laid himself out to enjoy a pleasant evening. The inevitable entry, 'Lost at cards,' proves that he was not a dancing man, but he spent his evening in the card-room, and sipped his 'negus' in comfort.

On the occasion of the Queen's birthday, February 20, 1766, there was a ball at the 'Angel,' a function, which, including 'gloves, barber, etc. cost eight shillings and sixpence.' This is the one of the few entries that refer to public events ; here is another :—

'1765, *November 12*.—Crape hat-band—mourning for the Duke, one shilling and tenpence halfpenny.

This refers, no doubt, to the King's uncle, William, 'Butcher' Cumberland, to give him the sobriquet he had deservedly earned by his severity in crushing the '45 rebellion. But by a curious irony of fate his actions in Scotland had, just before his death, made him popular again through the increasing national dislike to Scotland generally, and to the Earl of Bute in particular. Hence this complimentary mourning.

School duties notwithstanding, the usher found time to make numerous visits home to Bampton, to Cadbury, to Crediton, and even as far as Exeter. He always hired a horse for the journey, until, in 1764, we come across the entry :—

'*November 20*.—Pd. for an horse bought of Mr. Thomas, Thorverton, eight pounds eight shillings.'

Not a very high price, perhaps, as horses go ; still it turned out a bad bargain, for the beast was constantly in need of being clipped, docked, or dosed. Thus, within two months of purchase, this ominous entry occurs :—

'*January 17*.—Half-pound of brimstone for the horse, twopence halfpenny.'

Mr. Wood was a kind-hearted man, his almsgiving was

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frequent and indiscriminate; for charity was not so highly organised then as it is now. On almost every page are entries of small sums given away; thus:—

‘Gave Welch clergyman in distress, five shillings.’

‘*September* 18.—Jack’s mother—children ill of the small-pox, one shilling.’

‘Gave a parson from Germany begging, five shillings, suspect him a Jesuit and imposter.’

And this last, which throws a lurid light on the state of the law as regards debt:—

‘Poor man, to cleare him from prison, one shilling.’

The entry ‘Gave sufferer by fire, one shilling,’ is less surprising, for the town had been twice nearly destroyed by fire in 1598, and again in 1612, on which latter occasion the intervening waters of the Lowman alone saved the newly built school. Not long ago the Blundell’s Fire Brigade proved of real service; like the Headmaster who, at the great fire of 1731, earned the lasting gratitude of the townspeople; for he ‘immediately took off his gown and cassock to stop a gutter, that water might be more easily supplied, giving money to the bystanders to assist him in his good work.’

On the whole the usher lived pleasantly and comfortably, dining out a good deal, and entertaining his friends at home or at an inn. He bought his ‘cyder’ by the hogshead (one pound seven shillings), his port wine by the half or quarter pipe (seven pounds ten shillings), his cards by the half-dozen packs (four shillings and sixpence), and his pipes—clay ‘church-wardens,’ no doubt—by the gross (three shillings).

And so life flowed on at Old Blundell’s in easy channels, though there is no reason to doubt that he was a good school-master. Appointed during the headmastership of Mr. Atherton, Mr. Wood remained for thirteen years after the resignation of that benevolent man, under the far stricter rule of the Rev. Philip Keats. In 1788, owing to ill-health, he resigned, and having been presented some two years previously to the living of Washfield, remained there till his death in 1806.

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By his marriage with Miss Lewis of 'Nightshayes,' to whom he used to give small presents (1764, May 10, orange-nuts for Miss L.), he left two daughters, whose descendants, the families of Owen and Cruwys, keep up the connection with Blundell's.

He was domestic chaplain to Earl Talbot, and inherited some court influence ; in this way he may have succeeded in getting a place at the dramatic scene, February 13, 1788, of Burke's impeachment of Warren Hastings, which his two daughters loved to entice him to describe from vivid recollection. That he was an excellent man of business is proved by his management as trustee and guardian of certain estates, and by his work as correspondent with the Government in keeping a list of all the transport required for the Tiverton district during the fear of a French invasion from the south coast of Devon.

Thick packets of letters from his worrying, impecunious, and often undeserving relatives prove him to have possessed his soul in patience, while the fact that he returned nearly the whole income of a valuable benefice to his friends the patrons, to enable them to keep up appearances, was only revealed long after he and they had passed away.

He made no stir in the world of letters, it is true, but that he was an elegant scholar may be inferred from many of his manuscripts, and some few of his printed poems. One, at all events, of his sermons so impressed his audience as to win for him the kindly sobriquet of 'Felix,' borrowed from his text, 'Felix trembled.'

To his pen is attributed the best, perhaps, of the many attempts to translate the ancient Latin inscription, which from the gates of the old has been transferred to the porch of the present school.

'Minerva on her travels sought to find
Some hospitable seat to please her mind ;
She saw this school—struck with the stately dome,
She cried with transport, "This shall be my home."'

RICHARD BEADON

WE learn from Cassan's *Lives of the Bishops of Bath and Wells* that Richard Beadon was the second son of Mr. Robert Beadon of Upcott, in the Parish of Brushford, Somerset, his mother being a daughter of the Rev. S. Squire, Rector of Oakford, near Tiverton. The father moved to Pinkworthy, Devon, about the year 1735, and there Richard, the subject of this memoir, was born in 1737. Being thus by birth and parentage a thorough West Countryman, it is only natural to learn that he entered Blundell's School about the year 1747,¹ where he might well have been a school-fellow (though younger by five years) of John Davey, who left in 1749; both of them would have been pupils of the Rev. W. Daddo, the then Headmaster.

Richard Beadon must have left the school in 1754-5, for about the latter year he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he had a distinguished career.

Cambridge, as is known, forestalled Oxford by exactly fifty years in the establishment (in 1752) of an 'Honour School.' It appears that for the first three years the candidates were arranged in two classes or divisions, the first being styled 'Wranglers and Senior Optimes,' while the second was set down as 'Junior Optimes.' In 1755 the threefold division of the Tripos, with which we are all familiar, was adopted, and thenceforward Wranglers, Senior Optimes, and Junior Optimes have followed each other regularly from year to year.

¹ The disappearance (they must have existed once) of the School Registers renders any attempt at accuracy (before 1770) quite hopeless. Since that year the Registers have been regularly kept, and (equally important) have been preserved.

RICHARD BEADON

In 1758 Richard Beadon is found in Class I., being eighth out of twelve wranglers. We conclude that the names stand in order of merit, as has always been the Cambridge practice. Three members of St. John's College appear in the same class, but Beadon is the only one who is distinguished by an asterisk, denoting that later he was chosen Fellow of his College. In the same year he became the 'Senior Chancellor's Medallist.'

In 1759 he won the second of the two 'Members' Prizes' which were open to 'Middle Bachelors,' and in the following year, as a 'Senior Bachelor,' he stands first of the two who attained to a similar distinction. These were of the value of fifteen guineas each, and were awarded for the best Dissertation in Latin Prose, to be read publicly on a day soon after the 'Commencement.'¹—These prizes were given by the Members of Parliament for the University, and were called by this name for many years.²—It is thus evident that Robert Beadon was not only a first-rate mathematician, but was also a good classic.³

Other distinctions followed. He was made Tutor of his College, and seems to have resided in the University for some years. He twice was called upon to discharge the duties of Vice-Chancellor, and, in 1768, became 'Public Orator,' an appointment conferred as a rule on graduates of high merit. In this capacity we find him presenting, on behalf of the University, an Address of Welcome to Christian VII. of Denmark, who visited England in that year (1771).⁴

In 1775 Richard Beadon must have begun to sever somewhat his connection with College life, for he was at that date made Archdeacon of London, returning however in 1781 to Cambridge, on being appointed Master of Jesus

¹ Corresponding to 'Commemoration' at Oxford.

² They were subsequently known as 'Latin Essay' Prizes. The above particulars are from a Cambridge University Calendar for 1803.

³ At first Classics formed a part of the Tripos, as originally established. It was many years later when the Classical Tripos was set on foot.

⁴ This Sovereign was related to George III., whose sister he had married, a daughter of Frederick, the late Prince of Wales.

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College—a choice which affords a fresh tribute to his merits in being selected, though a Fellow of St. John's, to preside over another Foundation.

Such is a sketch of what we may call the first period of Richard Beadon's life—it was crowded with University honours and distinctions—but we miss altogether what would extend our knowledge of the man. No personal records have been found ; there is no trace of any details of his life ; what were his tastes, who were his friends and intimates, etc. In the Bishop's Palace at Wells his portrait hangs among those of other occupants of the See, some earlier and some later. We do not know the name of the painter, or the date, but the picture is that of a man in the full prime of life (not in a wig as so often worn by Bishops), with a thoughtful and intelligent countenance, the look that seems to indicate resolution, and yet the capacity for showing kindness.

The horizon however widens considerably as the years pass on, and with it comes the brightness of Royal favour, perhaps foreshadowing other promotions, perhaps indicating avenues of influence that we can now hardly guess at.

In the volume from which we have already quoted, reference is made to 'the wise man's saying' that 'time and chance happen to all,' and the writer goes on to speak of Dr. Beadon's elevation as coming from one of those lucky circumstances that befall the career of some men. But let us look more closely at this. What are the facts, as we know them ? While he was occupying the post of Master of Jesus College, he was placed in charge of William Frederick, a young Prince, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,¹ who was then in residence at the University. His attention to the well-being of his young charge would appear to have brought him into favour at Court, and through that influence (as our chronicler insists) he was made Bishop of Gloucester in 1789,

¹ A younger son of William, Duke of Gloucester, and nephew of George III., he married his cousin, Princess Mary, daughter of George III.

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and later (in 1802) was translated to the See of Bath and Wells, where he died twenty years after, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. But we seem to see more than a turn of luck or a piece of good fortune in the promotion that followed in the last thirty years. We prefer to associate his previous good record, as Fellow and Tutor, with the rewards that came later. He may well have been chosen tutor to the young Prince because of his reputation in the University, and having shown aptness and diligence in his charge, he naturally stood high among those likely to be called to the 'office and work of a Bishop.' We know next to nothing of his Diocesan life, though he was Bishop for thirty-one years. No doubt the times were such that a Bishop's work was less exacting than now, and there were fewer calls upon him for public action outside the actual administrative details of his office. Yet we cannot help regretting the absence of any record. He is said to have been kind and hospitable to his clergy and neighbours—obeying thus far the precept that a Bishop should be 'a lover of hospitality.' We have seen also mention of the fact that he followed the example of his predecessor Dr. Moss, in extending his patronage and help to the philanthropic work that Hannah More was then beginning, and that this exposed him to no little opposition and misunderstanding. There is extant, somewhere, a sermon he preached before the House of Lords on April 19, 1798, on the occasion of a Public Fast Day, perhaps not unconnected with the troubles then rife in Ireland, and the 'wars and rumours of wars' prevalent on the Continent. He preached also a Sermon to the S.P.G. in 1796 (as Bishop of Gloucester), being the occasion of the Anniversary of the Society.¹

On the principle of faithful portraiture we add a blemish that has been noted, viz., that he was 'not slow to use the opportunities his Bishopric gave him to advance the interests of his family'—*e.g.* making his son Chancellor of the Diocese

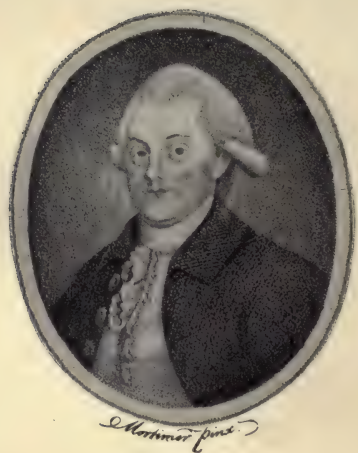
¹ Thomas Hayter, O.B., had preached on a similar occasion, in 1755, as Bishop of Norwich, as did F. Temple, O.B., in 1872, as Bishop of Exeter.

BLUNDELL'S WORTHIES

(of Bath and Wells)—but after all it may be said that to 'provide for those of his own household' is a precept that carries Apostolic authority, and we would not lay much stress on this foible (if such it be). Any good principle may be abused, and no doubt others before (and since) have done more and gone further in this direction. We prefer, at all events, to think of him in the success of his youth, the brilliancy of his middle life, and the kindly, if uneventful, character of his Episcopate.

He is said to have failed much in strength in his last years, and to have been hardly competent for the due administration of his Diocese, but here again we make no unkindly comment, remembering rather the words of the epitaph, graven on the cloister walls of his Cathedral at Wells, where he is spoken of as passing to his rest 'surrounded by relations and friends, full of years, complete in faith, hope, and charity.'





MARTIN DUNSFORD,

Merch^t

AN. ÆTAT. 37.

MARTIN DUNSFORD

‘**I** MARTIN DUNSFORD, eldest son of the last named Martin, and writer of all these memoirs, was born at Tiverton, 2nd February 1744. During my younger years I was under my father’s tuition, and though early sent to school, himself was my chief teacher in reading, writing characters, and arithmetic. When eight years old, he sent me to Blundell’s Free Grammar School in Tiverton, where I remained a daily attendant for five years under the tuition of Rev. Philip Atherton, usher in the lower school, and advanced to the fifth class from the lowest in the upper school, under the care all my time of Mr. William Daddo the Master, employing the evening at home in improving my shorthand writing, arithmetic, reading, and writing, in all which pursuits of learning I made considerable progress.’

As Mr. Dunsford has left behind an unpublished memoir from which the foregoing sentences are taken, it seems best to let him tell in his own words, as far as possible, the story of his life.

‘At the age of thirteen I was taken into my father’s business, and continued under his instruction to the time of his death. I learnt the manual employ of wool-combing, weaving, wool-sorting, washing, and dyeing, and the latter art was particularly fond of, from the great scope for improvement and discovery. At the age of nineteen I had the whole care of supporting my father’s family ; six years I continued his trade of making serges, etc., for the merchants of Tiverton and Exeter, paid his legacies given to my younger sister and brother at their marriages, and the whole of my father’s debts, and buried my eldest sister at the age of twenty-five,

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to my great regret and sorrow, after a lingering, painful illness many years. Living then alone with my mother, I found myself more at liberty to seek a more advantageous business than what myself and father had been hitherto engaged in, the profits of which were greatly lessened from many concurring circumstances. I went to London, therefore, in November 1767, and settled some correspondencies in other branches of the woollen trade.'

A visit to Holland failed to produce new customers, but on his return Dunsford formed a trade connection in London with American merchants, which continued 'till the unhappy war which the arbitrary English Ministry unjustly commenced and cruelly prosecuted, to the utter ruin of our trade and connections with the thirteen American colonies, which was peculiarly injurious and distressing to me by stopping the course of my best trade, and leaving large quantities of goods on hand which were not all sold in the course of many years.'

In July 1773 Dunsford went again to Holland, as his own *commis voyageur*. This time he was more successful, forming a regular correspondence with several trading houses to the great benefit of the decaying serge trade. A year later he travelled on business through a great part of Germany in very severe weather, 'minutes of all which journeys and voyages, and the many dangers and difficulties, pleasures, informations, and entertainments attending these, are preserved written in journals during my expeditions, as the events occurred and the natural fears and hopes prevailed.'

As the result, doubtless, of these journeys, Dunsford's trade prospered, enabling him to improve his dwelling and warehouses, and also to buy a little field at the north-east end of the town which his father had long rented and delighted in. The stable he converted into a little cottage, and called it 'Villa Franca,' because of the several meetings held there to concert plans for obtaining the right of free election of Members of Parliament for Tiverton. This was a burning question at the time, and Dunsford, whose political

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views are clearly shown in his attitude towards the American War, was the life and soul of the movement. A petition drawn up by him against the exclusive claim of the Corporation to vote, was signed by four hundred and ninety-one men, free inhabitants, and presented to the House of Commons, where it was allowed to lie on the table, in company, doubtless, with other similar petitions.

‘During all these businesses and employments, and from the earliest periods of life, I read much, and became theoretically acquainted with many arts and sciences; but History and Theology chiefly engaged my attention, particularly the truth, Divine authority, and just evidence, internal and external, of the Christian and Jewish sacred Scriptures; their genuine and authentic descents to our age and time, and their natural Divine influence on the mind of the honest inquirer and humble receiver, of the wise and good instructions contained in them. At the time also of those more serious and important researches, I attended to the interests of civil and religious freedom, and supported with my best abilities of property and mind the many struggles to preserve and extend them.’

At a time when the outlook of Liberalism was darkest, Dunsford struggled steadily for the repeal of the Test Acts, a wider franchise for Tiverton, and the impartial direction of parish concerns. He was generally chosen chairman of the various meetings held for public business, and as he naïvely adds: ‘These dispositions, and my utter abhorrence to employ any of the sacred institutions of religion to qualify for civil trusts or the offices of rank, power, or worldly interests, municipal or general, prevented my advancement to public offices of influence, power, or profit, and exposed me to the opposition of every interested party in the emoluments of the world. I served, notwithstanding, by general choice and approbation, the office of Portreeve, three years, Overseer of the Poor, one, Collector of Land Tax, one, and that of Churchwarden, four successive years, without submitting to one improper oath. The public records must speak my conduct

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in those several employs to which I refer for impartial information, as also for every part of my public conduct and character.'

But Mr. Dunsford's almost oppressive public virtues were not, unhappily, rewarded by much domestic happiness. After settling his mother in a small adjoining house, he married, in January 1780, Miss Ann Violl of Moretonhampstead. After two years of very happy married life, Mrs. Dunsford died of 'a disorder called the influenza and weakness occasioned by child-birth, which so totally discomposed my mind, as to render me unfit a long time for any of the avocations of life; and of which, indeed, I never thoroughly got the better. Eliza, her daughter, survived but about two months; she died 20th December 1782, which occasioned my yet greater depression.'

To alleviate his sorrow, Dunsford threw himself with more eagerness than ever into public life, with the result that 'in executing the office of churchwarden I had much opposition and persecution from bigoted and interested men, on account of the most disinterested endeavours to promote the equal public interest of the parishioners and to secure the rights and claims of the poor, by a close attendance to the just administration of the public charitable donation, and the making equitable assessment of taxes and rates without respect of persons which met general approbation.' But bad times were at hand, and his misery, which was very great, 'was further heightened by many severe losses in trade, by bad debts, and the detention of goods on hand occasioned by the war, and many additional expenses in consequence; there was scarcely a place to which I traded where I met not some bad connection (notwithstanding the greatest precaution), from public distress or private iniquities or misfortunes which in the course of a few years greatly lessened my comforts and the means of extensive usefulness, though I neglected no path of industry, or means of frugality to restore and preserve my property. In the midst of these difficulties, my leisure hours were

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employed in collecting materials, digesting, arranging, and writing the *Historical Memoirs of Tiverton*, which the office of churchwarden afforded the best opportunity of doing, with truth and authenticity, that my labour of life might not wholly be lost to my family or the world, however unfortunate or unsuccessful in business.' After labours extending over four years, in the course of which the author revised the press sheets himself and directed the several drawings and engravings by letters and agents to London, the volume appeared in 1792. 'To perpetuate the knowledge and benefit of the public charitable donations. To introduce to public view and public instruction just principles of civil and political freedom and religious liberty and truth, by a pleasing historic vehicle, were the chief ends and purposes of this publication, which was promoted by the best aids the inhabitants of Tiverton generally would give from private documents in their possession and by the free admission to public libraries, and met with great acceptance and approbation. This volume was printed and the history closed with the year 1790.'

Dunsford's *History of Tiverton* is, indeed, a very valuable work, and one which, for thoroughness and accuracy, has few equals among local histories. The industry with which the author collected facts and the systematic manner in which he grouped them are just what one would expect in a good man of business; but they are none the less very valuable qualities in a historian, and may fairly be held to make amends for his rather ponderous style and love of improving the occasion.

Dunsford's views on the French Revolution illustrate very well the attitude of the Whigs generally on that momentous question:—

'The year 1789 was remarkable for the commencement of the great revolution in France, the extraordinary progress of which arrested the attention and excited the fears or hopes of most of the inhabitants of Europe. Early in the year 1793, soon after the execution of Louis XVI., the impolitic conduct of the English Ministry, the corruption of the people, and

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their servility to the views of an invidious administration, commenced a war between Great Britain and France, for indefinite ends and objects which were artfully shifted, as the horrid events of this cruel and bloody contest of despotism against liberty throughout Europe, obliged the ministers to have recourse to, for the continuation of the war, the real design of which was undoubtedly to re-establish the monarchical tyranny of France, and to prevent the re-establishment of just and rational freedom in the several kingdoms of Europe. Thus, instead of the blessings of peace and just neutrality, and the great trading advantages this country might have obtained by the revolution in France and the disputes of the continental states and kingdoms, besides a commanding general influence, a train of calamities and distresses ensued, particularly to the trading inhabitants of Great Britain of which I had as large an allotment as any of my rank and station in life.'

These two portentous sentences exhibit his style at its very worst, but they also show how convinced Dunsford, a fair example of intelligent Liberalism, was of the wrongfulness of the war. There can be no doubt that the Opposition was right in asserting that the war was declared against opinion; the point in which they were wrong was, as Dr. Bright has pointed out, that they did not recognise the fact that 'opinion grown to a religion, a religion become propagandist in its nature, and that propagandist religion in arms was the greatest social danger which could threaten the world.'

If English interests suffered by the French occupation of Belgium, the Tiverton woollen trade, already on its last legs, was ruined. Dunsford's business was at a standstill; the goods shipped for Holland were relanded at Topsham, piled up in his warerooms at Tiverton till nearly the end of the war, when they were sold at a heavy loss. 'Orders were retracted, and no room for speculation afforded, so that I was without business several years, living on property which could not be employed, and greatly distressed to raise supplies for what was locked up in various channels.'

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To add to the difficulties of the situation, Dunsford had been for some years past suffering from a malady which, though not attended with much pain, 'gradually destroyed all bodily activity and rendered the mind incapable of that energy which my external distressing circumstances required. It prevented me from riding, walking, and all bodily exercises so necessary to preserve general health. I went to London in the coach in 1787, and continued there four months under the care of Mr. John Hunter, Surgeon to the King, and at great expense, but with little benefit. The disorder continued unknown and increasing, and deprived me of every favourable opportunity to better my external circumstances, though some offered to improve them highly beneficially.'

The malady—it was a dangerous swelling—confined him to bed at several different periods; but 'whilst thus greatly distressed in outward circumstances and grievously afflicted in body, my mind was generally cheerful, calm, and composed. I was fully satisfied of the wisdom and goodness of all the dispensations of Providence, and, I hope, patiently submissive to the will of God.'

In spite of ill-health, however, Dunsford's interest in politics was as keen as ever, and in 1795, two years after the outbreak of the war against France, he published an advertisement to the inhabitants of Tiverton, condemning war generally and the present war in particular. A meeting at the Town Hall was convened by the Mayor to petition for the restoration of peace, and a resolution to that effect, moved by Dunsford, was carried by a large majority. It was, however, 'opposed and prevented by the Clergy and Corporation without answering the arguments,' a remark which, coming from one who had lately been churchwarden, shows the height at which party feeling ran at the time. That there was no love lost between Dunsford and the Corporation had been shown by their opposition to his election as churchwarden in 1784, while, in the two following years, the Clergy tried in vain to keep him out of office.

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In this connection mention must be made of a vestry meeting held at his request, June 1, 1785, for the purpose of establishing various Sunday schools, not only belonging to the Church of England, but in all places of public worship. Nine schools, supported by voluntary subscriptions, were thus formed.

On December 17, 1802, Dunsford married, in London, Miss Maria Sheckell, being at the time in his fifty-ninth year. But the domestic happiness that he had lost twenty years back was denied him now, for five years later he died, March 13, 1807, regretted and respected by all his fellow-townsmen.

From his great-great-nephew¹ I learn that the Dunsfords were Royal Thanes under the Saxon Kings with estates in Devon and Yorkshire. The greater part of these estates were, however, confiscated by the Conqueror, the remainder being left to their possessors, who also kept their titles. In Doomsday Book and in the Exon Doomsday, is recorded the description of the Dunsford properties and the way in which they were held.

¹ Mr. G. L. Dunsford of Exeter.

JOHN EVELEIGH

JOHN EVELEIGH is entered on the University register as a son of the Rev. John Eveleigh, Rector of Winkley, Devon. Some members of the same family had lived in Tiverton in the seventeenth century, one was warden of the parish Church in 1686, so almost as a matter of course the boy was sent to Blundell's, where he entered about 1760 (he was born in 1747). At the close of his school-days he was awarded the 'Ham Exhibition'; it was his first distinction. He matriculated at Wadham College in May 1766, where he had a brilliant career. He was elected scholar in 1767, won the Goodrich and Pigott Exhibition three times, in 1766, 1767, 1769, and was 'Hody' Exhibitioner from 1767 to 1770 in which latter year he graduated.¹ In 1772 he was elected a Fellow of Oriel, and proceeded to his M.A. degree as a member of that Foundation. In 1772 we find him Junior Treasurer of Oriel, and in the next year Senior Treasurer, becoming in 1775 Dean of the College, and so he remained until 1780, when he was elected Provost, by a unanimous vote of the Fellows, we may assume, for there is no mention of any contest, such as those appointments often lead to.² Then at the age of thirty-three Eveleigh was head of the foremost College in Oxford; he held the Provostship till his death in 1814.

Among later distinctions may be mentioned that of being chosen 'Bampton Lecturer'³ in the year 1792, and Select

¹ There were no 'Honour' examinations in those days, nor for many years after.

² A few years before there had been a movement in favour of Gilbert White, a Fellow (author of the *Natural History of Selborne*), as Provost, but apparently it came to nothing.

³ Three Blundellians have in their day been selected for this duty, viz. J. Eveleigh; J. Pearson, 1808; F. Temple, 1884.

BLUNDELL'S WORTHIES

Preacher in 1804. He also held the Vicarage of St. Mary the Virgin (the University Church) from 1778-1781, and was Vicar of Aylesford from 1782 to 1792. We note also that his 'Bampton' lectures appear to have enjoyed more than a passing reputation, for a second edition was issued (with four extra sermons) in 1792, and a third edition in two vols. in 1813. He published also (1791) a volume of Sermons on the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and other volumes of Sermons in 1797 and 1806.

His career was practically spent at the University, but we ought to mention that as Provost he was a residentiary Canon of Rochester Cathedral, and in the same way he held the benefice of Purleigh in Essex. At one period (we do not know the date) he was made a Prebendary of the same Cathedral, which, perhaps, has an interest as proving how, even in little things, history has a knack of repeating itself; in those days, as so often since, a parochial charge formed an easy pathway to a prebendal stall.

What were the features of his Headship as we know them? Foremost in importance, but not in time, we are inclined to put the establishment of an 'Honour School,' an organic change in the life of the University, which corresponds with the period of his reign at Oriel.

The tide has set since then so strongly in another direction that it is only with an effort that we can realise Oxford as it was in the last year of the eighteenth century, a place which knew not yet examinations. The requirements made by the University before a Degree could be given, whatever they were originally, had come to be almost nominal. There were students then, in deed as well as name (Eveleigh himself is an example of this), but these were evidently quite the exception, and the relation between undergraduates and tutors must have been of the most shadowy kind.

Oxford may well be thought to have borne then some resemblance to the spot imagined by Tennyson.

JOHN EVELEIGH

'They came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon,
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.'

It is perhaps well to remember that such days have been, even as we learn that in the last decade of the eighteenth century matters were ripening for a change; already 'the old men were dreaming dreams' of class lists, 'the young men saw visions' of examinations.

Provost Eveleigh is always to be remembered as the author of this change, 'one of the most strenuous originators of the present system of Honours.' It was his patience and persistence that accelerated and eventually carried through a scheme long thought of, and no doubt at first much resisted. In the common room at Oriel a movement like this naturally took root, and the Provost was supported in his efforts by Copleston, who became Tutor in 1797. The college had long enjoyed the privilege of choosing its Fellows from the University at large, and in Eveleigh's time the principle was still further extended, by throwing open, in default of suitable candidates, Fellowships that had been limited to certain localities. It is recorded in some published letters of Copleston that Eveleigh was so much in earnest about the matter that he offered to make large benefactions, and to give rewards to deserving graduates, if the University would agree to the reform that he urged so strongly.¹

Hardly less important, and probably earlier in time, should be mentioned the work that Eveleigh was able to carry out, in improving the standard of discipline primarily of the college, and so, ultimately, of the University. The common room at Oriel, which at first was hardly an exception to the lax notions then prevalent, soon became noted for what (in later phrase) has been called 'plain living and high thinking'—the expression current in the University in the last decade of that century.

¹ At first merely an 'Honour' list was established (1802), five years later (1807) a second list of mathematical Honours was added.

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'The Oriel Teapot' points out (if only by a gibe) the change that was already passing over the social life of the colleges.

Among minor events in a long tenure of the Headship may be noted the gift by Lord Leigh of the library from Stoneleigh Abbey. It was among the first objects of Eveleigh's care, as Provost, to see to the erection of a building to contain these books. The foundation was laid in 1787, and the building still stands, an isolated portion of the college with the library in the upper portion, and the common rooms underneath, just as arranged by its author.

Provost Eveleigh is remembered also as a great benefactor to the college, his gifts are said (and in expressive phrase) to be 'worthy of the man.' The 'Eveleigh books' have ever since been a familiar feature of Oriel life, being rewards for various distinctions during a college career, one of them, which sounds perhaps strangely now, being to provide prizes for those undergraduates who produced the best and most accurate report of University sermons. This was continued down to 1873, and has since been somewhat varied in its use.

We ask now, Are there any personal traits of this man that have come down to us? Very few indeed. His memory seems to have lingered long, but as of a 'sweet and wholesome character,' firm and clear in its aims, quiet yet resolute in working them out, and in this connection we may record the close comradeship that existed between Eveleigh and Copleston, which was the more remarkable, inasmuch as the quiet persistence of the one found its fitting adjunct in the more forceful temperament of the famous Tutor.¹

But scanty is the record of any personal touches of a life and personality that must have had many charms. In a volume called 'Reminiscences' by Rev. T. Mozley ('that amusing rattle,' as Matthew Arnold called him) mention is made of Eveleigh's fair complexion and light hair, but tradition has failed to take any definite shape or to repeat any particular sayings. One who had been an undergraduate at Oriel in

¹ Copleston was afterwards Provost, 1814-28.

JOHN EVELEIGH

those days, when asked what he remembered of the Provost, could only show that he had left no strong or decided impression on his memory. All that he could recall was a fragment of some humorous verses, depicting the Heads of Houses of that day :—

‘ Here comes fair Eveleigh with his blue hose.’

We welcome the tribute of appreciation given by John Keble, towards the close of his life (1855) : ‘ I had known him as long as I can remember any one. He was, I verily believe, a man to bring down a blessing on any society of which he was a member.’

The following are among the words spoken of him, after his death, by Copleston, his friend and comrade, and with them, as with an epitaph, we would draw to a close this slight memoir of one who was no unworthy son of Oxford, and of Blundell’s :—

‘ We have lost not only a bright example of piety, worth, and benevolence, but each one of us has lost a friend, while the College has lost an experienced and conscientious governor, who conducted its concerns for three-and-thirty years with singular uprightness and fidelity, and who preserved its harmony uninterrupted, even among differences of opinion, by his own candour and invariable mildness of temper. There was no mixture of pride, of obstinacy, of love of power, no impatience of opposition, no separate interest or selfish motive ever intruded into his dealings with us.’

We add yet another tribute outside his own College, that of the Senior Proctor, in the customary oration on those who had passed away in his year of office (1815). After dwelling on his learning and piety, he goes on : ‘ We have lost a distinguished man, whom the Church and University will long mourn, the mainstay and glory of our affairs, who needs not the commendation of me or of any other.’

JOHN DAVEY

‘**A**NTIQUARIAN Biography is at once the most laborious and the most unreadable kind of history.’ With this as a kind of danger-signal before us, we commence the task of setting down what after all these years is knowable of some old Blundellians who graduated between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and sixty years ago. Memoirs constructed on these conditions are apt to be full of dates, but void of any details of *the man*. Who has not often felt in reading a ‘Life’ that it is weak when we desire it to be strong? We crave for fragments of letters, scraps of conversation, an anecdote or two, to give the sense of personal contact, to make the portrait real. We can only try to get as near as we may, premising that very little is known, and we are almost left to grope in the darkness.

John Davey was a native of Tiverton, born in the early part of the eighteenth century. His is a familiar Devon name, and the family would seem to have been long and honourably associated with the life of the town. The following details may not be wholly without interest. One John Davey was returned as M.P. for Tiverton in 1616 (one of two members). The same name occurs nine times in the list of Mayors; five times in that of Churchwardens of the parish church between 1676 and 1776; as Town Clerk twice in the eighteenth century; and eight times, between 1715 and 1760, as ‘Governor’ and ‘Treasurer,’ offices that have long since passed into disuse and oblivion. The subject of our memoir was at Blundell’s, presumably, from 1745-1749, for in the latter year he was entered at Balliol as Blundell’s scholar.

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He was a pupil of Rev. W. Daddo,¹ and that he had merits as a boy may be inferred from the fact (recorded in Incledon) that he was not only awarded the Scholarship to Balliol, but he was also the first holder of the 'Newte' Exhibition.²

John Davey graduated in due course, and probably resided as a Fellow, and took his part in the government of the College for some years.³

Later he seems to have accepted the Cures of Brattleby and Fillingham, in the county of Lincoln, and in 1780 he became Rector of Great Wolston, and Vicar of Bledlow (both in Bucks). This reads strangely, perhaps, but there have been days in the eighteenth century, as well as long before (and since), when to be, as one has put it, 'gorged with preferments' conveyed no reproach at all, if it did not even add to the holder's credit. To continue, four years later Davey took the degree of B.D., and in the following year was elected Master of the College, and either before (or as a sequel to) that event he became D.D. He then resigned all parochial charges except Bledlow, which he kept to the end.⁴ It may be the parish was within easy reach of Oxford, and so he was able to discharge the duties of Head of a College and Vicar of a country parish. Such are pretty well all the recorded facts; can we find any side-lights, anything that will help towards a personal knowledge of the subject of our memoir? Perhaps it may enable us to understand more of those who lived so long ago, if we think of them as links with the past, and try to realise the days in which they found themselves and the Oxford in which they moved.

John Davey lived in a period in more than one way memorable. The Rebellion of '45 broke out when he was a boy at

¹ Headmaster, 1740-1757. An M.A. of Balliol College. Native of Cornwall, and a distinguished scholar. In his day the School was in high repute.

² Founded by bequest of Rev. John Newte, D.D., at the end of the seventeenth century.

³ Those who are curious as to dates will find them recorded in the new edition of the *Blundell's Register* (1904).

⁴ A Master of Balliol in the nineteenth century held the Deanery of Wells during the last nine years of his Mastership.

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school. He was a graduate at Oxford when the reign of George III. began. In middle life he knew of the revolt of the American Colonies and the momentous 'Declaration of Independence.' Later still, during the years of his Mastership, occurred the French Revolution, and, its sequel, the overthrow of an ancient Monarchy. Again: What was Oxford like in that time? The following appears to be a reliable statement as to University life there, the exceptions that are known only proving the force of the rule.—Discipline, as we think of it, was hardly in existence. The Fellows of Colleges, all of them probably in Holy Orders, wore wigs as a matter of course. Blue coats, with brass buttons, 'shorts,' and shoes, with buckles, were the prevailing fashion. Carpets there were none, either in the common rooms or in the ordinary College rooms. The undergraduates, we find, rose early, but were much given to idleness. Dinner was at 2 P.M. (or 3 P.M.). Perhaps strangest of all is it to hear that a portion of the Bible was read during the meal, a curious survival of doubtless a very ancient practice, dating from the day when Oxford knew something of the presence of the 'Regular' Clergy.

By way of amusement, and as a help to 'drive dull care away,' Oxford abounded in coffee-houses or taverns, where dons and undergraduates (each probably with their separate haunts) beguiled the afternoon or evening hours. It is easy to imagine that study must have been rare indeed, and a youth coming from school to Oxford may well have found himself in bewildering and dangerous surroundings.

These were the times, such was Oxford, as John Davey knew it. How he demeaned himself we can only guess. History is silent; whether out of cruelty or kindness, who shall say? At all events he became Master of the College, he was the choice of the Fellows, and there is no record of any conflict at the time of his election, nor indeed of any failure during the years of his rule. Of an earlier period in the history of the College we are told that 'the common room

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simmered with discontent.' To say that he instituted no reform is to judge him unfairly, for the days of reform (in Balliol at all events) were not yet, and in a ruler, after all, the truest wisdom must ever be, not to force new methods but 'to take occasion by the hand.' If the years were uneventful, at any rate they were free from disaster, and at the beginning of his Mastership we find signs of a common feeling springing up among the Fellows, a building fund was started for the restoration of the College, and as a result of the money so raised, Wyatt was set to work upon the front quadrangle, and the Library was restored 'with tolerable skill.'

Among those who matriculated at Balliol in John Davey's Mastership was Robert Southey, and there is extant a humorous letter, written by him in doggerel style, describing his journey to Oxford and various incidents on the way, giving towards the end of the letter a whimsical account of his matriculation. We quote a few lines, as they add a sort of personal touch to our memoir, almost 'a thumb-nail sketch'¹ of the then Master.

'I go, God save me,
To Doctor Davey
Of Balliol College Head,
And when he came,
My own sweet name
In modest manner said.
Dear Tom, his Wig
Is not so big
As many Doctors more,
And so I may
Presume to say
His wisdom is the more.'

The next stanzas speak of the Master (kindly, as Southey thinks) summoning two of the Fellows, and to Southey's infinite delight, they proceeded to administer the usual oaths

¹ In a prose letter of Southey's, written about the same time, and speaking of his going up to Oxford, he says, 'I must learn to pay respect to men remarkable *for great wigs and little wisdom*' (italics are ours).

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‘without examination,’ and the narrative goes on to tell of the payment of fees, which was *not* dispensed with.¹

‘He then a book
Very shabby to look
Gave me, wasn’t that kind?
For which nice gift
Indeed I left
But one pound four behind.’

We have here (as we have already implied) a sort of picture, and it represents a man of a kindly demeanour, and one who compared not unfavourably with his contemporaries. In fact, the sketch that is thus given, seems to correspond (curiously enough) with a phrase used of him by Colonel Harding, in his *History of Tiverton*, where he is said to be ‘a pleasing sensible man.’² These are the very qualities that he apparently showed during his Headship. The state of the world outside the University may well have moved him to prudence in action. What we seem to gather from very scattered notices, and even from the silence of records (‘happy is the people that have no history’), is that he was kind and courteous in manner to those brought in contact with him; that without apparently any great force of character or influence, as from weight of learning, he yet showed himself a ruler discreet and wise, so that in public and private affairs alike he can be thought of as ‘rich in saving common sense,’ the homely virtue that yet means so much, and is of value in so many of the phases of life.

He died in 1798, and was buried, we fancy, at Bledlow, of which parish he had been Vicar for some years.

¹ We do not know how this compares with the matriculation fees of the present day.

² The words look as if a record of some spoken opinion.

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RATHER more than a century ago—in the summer of 1796, to be accurate—the Torrington boys then at Blundell's met in solemn council to decide whether one of their number, Thomas Colby, the son of a surgeon at Great Torrington, should accept an appointment in the navy which had just been offered to him by Lord Clinton. They decided that such an opportunity ought not to be let slip, and next summer the lad, then in his fifteenth year, exchanged his rough school life for the still rougher schooling of the sea. He was an active, brave boy, passionately fond of field sports, and always ready for fun and fighting, just the material from which to form a fine sailor; so the wisdom of his school-fellows' decision, if, indeed, that affected his choice, was fully borne out by the result.

Those were the days of Midshipman Easy and Peter Simple; the days when boys began their sea career as early as ten (Nelson himself was only eleven when he left home), and if they had luck or influence might be in command of a fine frigate by the time they came of age. There were no training ships, no examinations to pass before entering; but they learnt seamanship from watching the sea in all its varying moods, and courage from the example of their captain. Nelson's training and influence were, in fact, evolving a great school of sailors who raised the prestige of the British navy to a point never reached before. On land our forces might fail if sent to Holland or to the south of France; indeed, most of the ill-planned expeditions were fore-doomed to failure; but on the sea the standard set was so high, men fought with a courage so superb, that one admiral, who fought a gallant action and

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took two ships, was court-martialled because he had not taken more.

Colby's appointment in 1797 was to H.M.S. *Bedford*, and after a quiet cruise off the Azores, in the course of which a few Spanish merchantmen were snapped up, he returned to England at a moment when affairs were in a very critical state. Now the year 1797 marks the great victories of St. Vincent and Camperdown, but between them two formidable mutinies broke out in the fleet, at Spithead and at the Nore. In the latter of these two the *Bedford* was involved, though the firmness of the officers frustrated all attempts of the crews to take command of the ship. Matters went so far that Admiral Duncan, who was blockading the Dutch in the Texel, was deserted by all but his own ship and two frigates. He was, however, equal to the occasion, for by keeping one frigate busy, signalling to an imaginary fleet in the offing, he bluffed the Dutch admiral into the belief that a strong English fleet was awaiting him outside the port. Fortunately, the mutineers received no aid from shore, and presently the greater part returned to duty, in time to play an honourable part in the battle which was so soon to follow. Reinforcements did, at last, really reach Duncan, who, after refitting his ships, was in a position to attack. Meanwhile, the Dutch admiral, strongly urged by his Government, had put out to sea, and on the morning of October 11, 1797, the two fleets met off Camperdown. In this historic battle the *Bedford* took a distinguished part, and young Colby, then in his sixteenth year, took his full share of the passions and perils of a sea-fight.

He was stationed in that part of the ship which suffered most, the forepart of the lower deck. One of his messmates, who had just been speaking to him, was killed by his side, and the loss of men was so great that the two foremost guns could not be worked. It was, in fact, like all the battles with the Dutch, very hotly fought out, and not until the Dutch admiral's ship was a mere hulk, and nearly every other vessel disabled, was the victory gained. So crippled

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were the English ships that eight out of the nineteen Dutch ships escaped.

But the troubles of the *Bedford* did not end here. The wind soon freshened to a gale, scattering and endangering the fleet on a lee-shore. Many a tottering mast fell ; water rushed through shot-holes ; guns, being but indifferently secured, were in constant motion. The condition of the wounded, too, was terrible, for the cock-pit was crowded, the air almost unbearably foul, since it was impossible to open the lower deck ports, and it had been found necessary to apply oil to the burnt bodies of the men who had been blown up by an explosion of cartridges.

The *Bedford*, however, having her masts standing, took the dismasted *Ardent* in tow, though she herself was in a very leaky and wretched state ; so much so, that three days afterwards she was obliged to throw several of her guns overboard, and make signals of distress. The pilot in charge then desired that the *Ardent* should be cast off, but to this proposition the gallant captain of the *Bedford* refused to listen, and on the 16th she was, with incredible exertion, safely brought into Yarmouth roads.

In that quick forge and working house of character, a naval war, Colby learnt practical seamanship with a thoroughness that no theoretical training could impart ; under a fine sailor like Sir Thomas Byard, the coolness, bravery, and resource that afterwards characterised him speedily developed. The shattered *Bedford* was surveyed at Portsmouth, and paid off at Plymouth ; on May 24, 1798, all her officers and men were transferred to the *Foudroyant* (80), which had been launched the previous March. She formed part of the squadron sent under Sir John Warren to intercept the French ships which were known to be on their way to assist the rebels in Ireland. An engagement was fought on October 12, under circumstances even more disastrous for the enemy than mere disparity of numbers ; for the *Hoche*, the French flagship, shortly before the action, had lost some of her most important

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spars. 'Of the little squadron,' says Mahan, 'she and three frigates were compelled to surrender that day, and three more were intercepted later by British vessels, so that only two of the expedition regained a French port.'

After this battle, Mr. Colby, senior, wrote a poem entitled, 'To a Son at Sea,' the last four verses of which were not inapt to the occasion :—

- ' But Heaven, I trust, hath future days in store
For thee, my son, who on Hibernia's coast
Hast also witnessed Heaven's Almighty power
Against ambitious Gaul's invading force ;
- ' And if once more, in answer to my prayer,
Thy breast hath 'scaped the cannon's deadly aim,
Oh, may thy heart and due remembrance bear
From whence alone that preservation came.
- ' Blow, then, ye fav'ring gales !—auspicious blow
To Albion's coast—oh waft the stripling home—
Safe from the sea, the tempest and the foe,
Methinks in fancy's eye I see him come.
- ' I see the boat come gliding o'er the waves,
With tears of joy he flies to my embrace ;
Blush not, my son, for here the truly brave
Ne'er to Affection's tear attach disgrace.'

The stripling, in due course, was wafted home, but not before his next ship, the sloop *Hazard*, a vessel that did not belie her name, had twice nearly gone down with all hands, once while working her way out of Cork harbour, and again when caught in a gale on a lee-shore.

In the same year Colby was appointed to the *Prince* (98) under Sir C. Cotton, and in the following August went with him into the *Prince George* (98). This battleship was considered one of the finest in the king's service. She was about 2000 tons, but she would be useless to-day against a ship like the *Majestic*, with a displacement of 16,000 tons, a speed of 17 knots an hour, and armed with guns that could destroy the whole of Nelson's fleet without sustaining a scratch herself.

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Nothing very memorable occurred till 1802, when, in consequence of the peace of Amiens, Sir C. Cotton struck his flag, and Colby returned home to Devon after five years of service as adventurous as the heart of boy could desire. In June he was appointed Admiralty midshipman of the *St. Fiorenzo*, and went to attend the king (George III.) at Weymouth. In September his ship conveyed 300 Dutch troops from Jersey to the Texel; and, a month later, sailed under secret orders to the East. She reached Madras on April 17, 1803.

In cruising along the coast of Malabar, on June 14, 1804, a suspicious vessel was discovered, and all sail made in chase, but the wind died away, and she was observed sweeping. The boats were at once despatched to board her, which, after a sharp struggle, they succeeded in doing, though she was well armed.

This was the first of a long series of boat attacks, a form of fighting in which Colby greatly distinguished himself, though the naval annals of the time are filled with such attacks, the amazing audacity of which was only justified by their almost unvarying success.

There is the story, for instance, of a midshipman in command of a boat sent to get sand. Unknown to the captain arms had been smuggled on board, and, finding a vessel near, the temptation was too strong to be resisted, so the lad with only six men tumbled on board, drove forty Frenchmen below, and carried off his prize in triumph. It was in exactly the same spirit that Colby carried out the work for which, in 1809, he was specially mentioned in despatches. On the present occasion the prize proved to be a French national lugger with a complement of twenty-five men.

In the following year Colby was transferred to the *Centurion* (50), which some time after was ordered to Vizagapatam to collect convoy for England. On September 18, while she was lying with two Indiamen, three large ships were discovered running down before the wind along shore.

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They were supposed to be Indiamen, and the boats were consequently sent to press men out of them. The *Centurion* had at the time her sails loose to dry, and the lower deck was all in confusion. As, however, the three ships came nearer, doubts began to be felt, and some preparations were made; guns were also fired to make the strangers bring-to or show their colours. At length, up went the French colours and an admiral's flag. Boats were at once recalled, convoy directed to run ashore, chests thrown down hatchways, decks cleared for action with the utmost despatch. Not much hope appeared to any one that so overwhelming a force could be resisted, and the general opinion was that the old ship must either be run ashore or sunk, as the enemy was by this time made out to be a large line-of-battleship and two frigates. They approached rapidly, and the leading frigate advanced within pistol shot, with the intention of first raking the foe and then boarding her. But the *Centurion* was not to be captured so easily. The cable was cut and head sails run up, so that her broadside guns could be brought into play. Down the rigging in the utmost haste and confusion tumbled the would-be boarders, and off she fell to leeward. Then came the line-of-battleship and the other frigate, whose raking fire as they passed under the stern of the *Centurion* was rendered less serious by the fact that the English crew had been ordered to lie down on deck.

For about an hour longer the action continued, and then the Frenchmen stood out to sea. The *Centurion* now dropped anchor outside the surf, and all hands set to work to prepare for a renewal of the battle. Colby was sent to the fort for the help of some guns on the beach. By this time one of the convoy had run ashore, and the other had struck her colours without firing a shot. Before long the enemy's squadron stood in shore for another attack. Anchoring abreast of the *Centurion*, and assisted by one of the frigates, the battleship began a spirited attack, in the course of which a lucky shot cut the *Centurion's* cable. Nearly at the same time the line-of-battleship's cable was also either cut or slipped when she and

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her consort, to the astonishment of their little adversary, ceased firing, and stood out to sea. The *Centurion* was then run about a mile off the land, when, having lost both bowers, she was brought up by the sheet-anchor, and preparations were again made for battle. The enemy, however, did not think proper to return; probably they never reckoned on catching such a Tartar, though they were in the offing at sunset, and kept the *Centurion* on the alert all night. This little action was just one of those desperate fights against odds which since the days when

‘The little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.’

have been the glory of the British navy.

In the course of the fight, the *Centurion*, besides losing ten men, had suffered so heavily that she was barely able to make the voyage home, where promotion awaited Colby.

After being commissioned as lieutenant to the *Thunderer* (74), he sailed on June 13 to join the Channel Fleet off Brest for a short time, and then to reinforce the squadron under Sir Robert Calder. A month later the English fleet, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, two frigates, one cutter, and one lugger, made sail for Cape Finisterre to intercept the French squadron, which hove in sight on July 22, and was found to consist of twenty sail of the line with some smaller craft. The enemy's ship soon crossed ahead of the British, who in succession tacking after them, and gallantly led by Lord Gardner in the *Hero* (74), commenced action. But by this time the fog had so much increased that one ship could scarcely be distinguished from another. About 5 P.M. the *Thunderer* got among them, and fought for the next three hours, though the enemy was only visible occasionally when the fog lifted. It was discovered that two sail of the line had struck, and the *Thunderer* was ordered by Admiral Stirling to assist in securing them. The firing, however, did not altogether cease until about 10 P.M.,

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when the *Thunderer's* loss was found to be seven killed and twelve wounded. Her mizzen-mast, foreyard, and main-top-sail were much cut. Colby, with his usual luck, escaped without a scratch. The fleet got into line as well as they could during the night, and were all prepared for a renewal of the battle. The next morning the wind was fresh from the westward, and the weather hazy, but the enemy showed no disposition to fight, and when, towards sunset, they bore up towards Cape Finisterre, no attempt was made to head them off. On reconnoitring Ferrol, it was afterwards found that the combined forces of the enemy amounted to twenty-nine sail of the line. Still it was quite expected that the fleet would be led into Bartheaume road to attempt the destruction of the enemy at anchor, but Admiral Cornwallis refused to be drawn under the fire from the batteries, and after a brisk action, seeing no hope of destroying the enemy, he withdrew his fleet, and stood out to sea.

Such in outline were the events for which Sir Robert Calder was severely censured, both for the alleged unskilful manner in which the attack was made and also for declining to renew the action next day, and allowing the enemy to retire unmolested. On his return to England he was tried by court-martial and severely reprimanded. Colby always defended his chief, and probably he was right, for after a time an impression began to prevail that Sir Robert had received harsh treatment.

Subsequently the *Thunderer* joined Lord Nelson's fleet and took part in the crowning victory of Trafalgar. She took a prize, which, two days later, she had the mortification of losing, being attacked by seven ships of the line and five frigates : it was enough to do to effect her own escape.

A year later, after an unsuccessful attempt to cut off two Spanish ships that were lying outside the harbour of Carthage, Colby took part in some daring boat service at Gaeta. Several gunboats had been observed under the batteries in the bay, so, after dark, the row boats of the squadron under the

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first lieutenant of the *Thunderer*, with Mr. Colby and others, made an attempt to bring them out. Shot and shell flew like hail, but the English boats dashed on, only to discover when near the beach, to Colby's mortification, that the hoped-for prizes were hauled up high and dry, and that nothing remained but to retreat as fast as possible.

In the following January (1807) affairs with the Turks began to wear a threatening attitude, nominally because the *Thunderer* with a frigate had, contrary to the old rule, passed the Dardanelles, but in reality because our diplomatists at Constantinople had been outwitted by the French, and had failed to prevent the Sultan of Turkey from going to war with our ally the Czar. The British ambassador escaped on board a man-of-war, and when reinforcements arrived the whole squadron made ready for battle. A heavy fire from the batteries on shore met them in the Straits, and as soon as they had withdrawn out of gunshot, an engagement began with the Turkish Squadron. On this occasion Colby, in command of a boat, gained distinction by boarding and blowing up one of the frigates under a smart fire of musketry from the beach.

A fortnight later Colby was wounded in two places by splinters from a heavy shot while passing once more the batteries of Sestos and Abydos. But by the time the squadron had reached Alexandria he was well enough to take command of one of the armed boats, an advanced post in dangerous proximity to the enemy's forts and gunboats. On the repulse of Colonel M'Leod, however, after three weeks of this anxious work, he rejoined his ship at Alexandria. For a year or more he cruised about in Mediterranean waters, and on returning home the *Thunderer* was suddenly sent off to the Texel. It was about the time of the equinoctial gales, and, having sprung a leak, the ship, under press of sail, fetched in for Yarmouth roads, but, failing to reach them, was obliged to bring up at the back of the sands.

That same evening the wind increased to a gale, the ship

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was driven out to sea, and in the darkness struck hard on a sandbank. There seemed not the slightest hope of saving either ship or crew, but by luck and good seamanship she found her way through the shoal, and the danger was for the moment averted. It was known, however, that there were two shoals close together, but on which the ship had grounded could not be ascertained.

That same night another alarming shock was felt, caused by the running down of some vessel in the darkness. At day-break, signals of distress brought assistance to the strained and leaky *Thunderer*, and two days later she cast anchor safely in Yarmouth roads. This was the last of the old *Thunderer*, and the close of three eventful years of Colby's life.

Next year, when commissioned to the brig *Cadmus*, off St. Helen's, Jersey, an event happened which, for sheer daring, it would be hard to surpass.

Colby was dropped after dark in command of a boat to run in shore and see if anything could be snapped up. Towards the middle of the night a number of vessels were discovered coming down shore under a fine easterly wind. As they drew near, the leading vessel was made out to be a man-of-war schooner, and she was readily enough allowed to pass on. Now was the time to row to windward and board one of her twenty-five convoys, among which, however, might be expected three or four other armed vessels. Much precaution was necessary for a six-oared double-banked cutter, alone amidst such a force, as there was great danger of being run down. Three attempts to board failed, but the fourth time Colby and his men dashed in under the bows of one of them (force not known), scrambled on board, and before the crew could make any resistance a fine armed transport brig was in their hands. As soon as the men were secured below, the sails were trimmed, and the *Bien Venue* gradually withdrew from the convoy. The admiral commanding the station signified by letter his approval of Mr. Colby's gallant conduct in this affair.

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On his return to England Colby received an order to proceed to the West Indies on promotion, but next May, while at Jamaica, the disagreeable intelligence came that there had been a change in the Admiralty, and that his name, in consequence, had been omitted from the promotion list.

To renew his interest he returned home and was soon appointed first lieutenant of the *Ajax*, then on the Mediterranean station, where for the next eighteen months he remained either at Port Mahon or Sicily, or taking part in the blockade of Toulon. At last, the day after the surrender of Genoa, he received a commission as commander of the new French brig *Sphinx*, sixteen guns, which had never before been to sea. At Port Mahon the brig dragged her anchor, and to make matters worse, the capstan suddenly gave way. Colby, however, was equal to the occasion, and his prompt and decisive measures kept the vessel off shore. The rest of her voyage home was uneventful. Captain Colby hauled down his pennant and retired to Devon on half-pay.

It is a matter for wonder that an officer so distinguished for courage and seamanship should fail in all his future efforts to obtain a command, but such was the case. In 1816 he went to the West Indies to examine into the state of his friend, Lord Rolle's property, in the Bahamas, and on his return home, remained there quietly for several years.

Colby had two brothers, both of whom were dead, and in 1824 his father, a well-known surgeon of Torrington, died at the age of 74. Two years later he married, and resided partly at Plymouth and partly with his brother-in-law, the Rev. C. E. Palmer, at Wear Gifford. In 1832, however, he returned to live at Torrington, and was in 1834 elected Mayor, the last of the old Corporation.

It is not without interest to note that not until 1849 did he receive his medal with five bars for the following services :—

1. Camperdown.
2. Sir John Warren's action.
3. Defence of the *Centurion*.

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4. Trafalgar.

5. Boat service in the Mediterranean.

In 1850 he was appointed one of the commanders of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, remaining there until, in failing health, he resigned and returned once more to his old Devon home. That same year, on September 21, he breathed his last at the ripe age of 82, and was buried at Great Torrington.

JOHN RUSSELL

PICTURE an immense man sitting on the low wall of Lowman Bridge, before the alteration of that structure, on the occasion of Tiverton horse fair. To him enter one George Bennett, a bullock-jobber from the wilds of Knowstone, who, pulling his forelock, remarks affably, 'Good morning, your honour. Hope your honour's well'—at the same time extending his hand.

His honour waves him off: 'Take back your hand; th' old sores baint healed 'it.'

Ladies and gentlemen, forgive me. You thought, perhaps, that I was talking to you of Russell, whereas I referred to 'Jack' Froude. However, there is a method in my madness, and I beg you not to suppose that I am simply playing with you. The fact is, that, in writing of the Rev. John Russell, it is not more necessary to define what he was than what he was not, so many *stories* are recorded of him from time to time in the press that, did he know them, would cause that good man to be continually turning in his grave. I say not that these knights of the ink-horn are mendacious, though they may be careless—ignorant they certainly are. Truth to tell, Russell is fast becoming mythical. Bear with me, then, if I try to discriminate a little.

Why, it may be asked, should this particular sportsman be laden with all the sins and iniquities, real or imputed, that were distributed in earlier days amongst a whole galaxy of hunting parsons? The reason is to be found partly in his fame and partly in his—not quite the same thing—name. The younger generation remembers nothing of the bruisers

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who formerly ministered in our parish churches, and whose lax interpretation of duty is accountable for the many unsightly chapels, to the bootless vexation of their successors, plastered over the countryside. 'Jack' Froude may be called to mind, at any rate in his county, as an extremely 'outward' man, not even taking into consideration his cloth; but 'Jack' Radford is become dismally dim and shadowy, though not many years ago his exploits in the ring were the theme of admiring yokels, and the scandal and tribulation of Little Bethel. If you would learn what manner of man he was, you may sample him thus:—A sturdy vagabond of fifty, with just a touch of the cleric in his attire, in an old broken-down straw hat, no collar, sitting in the bar of the village inn, smoking a long clay pipe, and occasionally taking a pull at the tankard of ale before him. This reverend gentleman was 'Jack' Radford as he was seen, more than half a century ago, by my grandfather at Lapford. If you will trace the stream of history one reach nearer its source, you will come upon 'Jack' Whitaker, who, in his disputes with his parishioners, relied literally, and with unvarying success, on the arm of flesh, the most prolific cause of jars being the tithe-pig. Or perhaps, under the circumstances, the motto be appropriate, *Cherchez la femme*.

Now Russell had the misfortune to be christened John, and, as a well-known sportsman and rare companion, came to be styled, in an ever-widening circle of friends and acquaintances, 'Jack' Russell. This was all right, but inevitably the description spread, until, at the height of his popularity, nobody dreamed of alluding to him save in this curt, familiar way. Strangers and the more juvenile folk drew the not unnatural conclusion that the parson who went by the name of 'Jack' Russell was, socially and morally, scarcely distinguishable from the other Jacks of the moor, of whose conduct no one spoke terms of stronger reprobation or more scathing contempt than himself.

This was entirely to mistake his place and pedigree. I use the word 'pedigree' somewhat loosely of his forerunners in the church, who shared his devotion to the chase, and

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amongst whom, as it happens, was his own father. Of Russell's parentage anon ; in the meantime let us consider the kind of influence, outside his home, that confirmed him in a pursuit which is held by many—quite legitimately from their point of view—to be inconsistent with his sacred profession. Probably the sportsman who, in his inmost essence, most nearly resembled Russell in the generation immediately preceding his own, was the Rev. Henry Farr Yeatman, a Dorsetshire master of hounds, whose kennels, I believe, were at Sherborne. Luckily or unluckily, Mr. Yeatman did not live on into democratic times, so that he was never generally known, like the venerable Admiral Keppel, as 'Harry,' and, not having been indiscreetly baptized, escaped the horrible pitfall 'Jack.'

Yeatman resembled Russell in that he achieved what never should be difficult—the combination of the gentleman with the sportsman. He seems, moreover, to have been as good a Christian as he was a gentleman ; not ecstatic, perhaps, but in the sense of leading a godly, righteous, and sober life, which is more than can be said of all hunting parsons, though it may, with certainty, be predicated of Russell. The elder held two advantages compared with the younger man ; he had considerable pretensions to scholarship, and was the possessor of ample means. On the other hand, both had been educated at Blundell's School, which is always a strong bond even between people of differing tastes. The tastes of these mighty hunters exactly corresponded ; and, favoured with the friendship of one whose hands and mind were alike pure, and whose reputation was as burnished steel, Russell, had he wished it, could not easily have lapsed into dissolute ways. If we are desirous of classifying him, and Russell was not markedly original, let us think of him with Henry Farr Yeatman, and let us *not* think of him with Jack Froude, Jack Radford, Jack Whitaker, or any Jack of them all.

Enough of the negative aspect of the subject. The positive aspect, which has been kept waiting, some may say, too long, must now engage our attention.

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Born at Dartmouth on the 21st of December 1795, John Russell was the son of the Rector of Iddesleigh, North Devon. His father, an excellent classic, read with pupils and kept hounds—not at Iddesleigh, but at Dartmouth. In a few years John Russell, senior, removed to Southhill Rectory, near Callington, where the hunting was prosecuted more vigorously than ever, and ‘sweet Academe’ receded more and more into the background. After a preliminary training at home, John, the son, was sent to Plympton Grammar School, in whose precincts he learnt to reverence Sir Joshua Reynolds, the chief glory of the place. There also he celebrated his first fight, his antagonist being John Crocker Bulteel, a scion of as tough a race of sportsmen as even the West Country can boast. However, at the conclusion of the mill, the honours rested with Russell.

From Plympton, when he was fourteen years old, the victor in this boyish battle was transferred to Blundell's, where the master, Dr. Richards, had succeeded in making for himself a name as a finished Orbilius. If they flogged at Plympton, and report says that neither cane nor birch was spared in the South Hams, the flagellations were mild as compared with those at Blundell's, and Russell soon found that he had been promoted from the frying-pan into the fire, or, more aptly, from whips to scorpions. It is only fair to add that he gave his preceptor every encouragement in the application of stripes to his person, for stern as he knew the discipline to be, he defied its utmost terrors in the pursuit of his sporting inclinations, and thus obeyed the great Reformer's maxim, *Pecca fortiter*.

It is an old story how he and Bovey kept hounds; and how, when the murder was out, and Bovey had been expelled, Russell successfully advanced the plea, which was true in substance and in fact, that he was an object rather for pity than for condemnation, inasmuch as the traitorous Bovey had stolen the dogs, and sent them home to his father. Not less familiar is the tale of Jack's revenge on Bully Hunter. That pro-

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missing young gentleman owned a family of rabbits, whose domestic peace Russell rudely disturbed by introducing into their midst a horde of ferrets ; when Hunter, with tears in his eyes, complained of this enormity to the grand inquisitor, Richards, though he had straitly forbidden the keeping of live stock, instantly discharged on Russell the vials of his wrath, and, being most untowardly provided with a stout riding-whip, laid it about the culprit with vindictive severity. In later days, when master and pupil met on more equal terms at one of the school anniversaries, Richards, who had by this time retired, was disposed to make light of his castigations, but Russell, still smarting in spirit from his exemplary methods of correction, refused to minimise them, and declared that he was the only man he (Russell) was ever afraid of.

‘Nonsense!’ exclaimed the doctor, not wholly displeased. ‘Was I really so terrible?’

‘Yes,’ replied Russell, ‘you were. I’ve set-to with some of the hardest men in England, and never found one who could hit like you.’

This leads us back to his term of residence at Oxford, where the undergraduates—at any rate, the men in Russell’s set—had no idea of taking life learnedly. Perhaps, however, this statement is too absolute. Russell and his friends were not above picking up hints from the huntsman and first whip to his Grace of Beaufort, or from an equally erudite pair in the service of Sir Thomas Mostyn, whilst the practice they got over the Oxfordshire hills and on the Old Berkshire side with Mr. John Codrington was so abundant as to leave but a modicum of time for the study of books. Hence it was a favourite saying of Russell’s that ‘it was no marvel Oxford was so learned a place, for men brought up a fair stock of school learning, but carried little away with them.’

But it was not in the hunting-field alone that the Blundellian dissipated knowledge. He exhibited prowess in another, and, in some ways, more questionable arena. Trained by that master of the science, Rowlands, he helped to vanquish in

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pugilistic warfare the chosen men of Christ Church—Russell was at Exeter—and then was smitten most horribly on the jaw by his own best friend and ally, Denne of Lydd. These amenities were exchanged by all parties in a spirit of the most cordial good fellowship, and, hostilities being ended, the battered heroes dined together.

Notwithstanding these fearful pleasures, which did not, in his case, degenerate into toleration of the prize-ring, Russell contrived to take his degree, and forthwith returned to Devonshire, there to enter on the double career which was to terminate only with his life. As a clergyman he won no special distinction, though the fame of his simple eloquence once led his diocesan, the celebrated Dr. Phillpotts, to occupy a seat in his church, and shower upon him his hearty congratulations. This, however, signified little. Though he preached acceptably and discharged with scrupulous fidelity the pastoral duties of his country cures, he never, so far as I know, received the offer of a prebendal stall, and before he came to taste the comforts of a fat living was already an octogenarian.

In the world of sport, on the contrary, his success was pronounced, and but few names, whether of parsons or laymen, have been inscribed so indelibly in the annals of hunting.

Ordained in 1819, he was licensed to the curacy of Bishop's Nympton, near Southmolton, where the Rev. W. B. Stawell was rector. If my memory does not deceive me, this gentleman was an expert in birds of game, and pitted his fosterlings against the fiery pets of Dr. Troyte, of Huntsham. Such combats were not in Russell's line, and although his small stipend appeared to forbid expensive undertakings, he started a pack of otter-hounds, which, after the inclusion of 'Racer,' justifiably aroused the keenest anxiety in the leathery denizens of the Mole and neighbouring streams. At Knowstone, too, the Rev. John Froude, a sorry clergyman, 'tis true, but an incomparable sportsman, was master of a pack of superlative hounds, and many a grand run did the curate enjoy in company with one who, whatever else he may have been, was ever

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a kind and hospitable friend to Russell. Strange as it may seem, even these resources did not suffice, for Russell's insatiable love of hunting induced him to form a fast alliance with that paladin of the chase, Mr. Templer, thirty miles away at Stover.

The time was now rapidly approaching when Russell was to encounter his matrimonial fate, and where should it await him save in the hunting-field? To be sure, there was formerly a degree of prejudice against the presence of ladies at the covert-side, and we find no allusion to the fair sex in Somerville's classic description of a meet. It would seem, however, that then, as now, the gibes of their jealous sisters at 'nasty old hares' and 'stinking old foxes' were entirely inefficacious in deterring martial young ladies from 'harking away' with the men. They certainly had no effect on Miss Penelope Incledon Bury, a gallant admiral's daughter, who one fine May morning in 1826 'harked away' with Russell in a still more interesting fashion.

The same year was also a hunting Hegira, for Russell, having removed to Iddesleigh, felt he had outgrown otters, and commenced business as a full-blown master of fox-hounds.

It were long to tell of his many adventures by flood and field, and the festive joys wherewith the indefatigable Nimrods crowned the day. The Chulmleigh Club, and, later, the still more famous Southmolton Club were popular, and yet select, institutions, which fanned into a flame the hunting ardour of the squirearchy, both near and far, and among the choicest spirits that frequented their headquarters Russell had an assured place. Not that he allowed himself to share in the deep potations by means of which the more jovial blades beguiled the night; it was not like Russell to merge the parson so completely in the *bon camarade*. But this proper restraint cost him no man's regard, it rather increased the admiration felt for him, and after a time he came to form one of a supreme triumvirate, his colleagues being Sir Walter Carew and Mr. Charles Trelawney.

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Sir Walter's splendid pack subsequently passed to his relative, Mr. Tom Carew, of Collipriest; and it may interest Blundellians to learn that, in February 1853, Russell entered into a compact with the masters of the Tiverton and South Devon hounds—his own pack was known as the North Devon hounds—for holding a fortnight's hunting tournament at Dulverton, the Melton of the West. They were to hunt by turns, and the enthusiasm of the gay little centre at the prospect, and during the continuance of the festival, may be guessed. I have no information concerning the result, and know not which pack departed with the best record of kills, but sportsmen like John Russell had sufficient respect for Master Reynard not to grieve overmuch at his escape, provided always that it was due to his own cunning exertions. 'Respect' is, perhaps, in some cases, hardly a strong enough term, for it is a sure and certain fact that harassed hunters, in pursuit of a stout moor fox, were subject to misgivings that somehow Satan had become identified with the animal that was leading them such a dance over the heather; and, under these circumstances, the advantage of having in the company a person qualified to exorcise the evil sprite, though not by bell, book, and candle, was universally realised.

Dwelling for many years on the confines of Exmoor—at Swymbridge—Russell devoted no small portion of his leisure to the chase of a nobler quarry than the fox—namely, the red stag. Fox-hunting, of course, is carried on during the dreary months of winter, and, as the old song admonishes us, a westerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning. Not so with stag-hunting, which commences earlier, and is prosecuted all through the season by many accounted the loveliest of the year. What an enthralling vista of golden autumnal mornings must have opened out before John Russell's mental eye, as he looked back on his long career! This constant exercise made for health and strength, and his fine bodily condition enabled him to interpose with effect in those emergencies which are always possible in this mimicry of war.

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Probably the most exciting incident of Russell's life was that in which, at his own conscious peril, he rescued from the desperate lunges of a stag at bay an old cider-logged fool, who was attempting to caress it. This courageous feat of Russell's youth took place in Brembridge Wood, near Castle Hill, and ought always to be associated with the locality.

Russell's stag-hunting fame was the means of gaining him the acquaintance of our present king, then Prince of Wales, at whose invitation he twice visited Sandringham. Here, without gravely committing himself, he certainly forgot one or two points of etiquette which his wife had sedulously impressed on him ere his departure from Devonshire, but his Royal host, being happily endowed with the faculty of distinguishing an old man's noble simplicity from mere clownish disregard of propriety, retained Russell in the place he had won for himself as a prime favourite.

Always sure of an ovation when he attended the Old Boys' meetings at Tiverton, he was frequently called upon to propose the toast of 'The Ladies,' which he invariably did in a way that testified to his innate courtliness of disposition and excellent breeding. I can well recall his tall form on the occasion when he preached the anniversary sermon, and how he sat at the luncheon—a striking figure in his white cravat. Never was there a more honest or kindly face than his, and though it was then somewhat puckered with age, it showed such a flush of health as bore eloquent witness to his manner of living. He looked, indeed, the very picture of an Old Boy, pleased and happy—

‘Qui se vixisse beatum
Dicat et exacto contentus tempore vita
Cedat uti conviva satur.’

We are all much too discreet and diplomatic, especially those of us who inhabit towns, where we sort ourselves into sets and sects, and live in and for these alone. The air of the country is unfavourable to this fatal segregation ; and Russell,

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like a wise man, got right home to Nature. It was not for nothing that the gipsy chieftain left him his ratcatcher's belt, and begged for burial at his hands in Swymbridge churchyard. And so it fell out that when in 1883, at the age of eighty-eight, he passed away at Black Torrington—to the rectory of which place he had been presented four summers before by Lord Poltimore—in spite of all prohibitions there went up from the great heart of Exmoor a prayer that will be echoed by his schoolfellows to all generations—May he rest in peace!

FRANCIS FULFORD

THIS good man, the value of whose life is not to be measured by the events it contained, was born at Sidmouth on October 3, 1803. He made no great stir in the world ; his name, except as the first Metropolitan of Canada, does not figure in the pages of history ; the greater reason, therefore, that the annals of a full yet unobtrusive life should be placed on record in his old school.

He was the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Fulford of Fulford Magna, an old Devon family, long settled near Exeter. Entering the School in 1817, he remained there till he matriculated at Oxford from Exeter College in February 1821. Among his school-fellows were Dr. Dicken, and his life-long friend, Dr. Jeremie. His career at the University was distinguished, but the call to parochial work came, and he resigned his Fellowship on his marriage in 1830.

His first curacy was at Holne, a picturesque village near Ashburton, on the south-east border of Dartmoor, which at that time maintained a curious annual custom called the Ram Feast, a relic, apparently, of the ancient heathen sacrifice to Baal. In 1832 he was instituted Rector of Trowbridge, Wilts, where he remained ten years, gaining the respect, and conciliating the good-will, of all, both as clergyman and magistrate.

After a three years' stay in Cambridgeshire as Rector of Croydone, he was appointed, in 1845, minister of Curzon Chapel, Mayfair. This gave him opportunities for extending the interest he had always taken in the Church abroad, and on the foundation of the *Colonial Church Chronicle and Missionary Journal*, 1848, he was appointed editor.

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As domestic chaplain to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, his sterling qualities were brought into notice, and in 1850 he was appointed the first Bishop of the new diocese of Montreal.

A curious plate in the *Illustrated London News* of that date, depicts his consecration in Westminster Abbey on July 25, and by September 12 he had reached his new sphere of work. Formed out of the old unwieldy diocese of Quebec, the bishopric of Montreal covered in itself some five hundred and thirty square miles, so the work of organisation into parishes and districts was no light one. The Bishop, however, was a good business man, and possessed an evenness of character which enabled him to carry through all the measures needful for organising the Church. His first visitation, held in 1852, won the respect of all parties by his declaration that the Church of England in Canada, politically considered, 'existed but as one of many religious bodies.'

'To the casual observer,' wrote one who knew him well, 'he seemed languid in temperament, and unready in expression. Yet when the call of duty came no one was more ready.' The fact is that he was not a man of restless enthusiastic energy, but quiet and self-controlled, of set purpose and steady aim. When he visited the United States, the Americans were struck by his simple, unpretending manner, which, without rhetoric or assumption of dignity, commanded attention and respect.

He found time to co-operate with all the various societies of Montreal, and in 1857, himself laid the foundation stone of the new cathedral, an object which he had very much at heart. Rebuilt in what seemed splendour to the Canadians, the cathedral was opened, and the first sermon preached by the Bishop on Advent Sunday, 1859. But the cost of the building had been heavy, and though it was defrayed without financial disaster, yet the strain of the debt so preyed upon him that he practised the utmost economy in order to pay it off.

By letters-patent in 1860 the Queen promoted him to be Metropolitan of Canada, and on September 10 the first

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provincial synod was held. Chiefly on the recommendation of the Canadian Synod, the Archbishop of Canterbury called together the Pan-Anglican Synod in 1867, on which occasion Dr. Fulford revisited England. Most probably he overtaxed his strength by the labour which the visit entailed ; at any rate, he never again enjoyed good health, and died at Montreal on September 9, 1868, amid signs of regret from all religious bodies regardless of creed.

His writings were few, consisting chiefly of sermons and addresses on various occasions ; indeed, the nature of his work, in the organisation of a large diocese, left little time for literary effort. In private life he was dearly loved for his gentleness and simplicity of character. Children were at home with him at once, and even strangers were drawn to him by the sympathy which he extended to all. 'Men of more remarkable gifts,' it was said at the time, 'may hereafter occupy the throne, but it will be hard to find one so wise and careful, so moderate and fair, so full of gentle courtesy and kindly sympathy.'

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THERE are several men who consider themselves marvels of greatness—men who are still living—concerning whom I should be rather pleased than otherwise to write a memoir of them if they were dead. Under such circumstances it would give me a positive delight to dilate upon their virtues, to try and explain how ill the nation could afford to spare them, what a void was occasioned when they joined the great majority, and what they might have done had they been only spared to do it. The editor of this book, however, has restricted my latitude and longitude in this respect, and has only given me two characters to deal with; but they are two good ones, two of the best Englishmen that were ever bred, and they were both Blundellians—Colonel Sir Charles Cornwallis Chesney, and General Sir George Tomkyns Chesney, K.C.B. They were both ‘day boys,’ and lived in a house close to the church. They were at school with the late Archbishop of Canterbury and several other well-known men from 1835 to about 1838. The Rev. Henry Sanders, afterwards Archdeacon Sanders, was Headmaster, and Dr. Boulton was in charge of what was then known as the Lower School. Blundell’s in those remote ages, as we consider them nowadays, was somewhat different to what it is now. There was, for instance, no train to Tiverton, and my father tells me he had to travel by coach from Bristol, a long and cold journey in winter, and without much attraction when he reached his destination; for they had to ‘rough it,’ in 1835, with a vengeance at Schola Blundellina. No, I am wrong, there was an attraction—an attraction to all the boys in the school, Upper and Lower—Miss Antonia Boulton, afterwards Mrs. Chap-



The Chesney Medal.

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man. May I be pardoned for taking her name in vain? But 'Apropos'; Dr. Boulton gave a party to the boys in his house one evening, and invited others in Sanders's house and some of the town contingent, the Chesneys, I believe, amongst them. Miss Boulton wrote to Mr. Sanders and asked if he would allow Temple and a few of the bigger scholars whom she mentioned to stay till ten o'clock. 'Dear Antonia,' wrote Sanders, in reply, 'rules are rules.' So the future Archbishop had to turn out and turn in at nine P.M. sharp, whilst my father and the rest of the guests stayed on to ten, and I have no doubt had a really good time of it. But here comes in a tiny bit of a joke. Miss Antonia Boulton, as I have indicated, became Mrs. Chapman, and years after was entertaining at dinner the Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Temple) and Archdeacon Sanders. In the course of conversation his lordship observed, 'You may remember, Mrs. Chapman, that, when I was a boy at Blundell's, Sanders would not allow me to stay out till ten o'clock at your house; he said, "Rules are rules." You see, now, I am the ruler, and that is why I have made him an archdeacon.'

Well, Shakspeare says, 'Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them.' It is in the second category that I would place the Chesneys. Since I was asked to write their history I have carefully studied their lives, and they are both marvellous examples of dogged perseverance, persistent energy, indomitable pluck, everything that is great and good in human nature. Everything that is calculated to make men loving and beloved they possessed to the fullest extent, and yet withal they were as modest as children; they never really realised their strength; they never appreciated how popular they were with the British army and with the nation whom they so loyally served; and nobody knows, never will know, what good those two men, in an unostentatious way, brought about—changes which have counted for much, and will count for more before another decade passes over our heads. At any rate I am sure that

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they have added materially to the well-being of our country. I will take the two brothers in chronological order.

Sir Charles Cornwallis Chesney, who was born a Michaelmas goose on the 29th September 1826, entirely belied his historic origin, in that he proved himself, throughout his career, one of the smartest officers in Her Majesty's service. He was the third son of Captain Charles Cornwallis Chesney, on the retired list of the Bengal Artillery. After he left Blundell's he went to Woolwich, and obtained his first commission in 1845 as second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, passing out of the Academy at the head of his form. Much to his disappointment he had no chance of smelling powder, as he was stationed in New Zealand during the Crimean War, whilst India was barred to Artillery and Engineers. Among the various reforms in our military system which followed from that war was the impetus given to military education. Army history was for the first time introduced into the course of education in our military colleges, and in 1858 Charles Chesney, who had brought himself under notice by an essay on the subject, was appointed Professor of Military History at Sandhurst. In 1864 Captain Chesney, as he was then, succeeded Colonel Hamley in the corresponding chair at the Staff College. The published writings of these two distinguished officers were received with great favour by the authorities on the Continent, and in America Chesney evidently thought that the pen was mightier than the sword, for he wrote an account of the war in Virginia, which was a decided success and went through many editions. The work, however, which gained for him a reputation as an author was his *Waterloo Lectures*, prepared from a series of dissertations delivered at the Staff College. Chesney's lucid and vigorous account of the momentous struggle, while it illustrates both the strategy and tactics which culminated in the final catastrophe, lays bare the mistakes committed by Napoleon, and points out that the dispositions of the Duke of Wellington were not altogether faultless. There was pluck in this, which was much

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commented on at the time. There is a good deal in the volume which the present Emperor of Germany might read with advantage and with a certain amount of pride, because Chesney was the first to credit the Prussians with their proper share of the victory. These lectures, as I have said, attracted as much attention abroad as they did at home, and by command of Napoleon III. another account was written, and published in Paris immediately afterwards, for the purpose of upholding the Napoleonic legend that the battle was won by the French.

Chesney was for many years a constant contributor to the newspaper press and to periodical literature, devoting himself, for the most part, to the critical treatment of military operations and professional subjects generally. His style is forcible, easy, and eminently clear, his judgment always impartial and sagacious, and although his criticisms may be open to the remark that as he never was in action, and therefore could not realise the difficulties of an army in the field, or make sufficient allowances for the blunders of generals, still his statements, as a whole, have never been successfully controverted, so that he may be fairly entitled to the distinction of being a critic *sans peur et sans reproche*. In 1868 Charles Chesney, who, on promotion to field rank, had returned to regimental duty, was appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Military Education, which sat during that and the following year under the presidency, first of Earl de Grey, and afterwards of Lord Dufferin, to whose recommendations are due the improved organisation of our military colleges and the development of education throughout the principal military stations of the British army. In 1871, immediately after the conclusion of the Franco-German War, he was sent on a special mission to France and Germany, and furnished to the Government a series of valuable reports on the different siege operations which had been carried on during the campaign, including, especially, the two sieges of Paris, and on the condition of the fortresses and military condition and organisation

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of the two powers. Only a few copies of these reports were received, and all confidentially.

Colonel Chesney never sought regimental nor staff preferment, and never obtained any ; but he held at the time of his death a quite unique position in the army, altogether apart from, and above his actual place in it. He was consulted by officers of all grades on professional matters, and his ready and vigorous pen was often placed at the service of the Government to illustrate and defend in the press the different measures of reform which were carried out by the late Lord Cardwell. He certainly raised the intellectual standard of the service, to which he was so devotedly attached, both as regards officers and men, and his death at the early age of forty-nine was felt as keenly by the army as it was by the nation, who fully realised that they had lost one of its ablest and most devoted servants.

The *Times* of March 21 says: 'We regret to announce the death of Colonel Charles Chesney, R.E., from a sudden chill caught while travelling in the severe weather of Sunday week. It produced pneumonia, under which Colonel Chesney sank about noon on Sunday last. Colonel Chesney had been associated with all the recent reforms initiated by the War Department, and it is scarcely too much to say that his early death is a public loss.' In the *Times* of March 23, too, appears the following paragraph: 'We are requested to state that the late Colonel Chesney, R.E., will be buried to-day in St. Michael's churchyard, Yorktown, and not in the cemetery adjoining the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. During the time that Colonel Chesney was a Professor, both at the Royal College and at the Staff College, he lived (about ten years) in Yorktown, and took an active part in the schools and other philanthropic works.'

The funeral was solemnised on March 23, 1876, at Sandhurst. The hearse was conveyed from London by the South-Eastern Railway to the Blackwater Station, near the Royal Military College, and was there met by the officers and men of the Royal Engineers from Aldershot, when the procession

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was formed and marched in slow time through the little village of Yorktown, past the Royal Military College, to the picturesque cemetery in the wood adjacent to that building. The procession was headed by a large body of the Royal Engineers, with arms reversed, followed by the bands of the Royal Military College and the Fusiliers, playing the Dead March in 'Saul,' preceding the coffin of the deceased officer, borne on a gun-carriage drawn by six horses of the Royal Engineer's train, the coffin being covered with the Union Jack, and bearing the cocked hat and sword, followed by the deceased officer's led charger, with boots and spurs reversed according to the custom of military funerals. Nine field officers of the Royal Engineers, namely, Colonel Grant, deputy adjutant-general, Colonel Ewart, Colonel Sir Howard Elphinstone, Colonel Schaw, Colonel Farrell, Colonel Home, Colonel Mayors, Colonel Courtney, and Colonel Phillips, acted as pall-bearers. The remains were followed by Colonels Francis and George Chesney, as chief mourners, and a large number of his relatives and friends. The funeral was attended by Sir R. Simmonds, Inspector-General of Fortifications (a Somerset man who was buried last summer in the family vault in the churchyard at Churchill); General Sir Duncan Cameron, G.C.B., General Napier, Governor of the Royal Military College; General Sir T. Steel, commanding the Aldershot Division; General Lysons, C.B.; Colonel Hamley, Commandant Staff College; Colonels Harman, Middleton, Wodd, V.C.; and a large number of officers of Engineers, and other branches of the service. There was a large concourse of persons of all ranks, which testified to the strong feelings of esteem and affection with which the deceased was regarded. He has been described as 'the best military critic of his time.' He was Commandant of the Home District Royal Engineers, 1873.

His principal works were *A Military View of Recent Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland*, 1863; *The Military Resources of Prussia and France*; *The Recent Changes in the Art*

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of War ; Essays, by Charles Chesney and Henry Reeve ; *Waterloo Lectures* ; and *Essays in Modern Military Biography*.

His brother, General Sir George Tomkyns Chesney, K.C.B., was born in 1830. He lived longer, and, in consequence, attained higher rank in his profession. He is best known, perhaps, as the author of a book called *The Battle of Dorking*, which created a perfect furore in military circles when it was first published. It was issued anonymously, and no one, until the secret was out, could hit upon the author. It was a description of a German invasion of England, and set all our tacticians seriously 'on the think,' as the Yankees say. It was translated into several foreign languages, and opened the eyes of the War Office authorities a good deal wider than is their 'wonted wink.' It showed them how things could be done, and would be done if they did not wake up. It accelerated their movements somewhat, which in those days was something to be proud of. As I have already stated, Sir George was at Blundell's. He afterwards went to the Woolwich Academy. He joined the Bengal Engineers in 1848. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in 1854, and served throughout the siege of Delhi, where he was twice severely wounded. He was promoted captain in 1858, and in 1872 became major in the Royal Engineers ; lieutenant-colonel in 1874, colonel in 1884, and general in 1885, having in the meantime been appointed principal of Cooper's Hill College, and then secretary to the Military Secretariat, Government of India—a post which he resigned in 1885. His great work on Indian policy was published in 1868. In 1887 he became a member of the Council of the Governor-General of India. When Sir George came back to his native country he could not be idle, and so sought Parliamentary honours. He was returned for Oxford City as a Conservative at the General Election of 1892, when he beat a Gladstonian Liberal by 120 votes. He died in 1895.

I must almost apologise to my readers for not having made more of the two interesting subjects which the editor

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of this book has honoured me by committing to my charge. I can only say I have done my best with both, but I have felt all along that to write a really satisfactory or unsatisfactory memoir of a man, one must have known him, studied him, been on friendly or unfriendly terms with him. It has not been my privilege to have met either of the distinguished men whose lives I have endeavoured to indicate ; but of this I am sure, from what I have read of them, Blundellians may reckon them amongst the many old boys of whom the school is justly proud, and whom the nation has delighted to honour.

ABRAHAM HAYWARD

ABRAHAM HAYWARD, the last survivor of the generation of wits and diners-out which flourished in the second quarter of the last century, came of an old Wiltshire stock, and was born near Salisbury in the year 1801, his father having sold the family estate at Hilcot, North Newton. His remarkable Christian name—which, by the way, he hated—was the surname of his mother's family. At the age of seven he was sent to a private school at Bath, and on leaving there entered Blundell's in the year 1811. It is on record that he found both the discipline and the diet severe; indeed, in after life he ascribed his permanent ill-health to the hard school fare. In the Life of Dean Hook, who, with his brother, was Hayward's contemporary, the same complaint is raised, and the boys were soon removed, but Hayward remained till January 1817. Dr. Richards, the Headmaster, was a man of excellent parts but a strict disciplinarian, against whom it is remembered in Tiverton, after nearly a century, that he not uncommonly began the day's work by flogging half a dozen boys. Hayward was very likely a witness of the scene when the Headmaster, returning from his daily ride, heard a complaint made against Jack Russell, seized him by the collar and thrashed him out of hand with a heavy whalebone riding-whip.

Severity is stamped on every feature of the portrait of Dr. Richards in the big schoolroom, and of him it may be said, as Coleridge remarked of a Christ's Hospital master, that it was fortunate that the cherubs who conveyed him to heaven were nothing but head and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them on the way. But setting aside the discipline

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and regimen, Hayward always spoke well of Blundell's, praising its strong traditions and the manliness of the senior boys. The studies of the school made him a good Latin scholar, while from the rivers of Tiverton he learnt to become a capital swimmer, a skilful fisherman and diver.

On leaving school he was articled to Mr. Tuson, a solicitor at Northover, and remained for seven years a member of his family. In this he was fortunate, for he was thrown among literary people, and had at his disposal a library well stocked with the English classics ; on these he feasted, and laid the foundations, doubtless, of that knowledge of English literature, for which he afterwards became so remarkable as to call forth the opinion that 'for the purposes of cultivated society the late Lord Macaulay and Mr. Hayward were the two best read men in England.'

In 1824 he entered himself as a student of the Inner Temple, eager to enter the society of all who were distinguished for rank and talent in London, and in 1832 he was called to the Bar. Now a few years previously he had become a member of the London Debating Society, and was thus thrown into contact with some of the most aspiring minds of the day. Hayward himself, it is interesting to note, was at the time on the Tory side. But reform was in the air ; the real influence of the French Revolution was making itself felt now that the generation which remembered only its excesses was passing away. Closely connected with this movement was an impulse in the direction of law reform which led to the establishment in 1828 of the *Law Magazine*, under the joint editorship of Hayward and another. By the time the fifth number appeared he had become sole editor, a position which he held till 1844.

This brought him into contact with many foreign jurists, and happening to come across a German tract on Jurisprudence, he translated it for the benefit of those who were unacquainted with the German tongue. His translation was a great success, and was followed by a visit to Germany, where he was received with enthusiasm by the jurists of Göttingen, and as an outcome

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of the visit he set about making a translation of Goethe's *Faust* into English prose for his own use. As the work proceeded, it occurred to him to publish it with a preface and notes, and accordingly, after having been for test purposes privately circulated among friends, the book appeared in 1833. It met with a success as complete as instantaneous. Congratulations poured in from the most eminent poets and men of letters, while the undoubted result was to stimulate in England an appreciation of German literature, and, incidentally, to open to the translator the door of that 'world of elegance and ease' which he had set himself to enter.

Was it not Thackeray who confessed to the weakness of wishing to walk down St. James' Street arm-in-arm with a Duke? But this was nothing to the achievement of Hayward, who, in a letter to his sisters under date March 31, 1838, remarks: 'I rode through the park yesterday with Count D'Orsay to the admiration of all beholders, for every eye is sure to be fixed upon him, and the whole world was out, so that I began to tremble for my character.' For fifty years he kept his place in English society, rising by force of will into a position almost unique, on easy terms of friendship with the most eminent men and women of the time. Privileged he was, too, for he gradually outlived his unpopularity, and was measured by a standard of his own; so that for many years before his death his judgment on men and books came to be regarded as final, a court from which there was no appeal.

Few men suffered more from the misrepresentation of enemies. A professional diner-out, a tuft, a cynic, a retailer of after-dinner anecdotes; these are some of the terms that have been applied to him. As 'Mr. Venom Tuft' he was assailed by Samuel Warren, and as Mr. St. Barbe in *Endymion* by Lord Beaconsfield, between whom and Hayward there was mutual hatred. This arose partly from an article written by Hayward on Disraeli in the *Edinburgh Review*, April 1853, which sent the supporters of that brilliant statesman into a frenzy of rage, while a few months later, in the *Morning*

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Chronicle, he exposed a plagiarism of which Disraeli had been guilty in his eulogy on the Duke of Wellington.

The facts of the case were simple enough. A few years previously the *Morning Chronicle* had published the translation of an eulogy pronounced by Thiers on Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr. Disraeli, either careless of the consequences or trusting to the stupidity of the British nation, had 'lifted' this translation, and quoted it almost word for word in his eulogy on the Duke of Wellington. It was a piece of plagiarism sublime in its audacity and worthy of Disraeli. But the old writers on the *Chronicle* took counsel, and secured the insertion of the speech and the translated passage. Every attempt was made by friends to explain it away, when an article by Hayward in *Fraser's Magazine* laid open the whole affair, and showed that the plagiarism was not merely taking a thought, but copying a complete passage. It was an *exposé* that would have ruined the political career of any other man but Disraeli, who, though he carried it off boldly at the time, never forgave Hayward. Regarded critically, the article is convincing and slashing enough, but hardly in the best style of a writer who excelled in what may be called the sub-acid style. Hayward never fell into the error of bludgeoning his victims, as Macaulay did, to name only one of those writers who, in the spirit of the special pleader, prove their case to the hilt, and yet carry no conviction, least of all to the victim, of the justice of their case. There was no bitterness, no over-statement; always calm, Hayward's satire was so finely pointed, the stab so delicate, that by the thick-skinned it was scarcely felt.

'It was just the same with his after-dinner stories,' wrote one who knew him well, 'which were told in a manner peculiarly his own. There was not a word of unnecessary detail, not a single redundant adjective. This severity, so to say, of style was that of a man accustomed to a cultivated audience. The anecdotes were cut down to the very skeleton; there were none of the tricks of the professional *raconteur*. His conversation, too, had the same epigrammatic

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spice about it which gave distinction to his stories. Faults he had, no doubt, and angularities of temper ; but they were not those assigned him by his enemies.' He has been called superficial by critics who were, perhaps, themselves the best judges of superficiality. But his range of knowledge and his accuracy were wonderful, and it was his very mastery of the subject that enabled him to play with it, with the result that his writings are amusing as well as instructive.

He was intrepid, too, in championing his friends, working for them, as his letters testify, sometimes even more than they desired or deserved. He might have taken for his motto that of Figaro, 'Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy,' and it was this very quality of thoroughness which led him to see in Disraeli only a *poseur*, a man whose life was essentially false.

For some years Hayward lived in chambers in King's Bench Walk, practising successfully as a barrister, going out into society, entertaining his friends at delightful little parties which used to include 'perhaps three, sometimes perhaps only two, of the loveliest and most gifted women that London society boasted ; and of men, perhaps about five. You might meet Lockhart, or Macaulay, or Sydney Smith, or Lord Lansdowne, or Henry Bulwer, or (when the Peelite time came) Sidney Herbert and Graham, and the lawless but engaging George Smythe ; but feeling the value of novelty, he also would sometimes provide a new, and perhaps a young hero, a man perhaps great on the Continent, though hardly as yet known in London. By taking unbounded pains—and that, after all, is the secret—Hayward made it a certainty that, however unpretentious his dinners, the food and the wine should be the best of their kinds.'

Writing to a friend, James Smith (one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*) mentions a dinner in May 1836 : 'Our dinner-party yesterday, at Hayward's chambers in the Temple, was very lively. Mrs. Norton was dressed in pink, with a black lace veil. Hook was the lion of the dinner-table ; whereupon I, like Addison, did "maintain my dignity by a

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stiff silence." An opportunity for a bon-mot, however, occurred, which I had not virtue sufficient to resist. Lord Lyndhurst mentioned that an old lady, an acquaintance of his, kept her books in detached bookcases, the male authors in one, and the female in another. I said, "I suppose her reason was she did not wish to add to her library." But this is not quite accurate. The joke was made by Lord Lyndhurst, and the story which gave rise to it was told by Hayward himself.

In 1845 he was made a Q.C. on the ground of general ability rather than of large practice at the Bar. But the Benchers, by way of protest against the innovation, refused to elect him into their body, and Hayward, setting himself vigorously to redress this wrong, was plunged into a very sea of troubles that kept him angrily busy for many a year. Up to this time he had taken little or no part in politics, but after abandoning his career at the Bar, it was not long before he threw himself heart and soul into the great questions of the day. It is pleasant, incidentally, to notice that when a few numbers of *Vanity Fair* had appeared, Hayward wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* an article which hastened the recognition of Thackeray's reputation; but other and more important matters soon claimed him.

After 1846 the Tory party was split up into Free Traders and Protectionists, and Hayward, who had previously accepted the Free Trade doctrines, was drawn into close alliance with Sir Robert Peel and his supporters, and soon afterwards, having been appointed in 1848 on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, the newly purchased organ of the Peelites, he became directly engaged in party warfare.

With characteristic vigour Hayward flung himself into the struggle, and at one political crisis, when the fate of the Government rested on the division, and to many the return of the Protectionists to power seemed certain, Hayward 'sat out the debate, and with a bit of pencil and a few sheets of note-paper, wrote upon his knees then and there an answer to Lord Derby's speech, and walking off to the Strand with his

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copy at two o'clock in the morning, had the gratification to see in print the next day a clear and conclusive answer to all the arguments of the Protectionists on the previous night.' This article revolutionised at a stroke the whole art of leader writing, for it appeared concurrently with the speech it criticised, instead of a day later when the speech had done its work. Further, he played no small part in the negotiations which brought about the coalition between the Peelites and the Whigs; and it was at a dinner in his rooms, it is said, that the alliance was cemented. As a member of the Carlton and Athenæum Clubs he was in touch with the leaders of his own party, while in society and in the pages of the *Morning Chronicle* he urged with equal aggressiveness and literary ability the cause of his friends, the Peelites.

Early in 1854 England was slowly drifting into war with Russia, and it was all important for the Government to know the real resources and opinions of our allies, the French. Hayward, trustworthy in all he undertook, was, through his intimacy with M. Thiers and other leading Frenchmen, just the man to be of service at this juncture, and his correspondence with M. Thiers, written for the use of the Duke of Newcastle, illustrates strikingly the invisible influences which modify the policy of a country. The letters about this time reveal the unique position he held in political circles, for not only was he a 'forcible writer and a man of matured judgment, but he had a practical way of looking at things, and an absolute independence of thought and speech.'

After the fall of the Aberdeen Ministry, and the accession to office of Lord Palmerston, Hayward continued closely in touch with the leaders of politics, though his correspondence has a literary rather than a political interest. In a paper entitled 'More about Junius,' he reopened the dispute as to the authorship of the letters, attacking the Franciscan theory in his usual trenchant style.

Whether or no those envenomed letters were really written by Sir Philip Francis lies outside the scope of this essay, but

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the following quotation from a letter shows that Hayward succeeded, at any rate, in making some notable converts :—

‘Five out of six of the best intellects of my acquaintance think the Franciscan theory rudely shaken, if not demolished, Froude, Arnold, Kinglake, Grote, Dr. Smith, Sir F. Pollock, Cardwell, the Master of Trinity, the Provost of Eton, etc., being of the number. But many of the old Whigs and the Macaulayites take my pamphlet almost as a personal offence. I feel convinced they will lie and misquote in the *Edinburgh*, unless Reeve does it himself, he would be fair. I fancy it will be done by him with aid from——, who is neither logical nor fair.’

The expected reply came in the next number of the *Edinburgh*, and is dismissed by Hayward in a subsequent letter as ‘simply a hash-up of Merivale’s weakest points.’ The controversy after the manner of its kind blazed fiercely for a while, burnt itself out, and was forgotten ; but one of the greatest literary puzzles of modern times remains to-day unsolved.

In the year 1869 Hayward once more became a regular contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and, until within a few months of his death, never missed supplying four articles a year.

‘These Quarterly articles,’ said the *Times* of February 4, 1884, in its obituary notice, ‘are extraordinarily characteristic of him. He has written of the men of this generation, and one or two past generations, in the fulness of familiar knowledge. Every here and there, when he is sketching some celebrity, and the subject of the sketch may be either an Englishman or a foreigner, we come on a personal experience brought in by way of illustration, or on a remark made to the writer. When the biography of any statesman or politician appeared, when there was any book touching upon contemporary history, Hayward was the very man to review it. He had met most people, he had heard about everybody else, and as one of his intimate friends once remarked, his

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memory was only too morbidly accurate. So that some of his sparkling essays rest nearly as much on his social successes as on his literary skill.'

Though he was by this time well advanced in years, being always one year younger than the century, his intellect was as keen as ever, and his interest in men and matters unabated. For instance, when the Liberal party was defeated in 1874, and Mr. Gladstone formally retired from public life, Hayward, in a letter to Lord Salisbury, prophesied that 'about this time next year, if not before, you will find him as eager for the fray as ever.'

All through his long life, Hayward, confirmed bachelor though he was, had enjoyed the friendship and acknowledged the influence of ladies. To his sisters he was always considerate and kind. His friendship with the brilliant and beautiful Mrs. Norton dated from his early days in London, while in middle life Lady Palmerston, and, afterwards, Lady Waldegrave, and Mrs. Grote, regarded him as their counsellor and confidant.

His literary articles showed no signs of failing powers, and two brochures, *The Second Armada* (a *jeu-d'esprit*, suggested by Sir George Chesney's *Battle of Dorking*) and *The Purchase System*, sounded with no uncertain voice the note of reform in the services. The year 1881 found him pursuing his old round of life, writing in the morning, playing whist in the afternoon, and dining in his usual corner of the Athenæum at night. But a letter, written in Paris, strikes a note of pathos that the writer himself would have been the last to admit:—

'It is one of the penalties of long life to have seen everything and known everybody — *Connu Connu*, is now my constant exclamation, and it is sadly destructive of energy.'

Two years later, in 1883, we gather from his letters that Hayward was at Ostend, yachting with the King of the Belgians; a few days afterwards he was in Paris, and spent a day at Chantilly with the Duc D'Aumale. On his return home he finished his last article for the *Quarterly Review*; and

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an invitation from Mr. Gladstone, who hopes soon to read his article on Marshal Bugeaud, inviting him to Hawarden, 'while we have yet some leaves on the trees,' brings the correspondence, so far as it is published, to a close. Soon afterwards an attack of congestion of the lungs robbed him of almost all his remaining strength, and though he rallied for a while, and was even able to dine at the Athenæum every night, the effort was too great, and it was evident that the end was not far off. Nursed by his sister, and supported by two devoted friends, Mr. Kinglake and Lord Torrington, Abraham Hayward passed away on February 2, 1884.

A lady who knew him well wrote shortly after his death : 'One great charm of his society was, he flattered you by always speaking of some interesting subjects and never wearying you by trivial talk. He had a great power of adapting himself to his company. Still, he held his own, never giving way to either prince or potentate. It must never be forgotten how true and constant he was to his friends, and that time neither touched his regard nor weakened his sense of right and wrong. He was a good lover and an honest hater.'

His essays, of which the best are perhaps 'The Art of Dining,' 'Whist,' and 'Pearls and Mock Pearls of History,' will remain for all time models of scholarship and accuracy, the latter quality, indeed, he possessed in the very highest degree. His 'fierce love of truth,' as it was called, led him to exercise the greatest pains in all he wrote or undertook ; rarely, indeed, was he caught tripping. For two generations he was a great force in the world of letters, and in almost all he wrote his own personality was constantly in evidence. The corner which, with a small circle of friends, he always occupied in the dining-room at the Athenæum, is still remembered, though the epigrams and bon-mots made there have for the most part perished ; Blundell's, however, is not likely soon to forget the happy phrase in which he called his old school 'The Eton of the West.'

JAMES AMIRAUX JEREMIE

THE decline in the population and prosperity of Tiverton which, from various causes, set in towards the end of the eighteenth century did not extend to Blundell's.

Dr. Richards, appointed in 1794, started work with 108 boys, a number which, ten years later, at the bi-centenary of the school, had increased to 150, and by June 1815 exceeded 200. But this steady rise in numbers was not the only product of the strict rule of Dr. Richards and his scarcely less famous usher, Mr. John Ley, who, himself a Blundell's scholar of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, had returned to his old school in 1788, and remained there thirty-six years.

A long and worthy list might be made of the boys who, after passing through the hands of these teachers, won fame for themselves in after life ; but in the world of scholarship none were better known than Aldersey Dicken, afterwards Headmaster of Blundell's, and James Amiraux Jeremie, the subject of this memoir.

Jeremie was born at St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, in the year 1802, descendant of an old Huguenot family long settled in that island.

He entered Blundell's in the summer of 1813, remained there seven years, during which he was known as a boy of modest, amiable character, and of brilliant intellect, until, in 1820, he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge.

His University career was distinguished. He won the Norrisean Essay Prize in 1823 and 1825, the Hulsean Prize in 1824, and the Members' Prize in 1826, in which year he was also elected to a fellowship. Examining Chaplain to his

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friend, the Bishop of Lincoln, he was appointed to a prebendal stall there, and subsequently, in 1848, to the sub-deanery of that Cathedral. From 1843 to 1848 Dr. Jeremie held the living of Winwick, Northamptonshire, though he must have been absent for a great part of the time lecturing at Haileybury, then a College belonging to the Honourable East India Company, and the training-ground for many whose names have become household words in Anglo-Indian history.

It was a distinguished staff that welcomed Jeremie when he, one of the most brilliant and learned of the Junior Fellows of Trinity, was elected in 1830 to the post of Professor of Classical and General Literature. At once his influence was felt by all who came in contact with him, for he was a man of varied learning, playful wit, and brilliant fancy. 'One charm of his lectures lay in their wealth of allusion and illustration,' writes one who knew him well. Egyptology, Indian philosophy, Oriental commerce, all these were laid under contribution. Not content with borrowed information, he always consulted first-hand authorities, and the story goes that he used to be seen travelling in the Cambridge coach with large volumes not accessible at Haileybury.

As disciplinarian his extreme sensitiveness, no doubt, placed him at a disadvantage in dealing with boisterous spirits, and he was known to grieve acutely over some practical joke, especially if he believed it inflicted pain on man or beast. In the pulpit he was so nervous and distrustful of his physical powers to go through the fatigue of preaching that he always took one or two shorter alternative sermons which he had preached before, and could, as he thought, be preached with greater ease. Further, he always exacted a promise from a friend to supply his place in case he should, at the last moment, break down. But as he warmed to his subject his mental energy overcame physical weakness, and every syllable was eloquent to his hearers. Language and substance were always of the best; but it was the contagious enthusiasm of a highly-wrought poetical temperament that was the secret of his

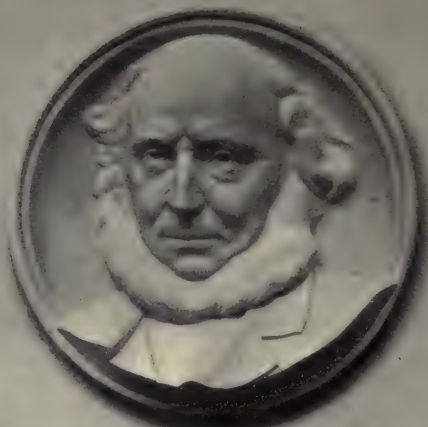
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wonderful influence over his hearers ; and it was no mere ephemeral influence. As Dean of Haileybury he was thrown into contact with many of the men who became in after years the rulers of India ; and the wise counsel he gave, or the burning word he spoke in the college, has proved, it may be believed, the best charter the millions of India could have had for regulating the vast power vested in the hands of his pupils.

In 1850, having been appointed Regius Professor of Divinity, Jeremie returned to his old University, and for the next fourteen years Cambridge claimed him altogether, except for the months of his residence as Sub-Dean of Lincoln. In 1864 he was made Dean by Lord Palmerston, though he retained his professorship till the year 1870. This was not a very satisfactory arrangement, and there is no doubt that the pressure of this double work injured Jeremie's health, besides interfering with the duties of his professorship. Two years later, having been in failing health for some months, he died quite suddenly, and was buried in Guernsey, the land of his birth.

He remained a bachelor, and, being a man of large private means, was able to give generously, as the two Jeremie Prizes for the study of the Septuagint amply testify. He wrote on many subjects, but only a few of his writings were published, as he was exceedingly nervous of criticism. The sermons, however, which he preached before the University were remarkable for their depth of thought and erudition, and have given him a high place among the great scholars that Cambridge produced during the last century.





THIS TABLET WITH THE WINDOW ABOVE ARE A
TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION AND AFFECTION
TO THE MEMORY
OF

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, M.A.

SON OF THE

REV. JOHN BLACKMORE.

EDUCATED AT BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, TIVERTON;

AND EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD, (SCHOLAR)

BARRISTER OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, 1852;

AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE," "SPRINCHAVEN" AND OTHER WORKS;

BORN AT LONGWORTH, BERKS, 7 JUNE, 1825;

DIED AT TEDDINGTON, MIDDLESEX, 20 JAN., 1900.

"INSIGHT, AND HUMOUR, AND THE RHYTHMIC ROLL
OF ANTIQUE LORE, HIS FERTILE FANCIES SWAY'D,
AND WITH THEIR VARIOUS ELOQUENCE ARRAY'D
HIS STERLING ENGLISH, PURE AND CLEAN AND WHOLE."

"HE ADDED CHRISTIAN COURTESY, AND THE HUMILITY
OF ALL THOUGHTFUL MINDS, TO A CERTAIN GRAND
AND GLORIOUS GIFT OF RADIATING HUMANITY."

Cradock Nowell.

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE

IN the bederoll of Blundell's Worthies occurs no name more familiar or more justly esteemed than that of the man who first caught the poetry of the school by the Lowman, and painted such a picture of it as the world will never forget.

Lorna Doone is deathless, there can be no doubt. It is one of those great romances that stand out lone—like Dunkery, overtopping the lesser heights. The only story I care to bring into comparison is a story of European celebrity—Manzoni's *Betrothed*, where bravi represent the Doones, and the sweetness and innocence of country-life are clearly mirrored. If Blackmore's creation has not yet established itself on the Continent, probably it is for the reason that it is largely untranslatable. The solid framework of the periods, with their quaint, antique tournures, may perhaps be copied in other tongues, but the finer symbolism, enshrining the central property and master principle of the whole, must surely be lost in the transfer. The homeliness of *Lorna Doone* is for the nation to whom home is very nearly all. This sentiment the English share with their kinsmen across the main, and therefore it has come to pass that in America *Lorna Doone* is no less popular, no less classic, than in the motherland. Blackmore, by the way, though he felt sorely the injustice of the American law of copyright, owing to which he was never a penny the richer for the enormous sales of his books in the United States, did not go utterly unrewarded, since he was twice approached by American publishers with the offer of fifty pounds for a preface.

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Considering the vast sums of which he had been defrauded through this Transatlantic version of free trade, what wonder that he each time penned the preface and pocketed the pay !

Richard Doddridge Blackmore was born at Longworth, in Berkshire, in 1825. He was of West Country havage, being the son of the Rev. John Blackmore, who was the son of the Rev. John Blackmore of Oare. Both were clergymen of the Established Church. On his mother's side he was descended from a Nonconformist divine, so that his second name is not without significance. Well, one might easily have a worse ancestor than Philip Doddridge ; the only thing that surprises us is that the circumstance did not render Blackmore more sympathetic towards his great-grandfather's co-religionists at Culmstock. But one has to live in these little places to appreciate the tone of lofty superiority in which the orthodox indulge at the cost of their dissident neighbours. What, after all, would life be worth if there were not some people to serve as foils ? The brilliant would no longer shine ; loyalty to the Church would be a virtue either unknown or unregarded.

It was to Culmstock that the family migrated in the mid-thirties ; and thence it was that Blackmore proceeded to Blundell's school. The scarcity of gossip concerning Master Dick in his own village suggests that, as a boy, he was not prodigious, otherwise some admirer would certainly have been at the pains of gathering illustrations of his marvellous precocity. The deficiency has likewise reminded me of the statement of a dear old friend that Blackmore was 'brought up' by his uncle, the Rector of Charles. It is evident that the expression 'brought up' must be received with caution. At the time of the late Archbishop's decease the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse publicly announced that Dr. Temple had confided to him on an Exeter platform that he knew all about Wesleyanism, as he had been 'brought up' by his aunt, a strict old Methodist. The truth is, on the contrary, that this great man was trained at home, and principally by his mother. In both cases

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'brought up' probably means nothing more than that the boys, as was only natural, often spent their holidays with their relations, and, whilst there, were obliged to conform to the rules and regulations of the respective households. As regards Blackmore, he undoubtedly passed some of his vacations at Culmstock, for I have it on the authority of the Rev. Edward Pickard-Cambridge, who was Pickard then, that he used to stay with him at the vicarage.

Not that the Rev. John Blackmore was ever Vicar of Culmstock. Those were the days of pluralities and non-residence; and it is to be feared that the unfortunate curate-in-charge—that was Mr. Blackmore's position—was 'passing rich on forty pounds a year,' or rather passing poor on the inadequate stipend doled out to the responsible but unbeneficed clergyman. Nevertheless, Mr. Blackmore did mighty works at Culmstock—building a school, restoring the church, and promoting various charities, for all which he deserved and obtained the grateful benisons of the parishioners. And, on their departure from the village, ten years later, the family left behind them a reputation for goodness and amiability which has lasted to this day. I have heard from an ancient woman of the place that they were afflicted with a cupboard skeleton in one of the sons, but I have never attempted to penetrate this mystery, and decline to do so now.

The fact should go down in history that Richard Blackmore entered Blundell's as the special protégé of his sturdy neighbour, Frederick Temple, some four years his senior. They lodged together at Mrs. Folland's in Cop's Court, and Temple, no doubt, smoothed the way for his young companion over the first roughnesses of life. The school, as Blackmore himself has shown, rejoiced in stern dealings, and ordeals of all kinds were plenty, so that to a new boy wise advice of necessity meant much. Blackmore's nickname at Blundell's was not a pleasant nickname, and, being too brutally frank for mature ears, must e'en be suppressed, together with the cupboard skeleton. Of his school-days I shall say no more than that he

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excelled in that most characteristic exercise of old Blundell's—Latin verse ; and was a good swimmer and fisherman.

His next move was to Exeter College, Oxford, whither so many Devonshire men (notably 'Jack' Russell) had preceded him; and there, when he was two-and-twenty, he took a second class in *Literæ Humaniores*. This has been described by one of his biographers as an achievement, though now it would be accounted merely an estimable success, and certainly cannot compare with Temple's triumph in bringing off a double first. Having apparently no suspicion of the latent powers within him, he was, in 1852, called to the Bar at the Middle Temple ; and for a dozen years laid waste his talents in conveyancing. Even when those twelve years of bondage had expired, and the Philistines could claim him no more, Blackmore did not at once leap into fame and fortune. *Clara Vaughan*, his first novel, came out in 1864, and the next year appeared *Craddock Nowell*, which (for the sake of local people, be it said) has no connection with the Craddock nigh unto Culmstock. Neither of these tales attracted much notice ; and when *Lorna Doone* was offered to the publishers, there was something like a frost, no less than twenty refusals being registered against it.

Happily Mr. Marston descried promise in the huge manuscript, which he bore home with him and read, as his son tells us, to his enraptured children of an evening. At length, on his advice, the firm in which he was junior partner, undertook to publish the romance ; and, accordingly, it was brought out. But the public still remained to be reckoned with. Blackmore might pipe, and Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Company might provide a floor, but οἱ πολλοὶ provokingly refused to dance. For two years this galling apathy was maintained, and then, in a fortunate hour, the Princess Louise was wedded to the Marquis of Lorne. As the titles of book and peer had a like sound, foolish curiosity was all agog to find out what Blackmore had set down regarding the bridegroom's forebears, and, on the wave of loyal enthusiasm, the

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neglected work floated into general favour. It was a lucky chance—lucky for Blackmore, lucky for his publishers, and luckiest of all for his readers.

Blackmore can hardly be considered a prolific author. He wrote a fair number of stories—most, if not all, above the average degree of merit; but neither before nor after did he compass anything at all approaching *Lorna Doone*. A very old friend of Blackmore once said to me, ‘Pity he ever wrote anything else!’ I cannot subscribe to this opinion, although I appreciate its force. Had Blackmore only written *Lorna Doone* the world might have gone on believing that he could have produced at will other works designed on an equally magnificent scale, and as exquisitely finished in detail. In *Lorna Doone*, however, he became his own most formidable rival, and the glory of that book was not to be repeated. Blackmore no doubt chafed at this state of things, which led him to place a lower value on his masterpiece, and a higher value on some of his other writings than independent revisal can justify. Nevertheless those other writings were worthy of his pen.

Lorna Doone is, in some respects, *sui generis*. It is a romance of yeomanry, and that our courtly ancestors would have deemed a contradiction in terms. A ballad of yeomanry, perhaps; but a romance of yeomanry—certainly not! That a great lout of a John Ridd should wed a dainty lady like Lorna, would have appeared a terrible inversion of the canons of the art, whereby a boor was always to be presented either as deficient in looks or sottishly brutal. Physical bulk was not admired, and, to judge from mediæval suits of armour, seldom attained. No, the giant was a dull, elephantine monster whose only cause to exist was to support, as a human quintain, the battery of Sir Percival. Yeomen, on the other hand, have ever a partiality for the merely big. They admire big sheep, big bullocks, big pigs; and, if it be not too personal, where else can we meet with such extravagant backs and shoulders belonging to our own species as are to be marked—though,

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perhaps, not so commonly as of yore—at fairs and markets and agricultural shows? Can it be that Blackmore's marriage with a daughter of the Quartleys, those renowned cattle-breeders, influenced his point of view? It is not improbable. Possibly, also, this alliance induced him to expend lavish and loving pains on his portrait of Annie Ridd, who, in my humble judgment, is fully as charming, even more charming than the Lady Lorna. Not one word would I utter against the all-gracious Lorna, but I have myself known, and still know, Annie Ridds, and I say without fear that in bidding farewell to youth there is no sharper pang than to realise that the fresh, pleasant faces, the friendly services, the artless gaieties of those true-hearted maidens must in future—but I do not believe it. I was going to say something about restraint and reserve.

Of course there are other sides to country life, and Blackmore too lightly sacrificed the respectable Snows of Oare to the easy laugh of superfine and superficial patrons. I learnt from a correspondent the other day that he apologised to the family for the picture he had made of them; and as his grandfather had been incumbent of Oare, as well as of Lynton, and he had known the Snows as lords of the manor, and as a stocky race of Devonshire yeomen, I consider that apology but due, and only wish it could be as permanent as the caricature. Outwardly Blackmore gave the impression of belonging to the same class. Tall, full-faced, broad-shouldered, often without coat, waistcoat, or collar—in a word, farmer-like—it is amazing that his entrance into literature dated from a physical breakdown.

What is that we worship in *Lorna Doone*? The spaciousness of the canvas, the patient, perfect etching of individual scenes, the intimate knowledge of things, the sure and constantly recurring touches of character, the wide and manly sympathy, the love of Nature in her milder and wilder moods, the ransom of Exmoor traditions, in which he himself believed, from imminent perdition, the sustained beauty of the old-world style—all these are admirable, but merely parts of a

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more splendid whole. For we are conscious *Lorna Doone* is not a simple romance ; it is the attainment of what is highest—it is epic, eternal. The poetry which courses through every line in rich and palpitating life sometimes, as in Dickens's account of the death of Little Dorrit, involuntarily clothes itself in verse.

‘ And the changing of the sky is half the change
our nature calls for ;
Earth we have and all its produce
(Moving from the first appearance
And the hope with infant's eyes,
Through the bloom of beauty's promise
To the rich and bright fulfilment
And the falling back to rest) ;
Sea we have with all its wonder
Shed o'er eyes and ears and heart—
And the thought of something more— ;
But without the sky to look at,
What would earth and sky, and even
Our own selves be to us ? ’

Blackmore's formal poetry is of no great importance either as to quantity or quality. He began quite early with *Poems by Melanter, Epullias*, and *The Bugle of the Black Sea*, and ended, late in his career, with *Fringilla*, a translation of the *Georgics*, ‘by a market-gardener,’ having been interposed. The profits of casual contributions to the magazines were given as perquisites to his wife, who expected to be paid cash down. Her husband humorously complained of this as a ‘fatuous arrangement,’ for, said he, ‘if my editor ignores me, I have had to work and to pay for nothing.’

And now as to his stories. Which of them was it, or were they, he deemed superior to *Lorna Doone*? Was it *The Maid of Sker*, with its immortal North Devon parson? Was it *Alice Lorraine*, redolent of Kentish orchards and the South Downs? Was it *Springhaven*, salt with the brine of the Sussex coast, and quick with the forms of Nelson and ‘Boney’? Was it *Mary Annerley*, that fine Yorkshire tale, with its vision of furious Sir Philip fording the flood at the Place of the

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Seven Corpses, and shouting, like a proud fool, 'Drown me if you can, my own water, drown me—that would be too much insolence?' Was it *Christowell*, with the old dancing tree, now alas! no more? Was it *Perlycross*, with its Sergeant Jakes, and the smugglers and the spell of home, sweet home? Was it *The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore*? *Kit and Kitty*? or *Tales from a Telling House*? Was it *Cripps the Carrier*? Or was it *Daniel*? A bold man were he that should dare to prophesy, for authors, it is a truism, are poor judges of their own offspring. Meanwhile, here is a note for you budding romancers—in all Blackmore's works there is a strong backing of the real. When a correspondent questioned the likelihood of Parson Rambone and Parson Chowne, the novelist replied that with them, as with the characters in *Lorna Doone*, everything was founded on solid fact. This may be a hard saying to Mr. Rawle, but he must either accept it or renounce all pretence of fealty to our West Country Homer.

Regarding the many years spent at Teddington in the profitless but pleasurable pursuit of market-gardening, I do not regret them, since I see in that Middlesex Eden the prop and stay of the outdoor zest and sunny optimism that inform his writings. It is absurd to suppose literature can suffice for happiness. Still, when other things fail, books will afford solace, and I believe it to be a fact that the author of *Lorna Doone* fell into his last, long sleep while a story of Edna Lyall's was being read to him. This euthanasia he experienced on January 20, 1900, twelve years after the death of his wife, by whose side he lies in Teddington Churchyard.

The novelist was ever a lover of Blundell's School, to whose library he sent beautiful copies of his tales, and this tribute from one with whom he deigned to correspond, and who has gleaned an aftermath of lore on breezy Exmoor, is gladly offered to the shade of Richard Doddridge Blackmore.

SIR CHARLES EDWARD TREVELYAN

A LONG and honourable connection has existed between Blundell's and that great branch of the civil service in which is vested our rule in India. A century ago there were Bundellians 'bound to John Company'; it is no rare thing for the Balliol scholar of to-day to pass into the I.C.S. But whatever renown the future may have in store for those who now represent the school in the East, no name, assuredly, will stand out more worthily on the pages of history than that of Charles Edward Trevelyan.

Born at Nettlecombe Rectory in 1807, the fourth son of the Rev. George Trevelyan, Archdeacon of Taunton, Trevelyan entered the school on April 17, 1817, and was thus the contemporary of three other men whose lives are in this volume. He was a boy of rare energy and bodily activity. His grandfather, Sir John Trevelyan, gave him the right of sporting over his estates while he was a schoolboy, and he became a wonderful shot, and a rider whose skill and boldness was remembered in India a quarter of a century after he left the country.

After being at Tiverton nearly three years he was removed to Charterhouse, and thence to Haileybury, at that date a college belonging to the East India Company, and used exclusively for training its officials. Entering the service as a writer in 1826, he soon became proficient in Eastern languages; and, during his four years' stay at Delhi, conducted several important missions, besides acting as guardian to the young Rajah of Bhurtpore, an office that called for no small display

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of tact; further, he carried out a series of inquiries that led to the abolition of transit duty—an internal *octroi* on goods passing across the frontiers of the various provinces of India.

There was at Delhi a very popular and powerful official, but extremely corrupt, who tried to initiate Trevelyan in his own evil practices. Trevelyan's answer was publicly to accuse his superior of taking bribes. In spite of the disparity of age and position, this cadet of barely twenty-one years old dared, in the face of Anglo-Indian opinion, fearlessly to expose malpractices on the part of a man whose position seemed to render him safe from attack. But it was no random charge; proved to the hilt, the official was dismissed, and Trevelyan gained the warmest acknowledgments of the Governor-General in Council for his fearlessness, and incidentally opened out the path to his own distinguished career.

Here is Lord Macaulay's account of the affair :—

‘When only twenty-one years of age he publicly accused —, then almost at the head of the service, of receiving bribes from the natives. A perfect storm was raised against the accuser. He was almost everywhere abused, and very generally cut. But with a firmness and ability scarcely ever seen in any man so young, he brought his proofs forward, and, after an inquiry of some weeks, fully made out his case. — was dismissed in disgrace, and is now living obscurely in England. The Government here and the directors at home applauded Trevelyan in the highest terms; and from that time he has been considered as a man likely to rise to the very top of the service.’

In the same letter Macaulay describes further the man whose engagement to his sister he is making known to his family at home :—

‘He is quite at the head of that active young party among the younger servants of the Company who take the side of improvement. In particular, he is the soul of every scheme for diffusing education among the natives of this country. His reading has been very confined; but, to the little that he

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has read, he has brought a mind as active and restless as Lord Brougham's, and much more judicious and honest.

'As to this person, he always looks a gentleman, particularly on horseback. He is very active and athletic, and is renowned as a great master in the most exciting and perilous of field sports, the spearing of wild boars. His face has a most characteristic expression of ardour and impetuosity, which makes his countenance very interesting to me. Birth is a thing I care little about ; but his family is one of the oldest and best in England.

'During the important years of his life, from twenty to twenty-five, or thereabouts, Trevelyan was in a remote province of India, where his whole time has been divided between public business and field sports, and where he seldom saw a European gentleman and never a European lady. He has no small talk. His mind is full of schemes of moral and political improvement, and his zeal boils over in his talk. His topics, even in courtship, are steam navigation, the education of the natives, the equalisation of the sugar duties, the substitution of the Roman for the Arabic alphabet in the Oriental language.'

A few months later Trevelyan married Hannah Moore, sister of Lord Macaulay, who was through life one of his most attached friends.

Another keen judge of men, Lord William Bentinck, under whose beneficent rule Suttee was abolished and the Thugs suppressed, had marked Trevelyan as a rising man.

'That man is almost always on the right side in every question,' he said to Macaulay, 'and it is well that he is so, for he gives a most confounded deal of trouble when he happens to take the wrong one.' Time has shown the accuracy of this forecast of character and achievement ; indeed, it was not long before both were put to the test in the settlement of a great question.

Trevelyan, 'the soul of every scheme for diffusing education among the natives,' was among those strongly in favour of teaching the higher branches of knowledge in English. Half

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of the Committee of Public Instruction were for maintaining and extending the old scheme of encouraging Oriental learning, the other half against it. The choice lay between a course based on European or Asiatic models, between the progressive West and the unprogressive East. There could be no compromise on this vital question, and it was referred to Government.

Ardour and impetuosity carried the day, and the victory was complete, when, a few months later, Macaulay, as a Member of the Supreme Council, threw the enormous weight of his great authority on the side of his brother-in-law and the English party. It is not too much to say that Trevelyan's stormy zeal in this matter influenced profoundly the whole intellectual progress of India; and, though the results have fallen short of expectation formed at the time, they have been better than any on the opposite plan.

Trevelyan had been moved to Calcutta in 1831, as Deputy Secretary to Government in the political department; and, after acting for two years (1836-38), as Secretary to the Sudder Board of Revenue, he returned to England, leaving his name behind in the new suburb of Delhi, 'Trevelyanpur.'

A man so valuable could not remain long without a post; and, for the next nineteen years, he filled the office of Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury. It was a rare advantage for the State that a man in the full vigour of one-and-thirty, and yet with a long training in high administration, should be placed at the head of the Civil Service of the country.

During the terrible years of the Irish famine (1845-47) practically the whole work of relief organisation fell upon his shoulders. In the measures undertaken by Peel and Lord John Russell, Trevelyan was the 'keystone of the system,' the whole administrative arrangements centring in him from the first importation of Indian corn, through all the period of Relief Works, until, from help by direct distribution of food, matters passed into the hands of the Poor Law Commissioners.

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Picture the responsibility which was attached to the feeding of three-quarters of a million of men, representing, with their families, say three million persons; and, at that time, the entire control of the commissariat fell upon Trevelyan. Richly, indeed, did he deserve the K.C.B. with which he was rewarded when those labours ended in 1848. A few years later, in a pamphlet called *The Irish Crisis*, he gave an account of the sufferings of the Irish peasantry, as interesting in its way as that in which he had related the efforts made by Government in the cause of Indian education; and, it may be added, with the same modest account of his own labours.

Always keen for the reform of abuses, a report in 1853, signed by Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, which boldly advocated throwing the Civil Service open to competition, caused a great outcry against interference with the rights, as they were then considered, of aristocratic families. Fearful were the predictions as to what would happen if public business was to be administered by sixteen thousand Trevelyans. But the man who, at thirty-one, had been placed, practically, at the head of the English Civil Service, and yet with a long administrative experience behind him, was not to be daunted, even though his Parliamentary chiefs were generally against him. When the time came for carrying into effect the Indian Act of 1853, by which civil servants were to be appointed by open competition, Lord Macaulay, the Chairman of the Committee intrusted with the duty of drawing up the scheme of subjects and marks, read over the draft of the Report to his brother-in-law. 'Trevelyan,' he says, 'was much pleased'; and well he might be, for Macaulay, in his wisdom, had so planned it as to bring out all the strong points of the competitive system and avoid its perils. It was adopted in its integrity by the Indian Government, and Trevelyan was not without hopes that their example would be followed by the officers at Whitehall. Civil Service reform had Mr. Gladstone for a champion in the Cabinet, but it was soon evident that few leading men had their hearts in the matter. 'It was

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one thing for them to deprive the East India directors of their patronage, and quite another to surrender their own,' as Sir George Trevelyan has pointed out.

'I went to Brooks's, says Macaulay, 'on March 4, 1854, and found everybody open-mouthed, I am sorry to say, against Trevelyan's plans about the Civil Service. He has been too sanguine. The pear is not ripe. The time will come, but it is not come yet. I am afraid he will be much mortified.'

He was right. Trevelyan was alarmed as well as mortified, for his career was seriously threatened. But he did not lose courage or composure. 'Accustomed,' says his son, 'according to the frequent fate of permanent officials, to be pushed to the front in the moments of jeopardy, and thrust into the rear in the moment of triumph, he had weathered more formidable storms than that which was now growling and blustering between Piccadilly and Parliament Street.'

In spite of the dead set made against him by powerful and unscrupulous men, in the face of the coolness of Whigs and the frank hostility of Tories, Trevelyan's reforms were in the end adopted. He entirely reformed the Civil Service from top to bottom, and had a principal hand in pressing forward the system of appointments by open competition; and though the public service to-day has its share, doubtless, of the imperfections of this imperfect world, it is at any rate free from the jobbery and corruption by which the efficiency of many foreign administrations is impaired. There is, under the competitive system, little likelihood of the Civil Service being used as an instrument of party hatred or a means of party success.

In 1858 Trevelyan, who had kept in touch with Eastern affairs, was made Governor of Madras, a post of vital responsibility, conferring rule over many millions. It was a most popular appointment, and one calculated to reconcile to the Government the natives of India who were still shaken in allegiance by the events of the Indian Mutiny. Thus, the new Governor, who took out with him a largeness of view and an energy tempered by many years' experience of official life, was

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now in a position to continue the series of progressive measures with which he had all along identified himself. A fresh assessment of taxes was made, the police organised, and the sale of land to the natives, contrary to the traditions of the East India Company, steadily encouraged.

All went well for about a year, but in 1860 he was recalled, in consequence of his having published a protest against a certain measure of the Finance Minister. Trevelyan cared little for red tape and the proprieties of official life. 'If he thought things going wrong he held it his duty to say so,' and, accordingly, disapproving of Wilson's scheme, he laid his views before the world. This was, doubtless, an act of official imprudence, and one which the Government could not, at the time, well overlook ; but the then Secretary of State for India recorded the Government's 'high appreciation of the services which Sir Charles Trevelyan had rendered during his administration,' and their conviction that 'no servant of the Crown has more earnestly endeavoured to carry out the high principles of government which were promulgated to the princes and peoples of India in Her Majesty's proclamation.'

So great was the discussion in England that the recall had to be defended in Parliament, and Lord Palmerston's words may well be inserted here. 'Undoubtedly it (the recall) conveys a strong censure on one act of Sir Charles Trevelyan's public conduct, yet he has merits too inherent in his character to be clouded and overshadowed by this single act, and I trust in his future career he may be useful to public service and do honour to himself.'

That opportunity was not long in coming, for his reappointment to India in 1862 was, as has well been said, something more than a condonation ; it was a reversal of the sentence and a practical justification of the offence.

This time Trevelyan went as a Finance Minister, thus filling the very office his former antagonist, Mr. Wilson, had held. Three years later he resigned owing to ill-health, but not before his tenure of office had been marked by important administrative

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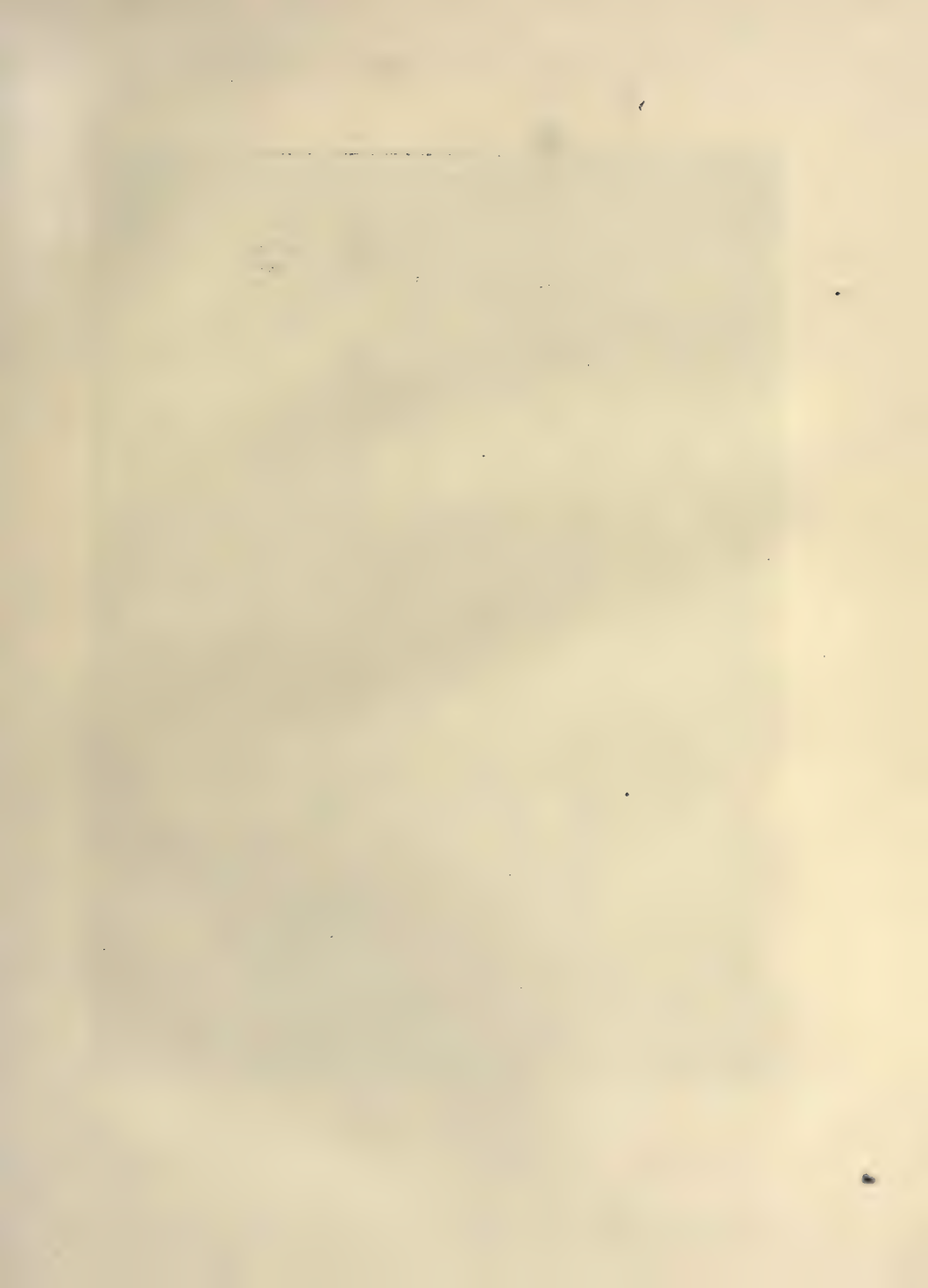
reforms, and by measures for the development of India by Public Works.

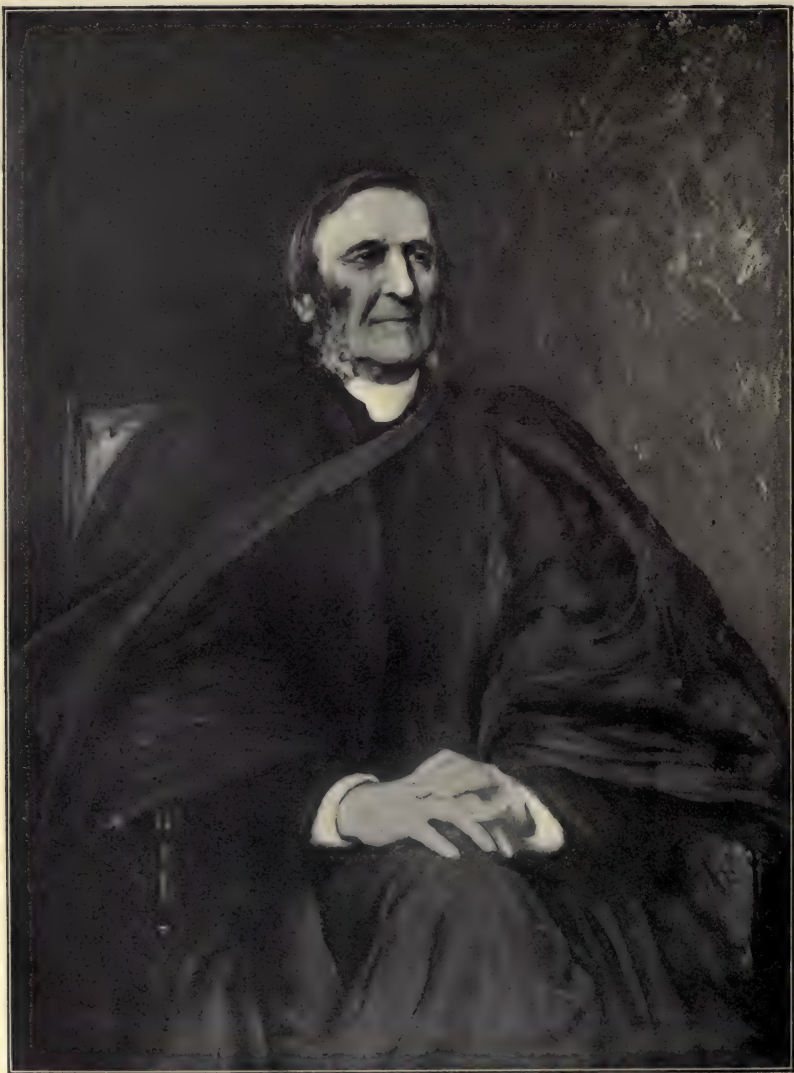
On his return he threw himself heart and soul into the movement for the abolition of Army Purchase, a subject on which he had already given evidence in the Commission of 1857. Others had denounced a system, the only defence for which lay in the absence of a substitute that would work, and now came a man with a practical scheme. His evidence, and the alternative scheme of army organisation which he expounded to the Commission, were deathblows to Purchase and the germ of a new life to our army. The long and embittered controversy that followed is almost forgotten to-day, though some defenders of the old system are still to be found. In July 1871 the purchase system was abolished by Royal Warrant, Parliament voting the money to compensate the officers then holding saleable commissions, and the present system of 'seniority tempered by selection' entered upon.

Later on, Trevelyan's name was prominent in connection with a variety of social questions such as charities, pauperism, and the like. In all of these he retained his native energy. Indeed, throughout a long life—he was in harness for seventy years more or less, though the cares of office sat lightly on him—the 'fiery ardour' which Macaulay had noted never died down, as happens in the case of many strong characters when middle age is passed.

In politics he was, it is hardly necessary to say, a staunch Liberal of the old school, giving hearty support to the Liberal cause in Northumberland. For his departure from official life in 1875 had brought only a change in the direction of his activities—not rest, and he continued to the last to interest himself in the questions of the day.

In his eightieth year 'the long and varied career, spotless throughout,' was closed by his death on June 19, 1886.





Frederick Temple,
Archbishop of Canterbury.

FREDERICK TEMPLE

Χερσὶ ποσὶ καὶ νόφ τετράγωνος τετυγμένος.—SIMONIDES.

‘There is a great wood out there not far from Tidcombe. It’s on the right hand side of the road as you go to the old Tidcombe rectory, and in the middle of the wood there was a tree in my days bigger than all the rest which topped them exceedingly.’—ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE AT TIVERTON.

TO one privileged to pay a brief tribute to the best known and, by all who knew him, best loved son of our Alma Mater, this picture, which for graphic simplicity might have been culled from the pages of *Lorna Doone*, calls up the venerated form of the great man who, like the giant oak on which his memory dwelt so fondly, topped exceedingly his fellows at school, at college, and in the great world beyond.

Archbishop Temple’s life is the heritage of the nation, a life of such self-sacrifice, such singular unity and steadfastness of purpose, that when the record of it shall have been laid with authority before the public, there will be found, it may safely be surmised, little new to learn and nothing to regret. We shall be spared the rude shock which too often startles us when secret springs of action are revealed and when those whom we have learnt to regard with veneration stand convicted *sua manu* of insincerity or self-seeking.

The few pages that follow can only be a very lame and imperfect story, a simple offering of deep respect and affection to his memory from one who knew him well and was indebted to him for much kindness.

Frederick Temple was the second son of Major Octavius Temple, sometime Lieutenant-Governor of Sierra Leone, and on his mother’s side came of the old Cornish family of

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Carveth of Bartilever. His grandfather, the Rev. William Temple, Vicar of St. Gluvias near Penryn, was a well-known man of letters, an intimate of Boswell, with whom he had been at Edinburgh University, a friend of the poet Gray, and an acquaintance of Dr. Johnson. An appreciation of the poet by Mr. Temple is quoted, with somewhat equivocal approval, in the 'Lives.'

Frederick Temple, a Cornishman true-bred, was born on November 30, 1821, either in the Ionian Islands, or, as one legend has it, at sea. After residing at Helston in Cornwall his father settled in 1830 at Axon near Culmstock in Devon, on the Blackdown Hills near the Somerset border, where he had bought a small property of some fifty acres. The curious may evolve from these data a theory to account for the strange accents of that familiar voice, harsh yet vibrating at times to the very soul.

Of the life at Axon and the doings of Major Temple, perhaps the original of Colonel Sir Thomas Waldron, the 'fine old English gentleman' of Blackmore's *Perlycross* (Culmstock), a charming account may be found in Mr. F. Snell's *Early Associations of Archbishop Temple*, a mine of information in which the writer, presuming on the indulgence of an old pupil, has pegged out claims with a somewhat free hand.

The family was in comfortable circumstances during Major Temple's lifetime, but, owing to his unpopular views in favour of Poor Law reform and the repeal of the Corn Laws, the Major found himself the object of increasing dislike, and in 1834 accepted the post of Lieutenant-Governor of Sierra Leone and soon fell a victim to the deadly climate. So it came about that from the age of thirteen until he had taken his degree Frederick Temple's life was one long probation of self-denial and of hardship nobly faced.

'Although I had an excellent education, I had experience, nevertheless, of a great deal of privation during that time. I knew what it was, for instance, to be unable to afford a fire

FREDERICK TEMPLE

on cold days and nights, and I knew what it was sometimes to live on very poor fare ; I knew what it was—and I think it was the thing that pinched me most—to wear patched clothes and patched shoes. When I mention these things, I do so in order to make you understand how heartily my sympathies go with working-men. I believe there is probably at this moment not another man in England who can thresh better than I could. Threshing is gone out of fashion. It is all done by machinery now and there are very few people who learn to thresh. I learnt to plough, and I could plough as straight as any man in the parish.'

All this however must not be misunderstood, any more than the reference to his father as a 'working-man, a soldier who had served his country in various parts of the world.' The quick and eager sympathy he always felt for the audience he was addressing, and the affection with which his memory lingered on old scenes, often so coloured his language as to lead to natural misconception. Of course there was no idea of his adopting anything but a liberal profession. The privation was a stern reality, but the ploughing must have been a mere vigorous pastime, whether at Axon or on the estate of his uncle, Admiral Temple, near Truro.

All the anecdotes of his childhood are characteristic. As the young Sunday-school teacher, aged eleven, who drags truant pupils into church 'by the ears,' as the trusty messenger who 'dumps' home foot by foot for a weary mile a bag of iron nails too heavy to carry, as the 'real gentleman who would never pass the poorest person without recognition,' the boy was father of the man.

As to the Archbishop's early education, he may have received some instruction at Helston. There is also a strong local tradition that he attended for a time a school kept by a Mr. Kelso at Culmstock, and he always mentioned with gratitude and affection the name of the Rev. John Blackmore, curate-in-charge of the parish and father of R. D. Blackmore,

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as that of one from whom he received early religious instruction.

But it was above all, and in his memory at times solely, from his mother that he received the careful and methodical training that equipped him for the regular routine of school work. 'I came here taught only by my mother.' From her devoted hands he passed in January 1833 into the larger world of Blundell's School.

The scene to which he was now introduced was one which exercised a strange fascination on him in after years. He was to move in surroundings of solid strength mellowed with the nameless charm of grey antiquity. The massive doors, the pillared screen, the great-armed lime-trees, silent then and bare, but in summer breathing perfume and murmurous with bees, the stately roof, whose timbers showed beyond doubt the shipwright's craft, relics of some forgotten wreck, a waif, tradition says, of the ill-fated Armada, cast on the razor edge of Blundell's estates at Prawle—all this could not fail to impress the new comer as it had impressed so many before him.

'Here, too, the genius of the place has thrown
A spell around from long tradition caught;
Historic names indent the hoary stone,
And many a legend rich and fancy-fraught
Breathes of Devon's past, and wakes her sons to thought.'

'As long as I live, wherever I go, if I meet a Blundell's schoolfellow—whether one with whom I was at school, or one who came in earlier or later times—I shall always consider that our hearts have been brought together by love for the same old school.'

There is a mistaken impression that Blundell's was at that time simply a rough provincial school. As a fact it was pre-eminently one of the great schools of the country. All schools were rough in those early days, but to the 'Eton of the West,' as Hayward called it, there had gathered for generations the sons of all the most famous families in Devon.

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‘I wish, Mr. Sanders,’ said the Headmaster of Harrow, as quoted by Dr. Temple, ‘I wish I had as fine a school as you have got.’ At the school celebrations four-in-hands were, we are told, as plenty as blackberries. For the P. B. and May Day customs, and the various diversions of the pupils, the reader must be referred to the classic pages of *Lorna Doone* or to Mr. Snell’s volume quoted above.

The reception of the ‘tall, big-jointed, shambling boy, with his long black hair falling over the collar of his jacket, rushing to and fro with trousers much too short, coarse blue worsted stockings, and big heavy shoes,’ seems to have been what is called ‘mixed.’

He received kindness, as from the big boy who, having pulled his hair, and having been knocked off his seat out of hand for his pains, instead of striking back, said, ‘You’re a plucky little fellow, and no mistake. But, depend upon it, you’ll catch it if you go on like that.’

But as a poor day-boy, living in the outer darkness of ‘Cop’s Court,’ he could not count upon much sympathy from the privileged young gentlemen ‘within the gate,’ whose manners are set forth in *Lorna Doone*. For the rest, it must suffice to say that, from the bottom of the school to the monitors’ form, in fair weather and foul, Temple fought his way, strenuous always, and, little by little, conquering by sheer force of character the respect of his schoolfellows.

His method, as we have it from himself, was this:—‘In every Form I made it a rule to do two things : first, carefully to construe the lesson ; and, secondly, to parse every single word, and to look out the rules of grammar which governed it.’ *O si sic omnes !*

It may be of interest to record the standard of work in the highest Form at that time. Thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek grammar was required, and great stress was laid on verse composition and recitation in Latin and English. The authors read in the year in which Temple gained the Balliol Scholarship were Thucydides, Plautus, Demosthenes,

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Sophocles, Virgil, Herodotus, Cicero, Homer, Horace, and Lucretius. The boys were also encouraged by rewards to commit passages of the classics to memory, and time was left for private reading. 'I know I read nearly the whole of Euripides in my spare time.' 'We were taught to rely on our own exertions and well tested.' The Archbishop was never tired of dwelling on the educational value of independent work, and lamenting the storm and stress of modern public school life.

An endeavour to introduce this 'spontaneous self-education' at Rugby met with strong opposition from parents.

It is worth noting that, in the study of mathematics, Blundell's school was, chiefly through the influence of Dr. Dicken, in advance of the age. In the Headmaster's mark book of this year are notes on the proficiency of the upper boys, not only in Euclid and algebra, but also in trigonometry and conic sections.

The story of Frederick Temple's election to the Balliol Scholarship is well known, how, *divisis hominum sententiis*, Sir Thomas Acland, riding over from Killerton, appeared as *deus ex machina*, with such a casting vote as Athena gave Orestes. This was in the summer of 1838. Temple, however, returned to school until Easter in the following year. Of his matriculation he has given an amusing account, how he, of all people, was reproached by the Master with gross carelessness for presenting himself, by an accident, without a certificate. The history of his college life is that of his school life over again. From the common sort he was a victim of the slights that wait upon poverty and originality; though, when it came to rough practical joking, his persecutors found, as history records, 'that they had caught a Tartar'; and, as Thucydides would say, paid individually for their corporate misdeeds.

But with the intellectual men of the College his footing was soon assured. 'It's too large and peculiar, and therefore it must be buffeted,' was the sentence of the farmyard upon the 'ugly duckling.' 'I think he will be very strong;

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he makes his way already,' pleaded the anxious mother. But the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at it. Yet at the last the great swans swam round it, and stroked it with their beaks, and claimed it for their kingly brotherhood.

The recognition and homage paid to Temple by the 'choice and master spirits' of his age at Balliol must have surprised and delighted the country-bred scholar. The oft-quoted lines by Principal Shairp upon the Balliol scholars of that date show Temple as almost *primus inter pares* among such men as Arthur Stanley, Arthur Clough, Stafford Northcote, Matthew Arnold, Benjamin Jowett, and John Duke Coleridge :—

'There too was one, broad-browed with open face
And frame for toil compacted ; him with pride
A school of Devon, from a rural place,
Had sent to stand those chosen ones beside ;
From childhood trained all hardness to endure,
To love the things that noble are and pure,
And think, and do, the truth, whate'er betide.

'With strength for labour "as the strength of ten,"
To ceaseless toil he girt him night and day,
A native King and Ruler among men,
Ploughman or Premier, born to bear true sway,
Small or great duty never known to shirk,
He bounded joyously to sternest work ;
Less cheerful others turn to sport or play.'

Gaining two first classes in the schools, Temple was elected to a Blundell Fellowship, and became a College Lecturer in Mathematics and Logic, and in 1845 junior Dean. On his appointment as Principal of Kneller Hall Training-College he generously resigned his Fellowship in favour of a junior school-fellow. His evidence given about this time before the Duke of Newcastle's Commission on National Elementary Education shows his 'sanctified common-sense,' his freedom from sectarian bitterness, and his zeal in a cause which had then fewer champions than now. He dwelt on the 'duty of the

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nation to see that at least the minimum of education is within the reach of all the subjects of the Crown.' 'I should leave the parents of the children to determine the religions which a national school should have.' 'I should give a right of withdrawal from religious instruction.' 'I do not think the diminution of religious zeal an evil; I think much of it very unhealthy.' 'What I want is a quiet sense of duty; at present we have a desire to extend the influence of a particular denomination.' 'I think that the elevating tendency of education itself is such as completely to counterbalance any mischief which might be done by providing it freely.'

On the resignation of Dr. Goulburn in 1857 Mr. Temple was appointed to the Headmastership of Rugby, a post he occupied for twelve years, with great distinction to himself, and with great advantage to the school. 'The three chief influences on his life were, I think, his early home, Oxford, and Rugby.' It is easy at Athens to praise the Athenians, and the words just quoted were fitly addressed to a Rugby audience by a devoted pupil and life-long friend of Dr. Temple, the present Archdeacon of Exeter. But a Blundellian would hardly accept this estimate without demur. In the first place, it would be unfair to underrate the influence of Temple's old Headmaster, Mr. Sanders, familiarly known as 'Sas,' who 'possessed the wonderful gift of reaching one's very soul.' 'From this school I began to learn everything else I wanted for carrying me through life.' 'I look upon the education I received at school as a marvellous gift.' 'I shall never undervalue all that I obtained there (at Balliol), but that will not lead me, nevertheless, to undervalue all that I got here (at Tiverton).'

This is weighty testimony, not to be lightly set aside. And further, we have a saying in Devon that,

'Kirton was a market town
When Plymouth was a vuzzy down.'

Applying the parable to Blundell's, and the now more famous

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midland school, it should be borne in mind that the 'public school' spirit was no new idea to the West Country schoolboy. Far as the sun might yoke his team from Devon, the duties of the strong to the weak, of the elder to the younger, the quaint but binding code of schoolboy honour, the freemasonry of school ties, were warmly recognised, in spite of lapses, by the banks of distant Lowman.

'The school possessed a characteristic, which, I think, especially clings to English schools, and that was that the boys at bottom were high-minded, gentlemanly fellows.'

The name of Dr. Arnold is finally and most justly associated with all that is best in public school reform. That Dr. Temple warmly acknowledged his indebtedness to his great predecessor for the spirit of Rugby as he found it, is certain. But it is equally certain that his own commanding personality impressed itself from the very first upon the material he found. A sculptor may be newly inspired by the kindly texture of some block of marble which lovingly takes breath under his touch. Yet the life is not in the stone, but in the master hand that calls it forth. Nelson was never tired of singing the praises of his ships' companies down to the last, least middy, and he never forgot the high achievements of the great captains who had gone before him. But Trafalgar was his own handiwork. 'Arnold was grave and serious, distant and awe-inspiring, except perhaps to a few specially favoured pupils.' Tait and Goulburn who succeeded him were dignified heads of the old type. But Temple's first greeting to the Captain of the Eleven, 'Well, Sandford, how's the cricket?' marked a new era of broader humanity, of cheerfulness and buoyancy. For this new element in its life Rugby was largely indebted to the spirit, nursed indeed on the breezy downs of Axon, but fostered amid that goodly fellowship of lads 'high-minded' but without self-consciousness, who worked and romped and bathed together, and of their hasty feuds made lifelong friendships in the golden days of 'Sas' at Blundell's.

Three years after Dr. Temple's appointment to the head-

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ship of Rugby there broke out the controversy over *Essays and Reviews*, a series of seven papers on religious questions, written by seven different authors 'in entire independence of each other and without concert or comparison.' The book might not have attracted great attention but for a passionate denunciation of its teaching by Bishop Wilberforce which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for January 1861. The story may be read in detail in the life of Archbishop Tait. Here it may suffice to say that Dr. Temple, who was responsible for the first paper, 'On the Education of the World,' with characteristic courage and honesty refused under much pressure to withdraw one word of what he had written. The book was 'synodically' condemned by the Bishops, but a suit preferred against the authors before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, for teaching doctrines contrary to the law of the Church of England, ended in a judgment in their favour. It has been thought that in his private correspondence on the subject with his friend and former tutor Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, Dr. Temple showed a querulousness foreign to his manly temper. But, as a fact, between worry and work he was out of health at the time, and he bitterly resented what he regarded as a betrayal by one he trusted.

In due time the storm blew over, but, on the appointment of Dr. Temple to the see of Exeter as successor of Bishop Phillpotts in October 1869, it broke out with fresh violence in the diocese and even beyond its borders.

We read of earnest personal appeals that he should disclaim responsibility for the incriminated book and article. There were repeated endeavours, apparently prompted by high motives but certainly of questionable honesty, to thwart his election and consecration and even to override the authority of the Crown. But all the sound and fury were flung away.

'Ille velut pelagi rupes immota resistit,
Ut pelagi rupes magno veniente fragore,
Quæ sese, multis circum latrantibus undis,
Mole tenet.'

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‘While I am neither refusing to say or do what the law requires, nor consenting to say or do what the law does not require, I am on safe ground.’ But there was no word of reproach for his persecutors. ‘I have always from the beginning held that those who differed from me in opinion here . . . and who thought it their duty to express that difference and to do what within them lay, if it were possible, to oppose both my election and my consecration, were actuated by nothing but a sense of duty and a desire to fulfil God’s will as far as their conscience showed it to them.’ It’s weary work pummelling a giant who won’t even hit back. Under the calm rebuke, little by little the tumult was abashed. And then, and only then, the Bishop conceded to Christian charity what he had refused to clamour, and withdrew the essay. But even here he was chivalrously studious to guard against misconstruction. He thus stated his position in the Upper House of Convocation.

‘It might, I think, be supposed that this withdrawal of my own essay implied in some degree the condemnation of the other writers in the volume, or the retraction of what I myself had said. Now I certainly do not mean it to do either of these two things . . . nor do I mean to imply in any way whatever that I consider that I did wrong in allowing my essay to remain with the others, from the time it was originally published until now.’

From this time the Bishop’s relations with his diocese and even with the recalcitrant clergy—to bear a grudge was impossible for him—were marked by ever-growing sympathy and warmth, and his forbearance won the devotion which would naturally have been assured to such a man, a West Countryman by birth and education. How his personal magnetism drew together as a great body of workers men of all shades of thought, whose efforts till then had been dissipated, if not conflicting, will not soon be forgotten.

It was during this period that he saw so much of his old school and did so much for its welfare. Although on senti-

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mental grounds strongly opposed to the removal of the school to another site, he followed its fortunes to the last with affectionate interest, and loyally supported, as a Governor, an inevitable change. His visits at this time were always a delight to us, and a constant encouragement to those who were fighting a hard battle. The translation of the Bishop to London in 1885 was for all this diocese a matter of pride coupled with a deep sense of personal loss. We should not look upon his like again.—It may be convenient to record at this point the impression made upon the writer by that great personality.

To Archbishop Temple were denied the 'saintliness' which so impresses popular imagination, the gifts of brilliant genius which compel homage, if but for a while, the versatility and address that smooth the path to fortune. Not for him was the palm of dazzling eloquence or artistic sensibility,

'Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra.'¹

But in deep human tenderness he was unsurpassed. Never was truer friend. The portrait of Dr. Temple and his mother taken at Rugby shows a devoted son beside a parent in whose features can be traced the secret of his life and character. His was a home 'knit together with bonds of affection so sacred as to demand silence.' And in him were so blended the wholesome, vigorous gifts of body, soul, and intellect, that here, one felt, was pre-eminently a *man*. To talk with him was to breathe a larger air.

'I think it is Warburton,' writes Colton, 'who draws a very just distinction between a man of true greatness and a mediocrity. "If," says he, "you want to commend yourself to the former, take care that he quits your society with a good opinion of *you*; if your object is to please the latter, take care that he leaves you with a good opinion of himself."'

This aphorism is true, but not the whole truth. There is

¹ Dr. Temple sang with more good-will than grace. 'Stow it, mate! You're spoiling the music!' was the historic or mythical remonstrance of a working-man by whom the Bishop was sitting incognito in the free seats of a London church.

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a greatness, and that the very highest, in the presence of which all posing and self-seeking, however natural and almost excusable, stands unmasked and abashed. The endeavour to touch some hidden chord of vanity in the Archbishop, beneath his triple armour of honesty, stern logic, and shrewd mother-wit, would of course have been labour lost. But doomed to no less disappointment was the man who should hope to commend himself to the sympathy of so keen-eyed a critic by any commonplace method of modest address. It was the fortune of the writer to meet with a salutary rebuff of the kind at his first interview with Dr. Temple. Appointed very young to the position he now holds, he ventured to say to the Bishop of Exeter after a Governors' meeting—'I hope I may often have the benefit of your Lordship's advice.' This was perhaps a natural remark to address to a distinguished Headmaster, but the only answer vouchsafed was a somewhat gruff 'Better trust your own judgment.' It is consoling to read that when Dr. —, who had just been selected for high preferment, wrote to his old friend, 'imploping his advice and prayers,' he 'received in reply a characteristic hint that it was well to cultivate a little more self-dependence.'

But there are many anecdotes relating to Dr. Temple's supposed harshness which may perhaps be found on analysis to owe their origin to very simple causes much misunderstood. The Archbishop was, before all things, a man of business, impatient of waste of time or words. 'Where's your wastepaper basket?' was his only comment when the writer put into his hand a letter marked 'most urgent,' with a suggestion that his Lordship might perhaps desire to answer it at once. He could not suffer fools gladly, and he had an unerring scent for humbug, pretence, claptrap, or special pleading. Against the assaults of the ubiquitous bore who besets the busy man of affairs, some have devised the oily integument of suavity and politeness, others the thick hide of indifference; others again, like the Archbishop, the offensive defensive armour of the hedgehog or mimosa, which, while parrying

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one attack, discourages a second. The writer once heard a clergyman, who had just come from a garden party at Fulham, complaining bitterly of his Bishop's curtness. He had, by his own account, attempted to make himself pleasant by the remark, 'I believe your Lordship has kindly undertaken to preach in my church next Sunday three weeks.' 'Oh! I can't be expected to remember all my engagements,' was the uncivil but perhaps not unnatural cry wrung from a busy host by irrelevant chatter.

There is a familiar story of a suitor who was anxious to undertake the charge of two adjoining parishes, on the ground that they were only two miles apart 'as the crow flies.' The prompt answer, 'You're not a crow, and you can't fly, and you shan't have it,' has been quoted as an instance of unnecessary harshness. But, after all, it was a logical, if stern, rebuke to an audacious piece of special pleading. 'Does the man take me for a fool?' the Bishop may well have thought, 'or does he really suppose that he can get about his work except by crooked lanes upon his own two legs?'

And in this, as in many other cases, sufficient allowance is hardly made for Dr. Temple's bubbling drollery, which, masked as it was by the grimness of his features, was lost upon the sufferer of the moment. Had there, however, been an impartial witness of the scene in question, he might have noticed a twinkle in the Bishop's eye, and a twitch about the corners of his mouth, as he conjured up the picture of his civil-suited and possibly rotund petitioner flitting over hill and dale, and hopping from threshold to threshold upon his daily round.

On another occasion the writer remembers the blank consternation of an unfortunate vicar who had pronounced a too ambitious panegyric upon the Bishop, and made shipwreck amid the perilous shoals of metaphor. 'Mr. — has been good enough to compare me to a calf,' were the opening words of a reply that had no humour for the orator, who, for the rest of the day, 'never smiled again.'

We have all read of the justice whose handwriting was

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sometimes legible by his clerk and himself, sometimes by the former only, sometimes by neither. It is charitable to suppose that in some of Dr. Temple's less admired utterances there lurked a form of humour, of which even the speaker was only dimly conscious. And further, great injustice is done to the memory of one who was essentially a gentleman, by writing of him as of one to whom rudeness was congenial. This is the merest caricature, fostered by the exigencies of anecdote, as mythical as Mr. Gladstone's collars.

As a fact, the writer has often remarked with gratitude—and many others must have had the same experience—the kindly nodding consideration, indeed, the word deference would hardly be too strong, with which the Archbishop would listen to any argument seriously and simply advanced, and his reluctance to overbear by the weight of mere authority.

But whatever roughness there may once have been in that generous nature softened with each passing year. At the Anglican Conference in 1897 the Archbishop 'presided with a kindliness and a humour which its members had not expected to find in him,' and he fairly won the hearts of his American brothers. With some aptness the *Speaker*, in a touching obituary notice, applied to him Pater's judgment on Michael Angelo: 'Some of those whom the gods love die young. This man, because the gods loved him, lingered on to be of immense, patriarchal age, till the sweetness it had taken so long to secrete in him was found at last.'

Only, here was the honey ready distilled at all times, for all who were not afraid to look for it.

In estimating the character of one who has risen to eminence in one field of action, it is tempting to indulge in speculation as to the rank he might have attained under other conditions. Scipio, we are told, might have adorned any profession. We can picture Mr. Gladstone as an ecclesiastic, Lord Salisbury as an eminent man of science or letters.

Would the Archbishop have made a great advocate? Probably not. With all his gifts of lucid thought and cogent

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argument he lacked the calculated courtesy to bear with unfair presentment or legal artifice. He could not have stooped to make the worse cause appear the better. We have only to try to picture him begging for the verdict of a jury, or, for that matter, soliciting the suffrages of a constituency, to realise how strange he was to all persuasive arts, but those of rugged truth and honest conviction. Lord John Russell said that he might have reached the woolsack. As a judge, he would certainly have been a terror to the shifty and a broad shield to innocence. On moral questions of right and wrong his decisions would have been convincing, but perhaps his mind was hardly analytical enough to unravel a tangled web of subtle technicalities.

A great statesman he might have been, but never a great party man or politician. Not long after the Archbishop's lamented death a correspondent wrote, with more plausibility than wisdom, to one of the newspapers, to express surprise that no one had thought of applying to him the well-known lines from *In Memoriam* :—

- ' Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green ;
- ' Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star ;
- ' Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne ?'

In truth, the quotation is curiously infelicitous. The Archbishop was of gentle birth and breeding and the fortunate recipient of an excellent education. But, apart from that, the

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one thing he never did was to grasp the skirts of happy chance. No man ever laboured less to climb. Nor was he divinely gifted, except, indeed, with that precious endowment of strenuous endeavour to invest for the good of his fellow-men the talents God had given him. He refused, as we have seen, to disown or modify what he had written, at the risk of blighting his whole career. Nor, lastly, was any man less fitted to 'shape the whisper of the throne.' He who would ascribe to Dr. Temple the arts of courtiership would find a prototype for Richelieu or Wolsey in John the Baptist or the prophet Elijah.

And, indeed, it was a prophet's life that the Archbishop lived—a life of far-sounding rebuke to our luxury, extravagance, vulgar display, insincerity, intemperance, intolerance. But perhaps the most wholesome lesson to be learnt from his example is the truth that a prophet and enthusiast may keep his sober sense. We live in an age when moderation is held by many to be weak-kneed, and headlong partisanship the touchstone of earnestness. Here was a man who felt strongly, thought strongly, spoke strongly, and at need acted strongly; but always as a statesman, not as a visionary, enamoured of the unattainable.

‘Liberals proclaimed he was exceeding narrow,
Bigots exceeding broad.’

High, Low, and Broad Church had each its quarrel with him. His strength has been censured as weakness, yet it may well be that in his time were sown seeds of forbearance which are even now giving promise of fruit. Again, the vexed question of elementary education seems to be approaching settlement upon the lines of compromise he drew two generations ago, while his pleading in the cause of Temperance is a standing witness that passionate zeal need not be divorced from sound judgment and large Christian charity. A great soldier beyond all doubt he might have been. All the instinct was there.

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As a small boy engaged in the field of honour, he had a way of springing up, and 'lending his little soul at every stroke,' which sadly disconcerted more stalwart but less eager opposites. Listen to him fighting his old battles over again, or slaying the slain of the football field! Or hear his advice to a young schoolfellow, 'Avoid quarrelling; but if any boy attempts to bully you and hits you about, stick up to him and hit him again!'

It was the fortune of the writer to hear Dr. Temple preach in St. Paul's Cathedral within a day or two of the sending of the German Emperor's unlucky telegram, when the Special Service Squadron had been commissioned, and war seemed in the air. No word was spoken in that sermon which might inflame passion, and yet there was a ring in the preacher's voice as if the patriot was well-nigh too strong for the messenger of peace, and as if those trumpet tones might under other conditions have cheered an army to battle and to victory.

And he was a man whom no reverse would have daunted. A joint-committee of members of both Houses of Convocation was meeting at Lambeth Palace around the long table in the Guardroom. The Bishops were congregated at the upper end, where most of the discussion was carried on. A deprecating tone apparently marked the advice of some members of the episcopal group. Strong and clear and cheery rang the voice of the Archbishop through and above it all. 'I go upon the principle that I shall live for ever,' and, changing his note, with a quaint, merry reverence which meant all that 'D.V.' ever means, he added, 'I know I shan't.'

A word may be said here of Dr. Temple as a preacher. 'Temple,' wrote Benson from Rugby, 'is a grand man to look at and a grander to hear. I never so heard a man speak evidently out of his own very heart.' 'Duty, earnestness, intensity,' said Archdeacon Sandford to the Rugby boys, 'were the theme of his sermons; and to look at the man and watch him in his daily life was unconsciously to hear him preach.' And

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again, 'Most of us have heard great preachers since, but nothing quite takes the place of Temple's preaching on Good Friday. The memory lingers still, as of something that was unique. I turned to that first Good Friday sermon on the morning of which I heard of his death; I think that many of us will turn to it when our own time to die has come: "O Lord Jesus Christ, take us to Thyself, draw us with cords to the foot of Thy cross; for we have not strength to come, and we know not the way. Thou art mighty to save, and none can separate us from Thy love. Bring us home to Thyself, for we are gone astray. We have wandered; do Thou seek us. Under the shadow of Thy cross let us live all the rest of our lives, and there we shall be safe."'

One striking peculiarity of the Archbishop as a preacher, unless the writer is mistaken, was the very sparing use he made of quotations, except from the Bible. The King's message must be delivered straight from heart to heart, and he deliberately put aside all phrases, however splendid, all thoughts, however sublime, which might introduce another personality between himself and those whom he was commissioned to admonish. What his sermons lost in variety and elegance they gained in authority. But one who only speaks right on, unheeding, to all seeming, of the stores of wisdom garnered by the mighty dead, and careless even of appropriate gesture, cannot quite rank as an orator.

From the year 1885 the Bishop's close connection with the school was interrupted. His titanic labours during the next twelve years, notably labours in the cause of temperance and education, above and beyond the exacting routine of his office, left him little time even to take the place he might have claimed in the counsels of the House of Lords, still less for the discharge of the social duties which had been associated with London House—he did not even reside there—and very few opportunities of leaving the diocese. And yet he never forgot the school. Even in the thick of the manifold worries and preoccupations of the Queen's Jubilee he found time to pen

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the following letters, breathing all his old affection for the scenes of his boyhood :—

FULHAM PALACE, S.W.,
16th June 1887.

MY DEAR HEADMASTER,—I write in every capacity that can be assigned to me to get a favour from you.

I want a holiday for the boys on the 21st. I entreat you, as an Old Blundellian, as a Blundell Scholar of Balliol, as a Blundell Fellow of Balliol, as a Governor of the School ; surely the combined petition of so many, all of them Blundellians, ought to prevail. Do.—Your humblest servant,
F. LONDIN.

22nd June 1887.

MY DEAR HEADMASTER,—I am very grateful to you for the holiday. I hope the chaos will get into order again before long. The enthusiasm in London has been very great. I like to think that my old school has felt the wave.—Yours ever,
F. LONDIN.

The last visit of the Archbishop to his old school was a scene that no one privileged to witness it can ever forget. It was like some symphony by a master hand. Within a few short hours he touched every chord of emotion, from wistful memory and deep religious feeling to sheer rollicking mirth. He had come to dedicate a window placed in the school chapel in memory of Old Blundellians who had fallen in the South African war. His sermon was at once the most inspiring and the most pathetic to which a school could listen, the aged Christian warrior of fourscore years, with overflowing tenderness, raising the voice of warning and encouragement to the last-joined recruit :—

‘I pray you, my schoolfellows, to lift yourselves high with the hope that you may in course of time be an honour to the school ; and to bear in mind that, even though you earn no distinctions, the quiet, resolute, religious life not much talked of and not conspicuous to the world . . . yet makes you members of the Christian body in the estimate of the Judge of all the earth.’

Fulham Palace,
S.W.

16 June 1887

My Dear Headmaster

I write in every capacity
that can be assigned to me
to get a favour from you.

I want a holiday for the
Boys on the 21st

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FREDERICK TEMPLE

Character, always character, rather than academic or other distinction, was the ideal he would hold up to schoolboys ; and he seemed in all seriousness to feel less admiration for those whom the world has delighted to honour than for some quiet country parson who should have thrown his whole heart into his humble work.

‘The sight of the man,’ said one present on this occasion, ‘was all one really needed ; his face and presence were a sermon in themselves. I shall never forget the touching words at the end of his sermon ; and to see the tears rolling down his rugged cheeks, as he talked of the days long past, would have moved a heart of stone.’

Those who have been the manliest of boys are often the most boyish of men. Cheered by the sense of duty done, and untroubled by bad conscience or false shame, they keep their hearts young, and don’t mind showing it. Scipio and *mitis sapientia Læli* indulged in fun, possibly leap-frog, while their frugal pot was boiling, ‘renewing their boyhood past belief,’ as Cicero tells us ; and we read of Dr. Temple, when Headmaster of Rugby, swarming up a tree at Wellington College and grinning defiance at Benson, or trying to rival an old boyish feat by crossing the 24 feet of our old upper school in three giant strides. Moreover, it is written that he played cricket with the American bishops in the home of Laud. And so it was upon this eventful day. ‘Men were afraid of him, but not boys—their observation was too quick.’ It was a treat to see him wandering about the old green beset by a swarm of youngsters, showing them the spot where he had received a bad blow in the eye from a cricket ball, and the historic ironing-box, in which ‘we defied the jurisdiction of the Mayor of those days’ ; and, finally, diving through the shrubs and showing his name deep graven on the old school wall.

But it was not until the solemn formality of the presentation of the freedom of the borough that his boyish humour fairly brimmed over. He was sincerely sensible of the honour

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paid him, and heartily proud of such a token of respect from the old town he loved so well. Yet who that saw it can forget the serio-comic expression he wore, the smiles that wreathed the puckered corners of his lips as he listened to the admonition of the town-clerk, and formally undertook 'to preserve the common peace and tranquillity of the borough'; and if he knew of any unlawful conventicles or assemblies against the State thereof, forthwith to disclose the same to the Mayor?

And, then, when at last the enthusiasm of a crowded gathering suffered him to return thanks for the honour paid him, he was frankly a boy again, and ended a delightful series of old reminiscences of school scrapes and school friendships by a studied panegyric on Impudence, pronounced for the occasion perilously like Impidence.

And so we escorted him with all honour to the station, where his last words were the greeting, 'Well, Tom, how are you? and how's Dick?' to a school friend of seventy years before. Wistfully we followed the dwindling train with our eyes till it swept from view, then slowly went our ways, proud that we could claim brotherhood with such a man, inspired by his lofty counsel, cheered by his contagious merriment, yet sorrowing with a sad foreboding that here, at least, we should see his face no more.

At the age of seventy-five the Bishop was called to fill a position of perhaps more freedom, but of not less responsibility. On the sudden death of Dr. Benson, in 1896, he undertook the anxious duties of the Primacy, a preferment to which his claims were considered to outweigh even those of such men as Dr. Davidson and Dr. Creighton. 'I think I am good for six years' was his courageous prophecy. And, curiously enough, his translation dates from 22nd December 1896, while he died in harness, fairly worn out, but staunch to the last, on the morning of 23rd December 1902.

It has been remarked that 'it was a strange irony which decreed that in Dr. Temple's necessarily brief Primacy there should come both a Diamond Jubilee and a Coronation,' in

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allusion to the rough simplicity of the Archbishop's character, and his indifference to the pomp of state ceremonial. There is indeed a quizzical look in the photograph, now lying before the writer, of Dr. Temple in the robes he wore at the Coronation, a look as of one conscious of the solemnity of the occasion, yet protesting against the caprice of fortune which had tricked him out, him of all men, in silken robes of price and cunning needlework. And yet, on looking back, who would have had the parts played by a less noble actor?

‘ His voice was harsh. But how it spaces sunward,
As when attired in gold
He stood on St. Paul's steps, and up and onward
His mighty utterance rolled,

‘ By distance charmed—as when we wander often
Through hills with ocean nigh,
His giant hammer-stroke of voice doth soften
To something like a sigh—

‘ A sigh so deep that when we pause and ponder,
We find not joy but peace,
And almost weep, as we turn round to wander,
That things so sweet can cease.

‘ So did the far heard benediction mystic
Hang on the ear, to be
The latest, longest, loveliest, most majestic
Voice of the Jubilee.’¹

And then who else would have hazarded at so supreme a moment the strange unrehearsed effect of a call for three cheers for her Majesty? It is not perhaps generally known that this was a happy inspiration, meant to fill what promised to be an awkward gap in the ceremonial. But, had it been otherwise, the tumultuous acclaim that greeted the call would have condoned a somewhat daring innovation. And then the

¹ These beautiful verses by the Archbishop of Armagh are printed in the *Times* of Christmas Eve 1902. The same number contains a most interesting obituary notice, to which the writer is indebted for much valuable information.

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last great scene of the Coronation, the long two hours' pageant, to him a martyrdom. And through it all, in spite of failing sight and sinking limb, his stout heart bore him to the end, a noble and pathetic figure, while all who gazed were sickening with anxiety. *Quis talia fando temperet a lacrimis?*

'We saw him in the abbey—now near fainting
In pallor half sublime,
Until we thought God kept a great ensanting
For Coronation time.

'The new page scarcely the dim eye could master,
With the old the voice uprose,
As the worn war-steed's feet may go the faster
Upon a field he knows.

'And first the Monarch by the Priest was gifted,
Anointed and brow-bound;
And then the Priest was tenderly uplifted
By him whom he had crowned.'

O qualis facies et quali digna tabella. 'He had known poverty and almost rags, in his education he had had to count the cost of candles and fires, yet here he was the chief figure, except the Sovereign, in the most brilliant assembly of our times, the man whom the nation by its chosen representatives had elected to set the Crown upon the head of its King.'

The rest is too soon told. The strain of unremitting toil, the inexorable march of time, and all the cares attending the King's illness and Coronation had worn down that frame of iron. But to the last he never flinched. He preached in Canterbury Cathedral on his eighty-first birthday. On the 4th of December he made a supreme effort to be present in the House of Lords at the second reading of the Education Bill. He even spoke with all his wonted vigour, but fell back exhausted at the close of his speech, leaving unspoken, as a touching message sent by him the following day explained, an expression of kindly sympathy for his Nonconformist fellow-

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Christians. The end was very near. On December 23 the great Archbishop breathed his last at Lambeth Palace in the midst of his devoted family. A few days later the tired body was laid in its last resting-place, close beneath his old study windows under the grey towers of Canterbury Cathedral. Those who stood at the graveside felt, as perhaps they had never felt till then, the full comfort of the assurance wafted to the ear on exquisite strains of music—

‘I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, “Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.”’

The nation sorrowed for him, and even those who had been slow to realise his greatness while he lived, felt that with his loss we had fallen on times of lesser men, that ‘an elemental force had gone from us.’ To Blundell’s School the loss was irreparable. At the next gathering of Old Boys, one of those at which the Archbishop’s face had been so familiar, some attempt was made to express the feeling of his old schoolfellows in these words :—

‘We are meeting here to-night under the shadow of a heavy loss. The great Archbishop, whose name lent such distinction to his old school, has passed away in the fulness of days and of honours. To one who reads the countless and various tributes to the inspiring story of his long career, there stands forth a clear-cut, commanding personality, unique in our time. He rose to eminence from obscurity, not, as many have risen, by using each step in his preferment as a foothold from which to grasp at higher place, but by concentrating his many gifts and wonderful energy upon the task he had in hand, till he was summoned to a higher sphere of duty by no apparent seeking of his own, but as the man beyond question best fitted to adorn it. It may be fanciful, but the image rising before me, as I call to mind his honoured name, is that of a stately weather-beaten shrine, built four-square of rugged unhewn granite, engraven to the outward view with the legend of the classic virtues—justice, endurance, wisdom, truth, self-

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mastery ; aglow within with the fire of God's Holy Spirit—the Spirit of Faith, of Tenderness, large Tolerance, and Brotherly Kindness. Truly, gentlemen, a prince has fallen this day. The nation mourns for the wise ruler, the judge who held the scales so even, the champion of Education, the trumpet-voiced prophet of Temperance, and—most striking of all in one of his impetuous spirit—the gentle peacemaker, whose last most touching message of conciliation shamed into silence, if only for a moment, the jarring tongues of sectarian strife. To us of Blundell's the loss is nearer and more personal. We honoured him not less than others, and we loved him more because we knew him better. And we have lost him. This should have been a time of rejoicing ; this our first meeting after the stately pageant of last summer, in which he was so noble and pathetic a figure. We feel as England felt after Nelson's death in the hour of victory. Gladly could we spare our triumph, could we but see him here to-night, could we hear once more his hearty laugh and watch his smile, surely the most bewitching that ever lit up so stern a face, a smile in which were distilled the bubbling mirth of boyhood and the mellowed kindliness of age. We have lost all this. But his spirit is still with us, as surely as it came to me the other morning, in a dream which was more than a dream, with outstretched hand calling down a blessing on the gathered school. His memory is a priceless inheritance to Blundell's, to sanctify and ennoble our aims ; and his figure will stand out to the nation like a great steady beacon on a hill, to cheer and enlighten the path of duty.'

ROBERT DUCKWORTH

AT the time when, by common consent, the low-water mark in the fortunes of Blundell's had been reached, a Mathematical Master was appointed, whose energy and strength of character were destined profoundly to modify the future history of the school. In the year 1852, after a long and expensive law-suit, a decree of the Vice-Chancellor, confirmed by the High Court of Chancery, forbade the Master or Usher to take boarders. The first result was the resignation of the Headmaster, Dr. Sanders; the second was to reduce the numbers of the school by one-half; the third to attract a class of boys to whom the kind of education which the school had to offer was altogether useless. The outlook was indeed dark, and the future of Blundell's hanging in the balance when the subject of this memoir, in the year 1853, accepted a post at a salary of £50 a year.

Robert Duckworth, a Yorkshireman, and born in the year 1828, was educated at Giggleswick School. Many years later his Headmaster, the celebrated Dr. Butterson, testified to his moral worth, the soundness of his classical, and the accuracy and extent of his mathematical, knowledge. He won a scholarship at St. John's College, Cambridge, and graduated, twenty-sixth wrangler, in the year 1852. In the following year a college friend in a letter was remarking, 'Duckworth is down in Devonshire, working thirteen hours a day for £50 a year.' He was; and in addition, was acting as curate to his life-long friend, the Rev. R. B. Carew of Bickleigh. In 1858 he married the daughter of Brigadier-General Fagan, C.B., and had already started the boarding-house in Twyford Place, transferred presently to Bampton Street, where the boarders

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soon rose to fifteen out of sixty-five, the total number of the school. Mr. Duckworth was not regularly on the Foundation, and was thus able to evade the rule against taking boarders which the law-courts had recently laid down. Seven years later, out of one hundred boys, fifty were in Mr. Duckworth's house, and the school was saved from degenerating into a small country grammar school. The state of things is well described in a letter from an Old Blundellian :—

‘Blundell's, as I knew it (1864-71), was in a transition state, the old style of things—simple devotion to classics, mathematics being merely tolerated—was beginning to pass away. The Headmaster, as far as we boys could judge, was eminently conservative, and indisposed to foster anything but old-fashioned classical work. One must remember that he thought conscientiously that he was contending for a system which had done good in its time, and which, he felt, was seriously imperilled. As a teacher of mathematics Mr. Duckworth was unsurpassed. Sparing no pains himself, he expected his pupils to work hard, and for the boy who tried he had always plenty of encouragement. Of his personal character one recollects his utter hatred of anything that was not perfectly straightforward and honest. It may have been that he was sometimes over-anxious, and suspected wrongdoing where none existed. Many, perhaps, would speak of him as rough and stern, but when we got to know him well there was a wonderfully kind and tender side to his character. It was no wonder that the boys thoroughly believed in him, even though they dreaded his occasionally austere manner.

‘Of his work as a clergyman in charge of boys, it may be said that he fully realised the weightiness of his charge, and did his best to make us good Christians and good Churchmen. The lack of a school chapel he endeavoured to make up for by reading on Sunday evening Dr. Vaughan's sermons to the Harrow boys; his favourite discourse was one on the evil of excuses. He was very fond of fun, too, though the necessities of school discipline compelled him to repress the display of his

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liking. But he thoroughly enjoyed a good nigger song. I can see him now shaking with laughter as he listened to a then popular song—"The Galloping Snob of Rotten Row"—sung by a boy sitting astride of a big drum for a steed which he whacked and thumped as he sang. I think the cleverest saying of his that I remember was the speech in which he returned thanks for the drinking of his health at one of the early revivals of Old Boys' Day, somewhere in the seventies. There was a good deal of friction just then, and much wondering as to what Mr. Duckworth would say. He began by remarking that he would come presently to the point of his speech, and having expressed his thanks, he continued: "I now come to the point of my speech, and a point is that which has no parts nor magnitude." Thereupon he sat down amidst a burst of applause at the cleverness with which he had avoided subjects which, if touched on, might have marred the harmony of the meeting. I can have few greater pleasures than to pay any tribute in my power to his memory. Of him it may be said that he truly "served his generation by the will of God."

The scholarships gained by his pupils amounted in value to over £10,000, his most successful pupil being Mr. J. S. Yeo, who was second wrangler in the year 1881; but it may be doubted if any school of the size ever obtained a larger number of Mathematical Scholarships.

Mr. Duckworth was never a great athlete, as the term is now understood; but he was a famous walker, and many old boys can recall the Sunday evening walks 'round Tidcombe,' 'Exeter Hill,' and 'the deserted cottage,' journeys which, by the way, some boys accomplished in very short time by the simple process of walking round a piece of paper on which the name of the route had been written. A pleasant deceit that commended itself to the loafer. But Mr. Duckworth himself thought nothing of tramping from Tiverton to Barnstaple and back, taking, perhaps, a service on the way. On his Sabbath journey he would generally take one of his pupils with him, and on one occasion the boy remarked, 'I always like that

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sermon you preached this morning, sir.' 'What,' said Duckworth, 'have you heard it before?' 'Oh yes; three or four times,' replied the boy. 'You have too good a memory; I shall not take you out again,' observed the master; and he didn't—till next time.

The proposal to remove the school from 'Old Blundell's' to Horsdon met with strong opposition; indeed, the town was divided on the matter into two camps as bitterly hostile to one another as at the time of the great law-suit some thirty-five years earlier. Mr. Duckworth had been in 1876 a candidate for the vacant Headmastership of Exeter Grammar School, a post which he just failed to obtain; and, two years later, found himself unable to fall into line with the proposed removal of the school. Consequently he sent in his resignation, which was accepted. It seemed good, however, to many leading men that his valuable services, extending over twenty-five years, ought not to go unrewarded, and he was publicly presented with a testimonial in January 1880. Viewed in the light of after events, some of Mr. Duckworth's words, in acknowledging the silver plate and the purse of 121 sovereigns, are very interesting:—

'I cannot conceal from you that it is a great pain to me to refer to that incident in my life when it became necessary for me to resign that position which I had held for so many years. I do not mean to say that I ever regretted the step I took nine months ago, but I can never look back without emotion on those circumstances which necessitated my severance from Blundell's. I had begun to look upon myself as much a fixture almost as the very benches and desks at which I had spent so many happy years. I was appointed assistant-master in 1853 at a salary of £50 a year, free from income-tax. Very soon after my appointment rumours were afloat—and these, in a measure, became a reality—that a modified or improved scheme would soon be constituted; that Blundell's would again become the star of the West; that an era of prosperity would soon set in eclipsing in glory all the former years

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of the grand old school. Hoping against hope, we struggled on another year, and another year, and one year more; and yet the realisation of our hopes seemed to get further off, and we appeared to be like sinking sailors trying to grasp the floating wreck which ever keeps away from them. Sometimes with a salary, sometimes with none, and sometimes with less than none, we passed on our way hoping for better days, and we hailed with delight anything likely to tend to our prosperity. My loyalty to Blundell's will not allow me to make more than general remarks on the subject of the circumstances which led me to sever my connection with it. Cabinet secrets are not to be made public property by those who desert the Cabinet. The numbers in Blundell's during the last few years had been diminishing. I had spent no less than £200 in scholarships tenable at the school and otherwise in the hope of bringing Blundell's once more to the front. But all seemed in vain. Friends near and friends at a distance gave us no hope, or encouragement to hope, for better times in years to come. Added to this, our salaries, which must depend in some measure on our success, were not matters of certainty. All these circumstances caused me to consider most earnestly and reflect what I ought to do. That is really the question which a man must face in the course of his life. I considered the aspect of affairs so unpropitious that, though I had weathered many a storm, and passed through many a difficulty in days gone by, I should not be justified, at my age, and with my family, in facing another which seemed to surpass all those which I had previously witnessed.

'Accordingly, after due consideration and prayer, not in any moment of surprise, I resolved to resign my mastership. . . . Had I been equally young, and with as few cares as most of my colleagues, I might have taken my just share in passing through the stormy waves of the future, if I could have seen a clearly defined landing-place on the other side. But, under the circumstances, after solving a problem far more difficult than any I ever solved for a pupil, I resolved that it would

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not be right for me to trust my large family in the *Great Eastern* any longer, and therefore I determined to paddle my own canoe.'

After residing in Tiverton till 1882 Mr. Duckworth transferred his school to Weston-super-Mare, where his great reputation as a teacher of mathematics soon attracted pupils. Five years later, on 31st December, he died suddenly at Dawlish. It seems likely that the keenness with which he took up cycling—on one occasion he went from Land's End to John o' Groat's—was too great a strain for him, and aggravated the disease which proved so suddenly fatal.

A character sketch by an old college friend may be of interest here:—'He was a man of indomitable energy and singularly unaffected demeanour. At Cambridge none more athletic and cheery, but none more diligent or more absolutely free from guile. In after life it was just the same; even casual acquaintances were always struck by the visible uprightness of his mind, no less than by the ruddy health and strength of his frame.' And this is the impression left on the mind after reading the letters in which his old pupils have recalled their impressions of early days. A strong man, with his full share of North Country directness of speech, he put new life into the school by his energy and force of character; and at the same time he raised the standard of mathematical teaching to a point hitherto unknown. In the conflict between two ideals, the classical and the modern, friction almost inevitably arose; the pity is that when the difficulty settled itself, and in the new school, founded on a broader basis, room was found for a modern as well as a classical side, the man who had given the best years of his life to Blundell's was not there to enter into the reward of his labours.

THE WELLS FAMILY

ABOUT the year 1740 Nathaniel Wells, clerk in Holy Orders, came to Devon from Oxford as a curate, and married Catherine Bury. Miss Bury was the niece and heiress of Elizabeth Fortescue, who owned Fallapit and the old Fortescue property in South Devon, including the advowson of East Allington, of which parish Nathaniel Wells became rector.

Nathaniel Wells and his wife had five sons. The eldest possessed Fallapit, and took the name of Fortescue. It is not known whether he was at Blundell's, the supposition is that he was not, but at Eton; he, however, was intimately connected with Tiverton, for he married Maria, daughter of Peter Blundell of Collipriest, the last male descendant of the Founder.

All the other sons were educated at the school, but owing to the loss of the registers before 1770, the name of the youngest alone appears therein. The family were orphans, and were brought up by their aunt, Dorothy Bury.

In addition to the Fallapit estate, the advowson of East Allington came to Edmund. This was accepted as a provision for a second son, and seeing that it was a good living, Aunt Dorothy was minded that it should be well guarded. She therefore sent numbers two, three, and four into the Church. William went to Oriel, Nathaniel and Samuel to Wadham College. Nathaniel was a noted rider, and his tutor fell foul of him for neglecting study for hunting, telling him that he was more fitted for a colonel of cavalry than an undergraduate. Later, when curate of Morley, he

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and the churchwardens attended the archdeacon's visitation at Totnes. After dining they mounted their horses, the parson challenged the laymen to a race across country, and came in first.

(It is believed that Nathaniel sent sons to Blundell's, but without the register this cannot be verified.)

Samuel became Rector of East Portlemouth, and Duncombe Lecturer at Kingsbridge. He was an active county magistrate, and twice summoned armed forces to aid in keeping order. On one occasion a company of soldiers was requisitioned from Plymouth when rioting arose at the installation of the Union workhouse, and the coastguardsmen were mustered when the Swing Rioters destroyed the threshing machines and disturbed the neighbourhood.

Thomas, No. 60 in the Register, was to be a lawyer and was sent to an attorney's office. He disliked the law and ran away from it. He obtained a commission in the 46th which was at that time a Devon regiment. Wells served in Ireland and died there in 1784.

Thomas Bury, son of Samuel, No. 981 in the Register, entered Blundell's in 1806 and was there three years. These were days of short commons and hard living, such as Archbishop Temple referred to when he last visited Tiverton. The boys used to raid the poultry yards, and the farmers set a regular watch on Saints' Days. Wells and Phil Lardner angled for and caught a duck at the back of the school. It was quickly plucked and put in a pie before it was missed. An old woman, however, finding that her duck was missing, and hearing that Mother Dinham had made a duck pie for the boys, petitioned Dr. Richards, and swore to the duck. On this the boys were convicted and flogged.

From the rough usage and fare of Blundell's, Tom Wells passed into an equally rough school, the Royal Navy. His first ship was the *Nymphen*, his messmates a lot of 'Scots laddies,' who talked broad Scots and ridiculed him for his Devonshire tongue. He lost the dialect, but did not love the

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Scots method. The *Nymphen* was sent to blockade Flushing, and picked up a few prizes while thus employed.

In 1816 as midshipman in the *Granicus*, Mr. Wells took part in the memorable battle of Algiers, when Lord Exmouth's combined fleet of English and Dutch battleships and frigates played such havoc on the forts that the Dey came to terms, and on the next day one thousand Christians held in slavery were liberated.

The *Granicus*, a 34-gun frigate, took a position among the ships of the line. She was anchored within musket shot of the batteries for six hours, and twice during the fight Wells was sent in the jolly boat to other ships. The *Granicus* had 16 killed and 42 wounded out of a complement of about 300 officers and men.

Captain Wise gave written testimony of the extreme gallantry of Wells's conduct throughout the action, which certificate is a highly prized heirloom. In 1834 Tom Wells took his degrees from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and, in 1839, succeeded his father as Rector of Portlemouth, where he died in 1879.

Father and son together held the living eighty-eight years. To the last he took a great interest in his old school, and was a frequent attendant on Old Boys' Day, when he was often called upon to respond for the navy. He was there a year before his death, aged eighty-three.

Four of T. B. Wells's sons followed him to Blundell's, and have handed down pleasant reminiscences of the school in the fifties of last century. One of them boarded at the 'Island' with Parson Pole, Rector of Templeton, a noted cricketer; who, when at Oxford, played in the first match against Cambridge at Lords in 1827, when Oxford made 258 to Cambridge's 92. In those days Mr. Pole was a valuable addition to the cricketers, who strove to keep the game alive amid the limes of the old playground.

Jack Lloyd was then (1858) head of the school and captain of the cricket club. He proved the harbinger of

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many civil servants in the East who were educated at Blundell's. When Lloyd went to Balliol College a Wells succeeded him as captain of cricket and football. In those days punting was the fashion, and Wells was the first to introduce the drop-kick, and to alter the game from kicking and dribbling to a modified style of Rugby football, as played in later days.

In 1860 the annual May Day games, or athletic sports as they would now be called, were revived, after having been dropped for several years. In those days the boys mustered at or soon after dawn on the 29th May, and raided the neighbouring coppices and hedgerows for oak. The upper school was made into a grove; in the shelter of oak leaves, the boys listened to and made fun of the individual who happened to be speaking. All the upper school boys, in turn, had to stand in the centre of the school and recite from some English author. This was the occasion for much merriment during the morning. The games were held in the afternoon. Wells got the school eleven into trim, and they played matches against the Culm Vale and the Rev. C. Bere's Eleven as well as against the town. This was the earliest recognised School Eleven.

Lewis Fortescue Wells was at Blundell's from 1858 to 1860 and was one of Mr. Duckworth's early boarders. He then joined the Royal navy, and, as midshipman, landed in Mexico at the time the ill-fated Maximilian went there. In 1863 he was fighting our present allies the Japanese at Kagosima, and next year at Simonosaki. As lieutenant of the *Volage*, one of the smartest ships of the second flying squadron, he so enhanced his reputation that, at twenty-six years of age, he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Barracouta*, 1873. In the Bay of Biscay a man fell overboard forward. Wells was on duty aft. He gave orders for rounding up the ship, threw off his coat, and, jumping into the sea, as the man drifted past, took him a lifebuoy, and the man was saved. For this Wells received the medal of the Royal Humane Society.

THE WELLS FAMILY

Although fitted out for Australia, it fell to this ship to take Captain Festing and 150 marines to Cape Coast Castle, where the Ashantees were raiding vigorously, and we had suffered severely. At Elmina, on his own responsibility, he led 50 seamen and marines on to the flank of 7000 natives. Concealing his approach, he lined a hedge within twenty yards of the enemy, when he opened fire; and, to use his own words, 'Snider did bite.' This cowed the enemy and decided the victory. He was thanked for his services by the officer in command on the field, and is mentioned by Lord Wolseley in his *Stories of a Soldier's Life*, who, after a lapse of thirty years, still recollected Wells's gallant conduct. Four months later he defended the position of Abrakrampa, the first stage on the way to Coomassie.

His conduct at Elmina was made known to the Prince of Wales, who graciously interested himself in Wells's career, and he was appointed lieutenant on the Queen's yacht, *Victoria and Albert*. Alas! he did not live to take up his commission. Wells embarked on a mail steamer, homeward bound, which previously had cases of yellow fever on board. This fact was concealed. He sickened with fever and died within a week, regretted by all who had known him or heard of his gallant conduct. Sir Henry Brackenbury referred to him in his history of the war in the following terms:—

'By his death one of the finest, handsomest, and bravest officers that ever lived was thus lost to Her Majesty's navy.'

Henry Lake Wells was at Folland's with his elder brother Lionel. He was not great at cricket, but, under the tuition of the popular writing-master, Mr. William Folland, fostered by the kindly rule of the Exe, which made Blundell's boys free of the preserved waters, he became a devoted and expert fisherman. He followed the sport in Kashmir, as well as in Mazanderan, and other parts of Persia. He matured late. When he left Blundell's for King's College, London, no one expected that he would show the way to Woolwich Academy to a new generation of Blundellians. He passed in

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21st, passed out 5th, and got his commission as Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers in 1871. After four years' service in England, he went to India; and when Lieutenant Hewson was assassinated at Quetta, he succeeded to the work of fortifying the post and providing cantonments in view of an advance into Afghanistan.

Wells saw active service both in the campaigns of 1878-79 and 1879-80. Wells's road over the Kojuck Pass was made for the passage of our artillery. At the head of a few horse Wells had a hand-to-hand encounter with a dozen freebooters who stood their ground gallantly. The native horsemen pulled up and left him to do the fighting as best he could. General Sir Donald Stewart recommended him 'for conspicuous gallantry and bravery displayed on this occasion.' He was engaged again at Baghao on the return march, also at Mazina. On each of these occasions he was mentioned in despatches, as well as for his work on the Kojuck road, and for bridging the Cabul River with pontoons, which he conveyed from Peshawur along the Khyber Pass. He thus scored five times in two short campaigns, and in this was unequalled by any other person engaged therein. In the intervals between the Afghan campaigns, Wells surveyed routes in Kashmir for a telegraph line to Gilgit, and in 1880 was appointed assistant-director of the Indo-European telegraph at Teheran. This line was laid through Persia by Royal Engineers immediately after the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, and remains in the hands of the Indian Government.

During the years spent in Persia, Wells surveyed routes between Dizful and Shiraz and for the opening up of the Karum River for traffic; he contributed papers to the Royal Geographical Society, the Society of Arts, and other learned societies, as well as to the professional papers of his own corps. He was repeatedly thanked for services, especially for those rendered in the delimitation of the Afghan frontier in 1886, the army remount operations for India in 1887, in the

THE WELLS FAMILY

cholera epidemic in 1892, when, owing to his forethought and skilful arrangements, the telegraph department sustained a loss of only one European and three of the Native Staff. At this time 18,000 Persians and 28 Europeans died at Teheran.

Wells became director of the Persian telegraph in 1891, and was successively major and lieutenant-colonel of Royal Engineers. He was presented by the late Shah Nasr-ud-Din with a sword of honour, and by the present Shah with a diamond ring. In 1897 he was made a Commander of the Indian Empire, and on the 13th July attended at Windsor, when Queen Victoria herself pinned the decoration on his breast. This was the first and last time he ever saw the Queen, whose commission he had held with distinction for twenty-seven years.

He died at Karachi, August 31, 1898, having, on the first of the month, taken over the appointment of director of telegraphs from Karachi to Bushire. Wells was a keen sportsman and good polo player.

In an active life he found time also for the use of the pen. Many papers of his on scientific and engineering subjects for the Government, and for the Royal Geographical Society (of which he was a Fellow) have been highly praised. The *Army and Navy Gazette* spoke of 'the loss of this distinguished officer as greatly to be deplored, for a bright future seemed before him after all the good work he had done'; and the *Sind Gazette* referred to him as an 'officer of exceptional ability and steadfastness of purpose, whose untimely death cast quite a gloom over the station.' He was also, in the words of Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, 'a gallant, chivalrous, and fearless Englishman, with the honour of the country and his own duty ever before his eyes.'

THOMAS UTTERMORE CROSS

OF all the worthies who have left old Blundell's and its lime-trees behind them, none will be more easily recalled to the minds of Old Boys than the Rev. Thomas Uttermore Cross, or 'Tory' Cross, as he was called by his schoolfellows, friends, and family. This nickname, which was started in his boyhood, clung to him to the end of his life. He was the son of the Rev. Joseph Cross, M.A., of Merriott, Somerset, minor canon of Bristol Cathedral, and was born in the year 1851. He entered Blundell's on the 5th of February 1866, becoming a boarder at the house of the Rev. R. Duckworth, then mathematical master at the school. He quickly gained Mr. Duckworth's confidence and regard by his integrity and straightforward conduct; and the capacity for organisation, which became so strongly developed in his after career, had already begun to blossom at this early date.

On leaving Blundell's in September 1869, having won the Gilberd scholarship, he matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford. He had no pretensions to the name of an extensive scholar; but, at the University, he steadily acquired knowledge, and keenly entered into physical as well as mental training.

He originated one of the periodical revolts at the college against the quality of food supplied; and, according to his own account, he and his followers came off victorious. He was in his college eight; and further, owing to his exertions, money was procured for the purchase of a new college barge, in the interior of which his name may still be seen. In the year 1873 he took his B.A. degree, and his M.A. in 1876. After he left Oxford he went to Wellington College as assistant master to the Rev. T. W. Spurling, M.A.



Thomas Uttermore Cross.

THOMAS UTTERMORE CROSS

In 1875 he accepted the offer of a mastership at Blundell's, which was made him by Mr. Augustus L. Francis, M.A., the Headmaster, who had been strongly impressed by the eagerness and ardent interest with which Mr. Cross threw himself into the projects for the resuscitation of the 'Old Boys' Day' commemoration.

At that time Blundell's was not so flourishing and prosperous as it is at present, or as it had been in the remote past, for it was passing through the difficulties and drawbacks which invariably accompany a period of transition. The old fabric on Lowman Green had been condemned as insanitary and insufficient, and yet the proposal to erect new premises on the Horsdon site was received with vigorous opposition from many friends and old pupils, so that several years passed before the change to new quarters was finally carried out.

Mr. Cross was appointed house-master in 1879, and even before the new school buildings were completely finished he built the first of the boarding-houses which now surround them. His confidence in the future success of the school was so unwavering that he gave to his new dwelling the name of 'Old House,' in the firm conviction that it was only the forerunner of many others which would follow in the course of time.

Every project connected with the place was supported by Mr. Cross with the greatest liberality. The fives courts, swimming-bath, and cricket pavilion all received encouragement and help, and it was greatly owing to his initiative and perseverance that the fund was started for the erection of a chapel in the grounds adjoining the school.

The chapel was completed in the year 1883, the opening ceremony taking place in June. The cost of the building amounted to nearly £3000, and this sum was collected in great measure by the energy of Mr. Cross, who never ceased working for it until the debt was entirely cleared off. Across the top of the panelling on the west wall, extending in one

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line, is the brass on which runs the inscription : ' To the glory of God, and in pious memory of Peter Blundell, this chapel was consecrated, June 29, 1883.'

This brass was given to the chapel by Mr. Cross, who had been Blundell's exhibitor in 1869. He had entered Holy Orders in 1876, and was ordained priest in the following year by the Bishop of Exeter, receiving his title from the Rector of Washfield, the Rev. W. Lloyd Jones. He was appointed chaplain to the school on the completion of the chapel. On the 13th of November 1889, the anniversary of the birth of the great philanthropist, Edward Colston, Mr. Cross preached the sermon to the Grateful Society at All Saints' Church, Bristol, taking for his text the 23rd verse of the 12th chapter of Hebrews : ' The spirits of just men made perfect.' He was also present at the banquet held in the evening at the Montagu Hotel, when the chair was taken by his brother, Frank Richardson Cross, President for the year of the Society.

The compilation of an English verse book from the works of our most popular poets was a labour to which Mr. Cross devoted much time and thought. The work is intended chiefly for the use of boys, for repetition, and the pieces are classified according to difficulty, arranged into four different parts for the use of four different forms, each succeeding part being more difficult than the last. A friend of Mr. Cross remarks, ' The selection is marked by Cross's chief charm and characteristics—practical and sound judgment, clear perception of the ways of boys.' This book has been so highly thought of as an educational aid, and has attained so wide a circulation, that it has run into the fourth edition, and is used in many of the public schools.

' As a teacher,' says one of his colleagues and friends, ' he was strict, very clear, and most unbending ; a firm believer in a stern and manual inculcation of Latin grammar and arithmetic (he would often cane half a dozen boys in an hour). His arithmetic teaching brought out really astonishing results ;

THOMAS UTTERMORE CROSS

the completeness and accuracy shown by most pupils in following (somewhat blindly) the rules inculcated were such as I have never seen equalled. Theory of all sorts he disregarded with the practical Englishman's complete contempt.'

The Blundellian, as the school magazine is named, was established by Mr. Cross; in order to avoid any risk of its being a financial failure he made the Library responsible for all expenses, and thus placed it on a firm footing. To a colleague 'who dismally declared he would eat every number after the third,' he long sent successive numbers with best wishes for a good appetite.

Mr. Cross's interest and sympathy were in no way confined to the limits of Blundell's. He was always ready to assist in any movement for promoting the welfare of the town, and his influence did much to increase and cement the good feeling between the school and Tiverton. He was elected Chairman of the Technical Schools of Art and Science in 1891, on the retirement of the Rev. George Hadow, having acted on the Committee almost from its commencement, and he was President for seven years of the Tiverton Youths' Institute, Governor of the Middle Schools, and one of the Committee of Management of the National Schools. Through his instigation and liberality the Oxford Extension Lectures were started in Tiverton, and for many years were continued with unabated interest and success.

Mr. Cross was married on the 26th July 1883, at St. Peter's Church, to Isabella Georgina Hadow, youngest daughter of the Rev. George Hadow, then Rector of the Tidcombe portion of the Tiverton parish.

In 1888 Blundell's School Chapel was enriched by a font made of Caen stone, with the inscription in old English characters 'Cruce Luce, Deo Duce.' This font was used for the first time at the christening of the infant daughter of the Rev. T. U. and Mrs. Cross.

In the spring of 1892 Mr. Cross began to show signs of failing health, and finally broke down under the stress of work

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which he had taken on himself in addition to his responsible position at the school. He was persuaded to spend some months abroad in the hope that a few months' change and rest might restore him to his usual strength and spirits ; but to the great disappointment of all who cared for him, he returned home in the month of September, having obtained little apparent benefit from his travels.

From this time he declined daily, so by the advice of several specialists he started on a journey to Madeira. He did not live to reach his destination, for to the inexpressible grief and sorrow of his family and friends the news was telegraphed home to England that he had died on the voyage. . . .

No man was ever a better or firmer friend, no colleague ever more loyal ; but no words of mine could so well convey an estimate of his character, or the loving esteem he had earned for himself, than the following which I have copied from the address of the Headmaster to the scholars of Blundell's, on announcing to them the intelligence of his decease :—

'You have all no doubt heard with profound regret the startling and distressing news of the death of Mr. Cross. Assembled as we are within this sacred building, so closely associated with his memory, for the first time since the sad tidings reached us, it is fitting that I should give expression in a few words to the feeling which must be in all our hearts, a feeling of an irreparable loss sustained by all who are attached to the school. This is not the time to dwell in detail on the many services rendered by Mr. Cross to his old school, the more so as you heard last Sunday a just and eloquent tribute paid to his devotion. It is enough to say that for the last seventeen years Mr. Cross gave all his energies ungrudgingly to the furtherance of the best interests of the school, while there is probably not one of all our societies and institutions which does not stand indebted to his open-handed generosity.' . . .

THOMAS UTTERMORE CROSS

After referring to other losses which had occurred within a very short time, Mr. Francis continued :—‘ But perhaps saddest and most pathetic of all is the sight of the strong, vigorous man struck down and withered in his prime by an unseen blow, while friends stand helpless by, and cannot reach a hand to save him.

‘ The lesson, the solemn warning, is written clear for all to read. Use your strength, as he used it, while you may, as a trust from God in his service, for you cannot tell what day or what hour you may be called upon to surrender your trust and to give an account of your stewardship.

‘ And if I might say a word more especially to the members of the House which will long be associated with his honoured name, it would be briefly this, you by your traditions and by the very memorials with which Mr. Cross loved to surround himself, are very closely bound up with the part of the school. Under the hospitable roof of the Old House have taken place many of the cheery gatherings which have served to knit together the older and younger generations of Blundellians. As you love the school and as you reverence the memory of the founder of your House, I beg you to ask yourselves how best under changed conditions you can show forth that love, that reverence in action. The best house, the ideal house, the mainstay of the school would not be that which should show the most challenge cups or prizes won in work or games, but the one whose members—be their numbers small or great—should unite together in hearty, loyal, and rational obedience to law and duty, in the fear of God. This were indeed an honourable rivalry and worthy of a great school.

‘ But last Sunday, only five short days ago, we joined, and it will be a pleasant memory to recall how heartily the school joined, in the prayer that our eternal Father would be pleased in his mercy to save our brother, whom we had just bidden farewell, from the perils of the sea. And even as we sang, a sorrowful foreboding came over us and others, I

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think, in the congregation, and Tennyson's words were haunting me :—

“ Oh ! mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor ; while thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shotted hammock shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.”

‘ When the terrible news of yesterday arrived, these lines flashed back to me. And indeed, at first sight the contrast between our fond hopes and the sad reality seems bitter enough. But only at first sight. A moment's thought will banish doubt and rebuke our want of faith. Indeed, God has heard our prayer, and in His infinite compassion has answered it.

‘ There are tempests more cruel than those of the Atlantic. There is the storm that racks the weary, sleepless brain ; there are the waves, the thousand shocks of daily suffering that beat pitilessly on a poor body wasted and enfeebled by sickness. With these storms, these deep waters of affliction, he who has been taken from us has struggled sore. And now our prayer is heard. God has delivered him. He has crossed the bar, and passed to where beyond these voices there is peace : peace, perfect peace, in the haven where he would be.

Various meetings were held after his death with the view to the erection of a memorial in remembrance of him, and the suggestion that the most suitable and respectful tribute which could be paid to his memory should take the form of some improvement or addition to the School chapel was warmly received, and it was unanimously agreed that this addition should be in the form of a spire. A subscription list was opened, and received a liberal and hearty response from Old Blundellians, friends, and the many inhabitants in the town and country who remembered his generous help and sympathy, his kindly manner and loyal friendship.

The chapel spire being finished, its dedication was fixed for the 28th of June 1894, when a short form of service

THOMAS UTTERMORE CROSS

especially drawn up by the chaplain, the Rev. Percy Hunt, was held on the lawn adjoining the school.

A pulpit carved in oak was also presented to the chapel in memory of Mr. Cross by the then present members of the school. It stands on a richly moulded oak base, on which is placed a memorial plate with the following inscription : 'To the glory of God and in affectionate remembrance of the Rev. T. U. Cross, M.A., first chaplain of Blundell's. This pulpit was erected by the present members of the school October 8th, 1893.'

The Cross memorial was afterwards finally completed by the placing of a targe over the inner door of the main entrance.

And now, in closing these short memoirs, I will only call to the minds of those who may have read them, four lines of some verses which were dedicated to his memory:—

'He has crossed the bar ! Oh let us strive
To follow the path he trod,
With a word for the weary, a smile for the glad,
And a simple trust in God.'

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